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BY

THEODORE F. SEWARD,

ASSISTED BY

DR. LOWELL MASON AND WM. B. BRADBURY.

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PREFACE.

THE actual wants of the public have been carefully studied in the preparation of this work.

It is believed that the TUNES are unusually melodious and attractive. The most of them are new; yet, at the same time, great care has also been taken in the selection of *standard* tunes, and in effecting such a typographical arrangement that nearly all the old favorites could be given with the use of but little space. A new convenience to Choristers is afforded in the alphabetical arrangement of the most important meters. Tunes are inserted for all the meters in common use.

THE SINGING SCHOOL DEPARTMENT will be found to contain a great variety of practical and useful material. In its preparation the fact has been constantly kept in view that pupils cannot be well *instructed* unless they are *interested*. The Theoretical portion (the first twenty pages), is from the pen of Dr. MASON. The remainder of the Department was prepared by Mr. SEWARD. The exercises and pieces from other sources are duly accredited.

The ANTHEMS embrace a wide range, and are suitable for a variety of occasions. A great number of them are *short*—as, for practical purposes, choristers have generally found these to be the most useful. Others are longer, and more difficult; and there are some pieces, both in this and the Singing School department, that will be found very effective for concert purposes.

The pages devoted to what is usually termed SOCIAL MUSIC, will be a source of enjoyment to many. Mr. BRADBURY'S compositions in this and other parts of the book, may safely be claimed as among the best he has ever written. The same may be said of Dr. MASON'S many valuable contributions, which are generally designated by a *.

The INDEXES are very full and complete. The index of first lines of hymns, the Teacher's Index, and the comparison of the metres of the Methodist Hymn Book with those in use in other churches, presents every convenience that can be desired.

Acknowledgement is hereby made, with sincere thanks, to those who have furnished contributions to the work.

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ELEMENTARY DEPARTMENT. THEORETICAL.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.—ANALYSIS OF TONES.

§ I. DISTINCTIONS. An examination of Tones, (musical sounds,) will make it apparent even to the untutored ear, that certain differences naturally exist between them, giving rise to the following DISTINCTIONS: they are—

1st LONG OR SHORT.
2d. LOW OR HIGH.
3d. SOFT OR LOUD.

§ II. PROPERTIES. Hence, it is evident that tones have three essential PROPERTIES, (qualities or conditions of existence):

1st. LENGTH.
2d. PITCH.
3d. POWER OR FORCE.

§ III. DEPARTMENTS. It becomes convenient, therefore, to divide rudimental music into three departments:

1st. That which treats of *length*.....RHYTHMICS.
2d. That which treats of *pitch*.....MELODICS.
3d. That which treats of *power*.....DYNAMICS.

NOTE 1.—*Rhythmics*, from a Greek word signifying "to flow,"—measured movement. *Melodics* from a Greek word signifying "a song or poem,"—a tune. *Dynamics*, from a Greek word signifying "to be able,"—power. The plural form of these words is taken as the name of a department, because in this technical use of them is comprehended every thing that arises out of the property of which they treat. Thus, Rhythmics comprehends *all rhythmic things*, or whatever may be derived from the primary fact that tones may be long or short, or that length is a property of tones, including also *rhythm*, or the structure of phrases, sections and periods. Again, the term Melodics includes every thing that may proceed from the primary distinction of low or high, or from the property of pitch: the word melody, in its common use, is much more limited, and refers only to a pleasing succession of tones, or to a tune-form. Dynamics also embraces not only the mere force of tones, but also their form of delivery, or whatever in utterance, independent of length and pitch, belongs to musical expression, or has power to move the feelings.

NOTE 2. When the foregoing lesson has been *properly* given, the intelligent pupil will be conscious that with respect to the *distinctions* and the *properties* (both existing in the nature of tones), he has come to the knowledge of the facts through his own powers of observation and reflection. He knows not because his teacher or any one else has told him, not because he has learned from a book, but because he has heard tones as produced by others (vocal or instrumental) and has himself also produced them. The *distinctions* are known to him, principally, through the mere *sense of hearing*. But in coming to the knowledge of *properties*, he has been obliged to appeal mostly to another power; his exa nations, comparisons and decisions, in this department, have been rather the work of reflection and son. In the *departments* (existing not in nature, but which are only conventional), still another po has been called into action; the facts of usage in relation to these, with their technical appellations, h been learned, not from mere *sense*, nor from a *reasoning* process, but have been received on testimo the teacher has told him and he has believed. Thus, in this first easy lesson an appeal has been m to the three grand avenues of human knowledge, the *outward sense*, the *reasoning power*, and *faith*.

CHAPTER II.

RHYTHMICS—OF NOTES.

§ IV. NOTES.—The relative length or duration of tones is *represented* characters called NOTES.

NOTE.—Notes are also used to indicate the melodic or pitch succession of tones. [See Sec. 28.,

§ V. The following notes are in common use; their names indicate t relative length which they respectively represent.

EXAMPLE:

Whole.	Half.	Quarter	Eighth.	Sixteenth.
𝅝	𝅗𝅥	♩	♪	𝅘𝅥𝅯

§ VI. RESTS.—Characters, corresponding to the notes, are used to indica Silence, called RESTS.

EXAMPLE:

Whole.	Half.	Quarter.	Eighth.	Sixteenth.
𝄻	𝄼	𝄽	𝄾	𝄿

NOTE 1. The following names for notes and rests are often used instead of those above mentioned Semibreve. Minim, Crotchet, Quaver, Semiquaver.

NOTE. 2. Other notes, as Double Notes, Thirty-Seconds, etc., are also sometimes used: a double-n is often also called a Breve, a Thirty-Second is called a Demisemiquaver, etc.

§ VII. A dot (.) immediately following a note or rest, adds one-half the length which it represents.

§ VIII. A figure three (3) placed over or under any three equal not reduces the length represented by them to that of two of the same ki without the figure. Tones thus represented, and notes thus written a called TRIPLETS.

CHAPTER III.

RHYTHMICS—MEASUREMENT OF TONES.

§ IX. MEASURES. The length of tones is measured by a division of time into equal portions, called MEASURES and PARTS OF MEASURES.

§ X. Measures may be of longer or shorter duration ; they have no absolute length.

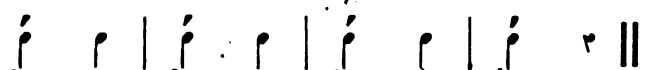
NOTE. Measures and Parts of Measures are to music what days, months, and years (also portions of time), are to the daily occupations of life, or to history.

§ XI. Measures and parts of measures may be indicated *to the ear* by counting, and *to the eye* by motions of the hand, called BEATS. Thus we are said to *count* or to *beat* the time.

§ XII. There are four kinds of measures in common use :

1. A measure having two parts, accented on the first, is called DOUBLE MEASURE. It may be indicated by counting *one, two ;* or by a *downward beat* and an *upward beat.* It may be thus represented :

DOUBLE MEASURE.



COUNTING. One, two. One, two. One, two. One, two
BEATING. Down up. Down, up. Down, up. Down, up.

NOTE. Quarter notes are here taken, since in the work of teaching it is more convenient to begin with these.

2. A measure having three parts, accented on the first, is called TRIPLE MEASURE. It may be indicated by counting *one, two, three ;* or by a *downward beat*, an *inward beat*, (to the left,) and an *upward beat.* It may be thus represented :

TRIPLE MEASURE.

COUNTING. One. two, three. One, two, three One, two, three, One, rest, rest.
BEATING. Down. left, up, Down, left, up, Down, left, up. Down left, up.

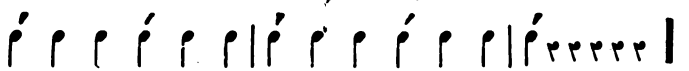
3. A measure having four parts, accented principally on the first and lightly on the third part, is called QUADRUPLE MEASURE. It may be indicated by counting *one, two, three, four ;* or by a *downward beat*, an *inward beat*, an *outward beat*, (to the right,) and an *upward beat.* It may be thus represented :

QUADRUPLE MEASURE.

COUNTING. One. two, three, four. One, two, three, four One, rest, rest, rest,
BEATING. Down, left, right, up. Down, left, right, up. Down, left, right, up.

4. A measure having six parts, accented principally on the first, and lightly on the fourth part, is called SEXTUPLE MEASURE. It may be indicated by counting *one, two, three, four, five, six ;* or by two *downward beats*, (in the first the hand falling half way,) an *inward beat*, and two *upward beats.* It may be thus represented :

SEXTUPLE MEASURE.



COUNTING. One, two, three, four, five, six. One, two, three, four, five, six. One, etc.
BEATING. Down, down, left, right, up, up. Down, down, left, right, up, up. Down, etc.

NOTE 1. When the pupils are learning to beat the time, it is well for them to count and beat simultaneously ; or, while they make the proper motions of the hand, let them also describe those motions by repeating the words *downward beat, upward beat*, or, (for a quicker movement,) *down, up*, etc.

NOTE 2. It is also a good practice in beating time to dispense with the *common form*, (movement of the hand in different directions,) and to substitute a single vibratory motion, being the same for each part of a measure. This is frequently done by the conductor of an orchestra, who is often seen indicating each part of a measure (primitive forms) by a double beat, or vibration, consisting of a quick downward motion and an instantaneous rebounding of the hand or baton to its original position.

NOTE 3. Other kinds of measure are sometimes used, but further explanation is unnecessary.

§ XIII. SYNCOPE. When a tone commences on an *unaccented* part of a measure, and is continued on an *accented* part of a measure, the accent is inverted ; such a tone is called a SYNCOPE, or a SYNCOPATED TONE, and the note representing it is called a SYNCOPATED NOTE.

NOTE 1. Syncope, from two Greek words, signifying "to cut into," or "to cut off." A syncope cuts into, or breaks up, or contradicts the regular order of accent.

NOTE 2. While it is important that rhythmic accent should be observed, its constant mechanical, or drum-like recurrence is stiff, ungraceful, and repulsive to good taste. Such an accent belongs mostly to music of an inferior character, or to that which makes its appeal to the mere external sense. The march and the dance are much dependent upon it, though in the better forms of these classes of music, it is often concealed by higher properties, for a short time or as long as the feet may be trusted without it. Rhetorical accent or emphasis, or that which belongs to emotion, expression, or to poetical thoughts or ideas, on the contrary, is essential to a tasteful or appropriate performance, and should receive much attention. The common rules for accent are therefore liable to many exceptions.

§ XIV. Vertical lines (as in the foregoing examples) are used to mark the boundaries of measures in notation ; they are called BARS.

§ XV. The end of a section or period, or the final close of a piece of music, or the end of a line in poetry, is often indicated (as at the close of the foregoing examples) by a DOUBLE BAR.

NOTE. Neither the notation of measures by bars, nor the designation of time by figures is necessary in plain tunes. Hence, in this work these characters have been in some cases omitted, leaving the singer to draw his accentuation as he must the higher properties of expression, exclusively from the character of the poetry. If the habit of giving an almost exclusive attention to the music can be made to yield to one which shall secure proper attention to the poetry, a more intelligent and satisfactory song will undoubtedly be the result. There can be, comparatively, but little of the real song element when the performance is interrupted by an attention to mere characters; and here it may be observed that the custom of marking hymns (happily now fast going out of use), for the purpose of indicating style of performance, by the common musical technicals, or by capitals, italics, etc., or any other characters, can not be too deeply deprecated as of invariable tendency to mechanism and formalism in singing.

CHAPTER IV.

RHYTHMICS—VARIETIES OF MEASURE.

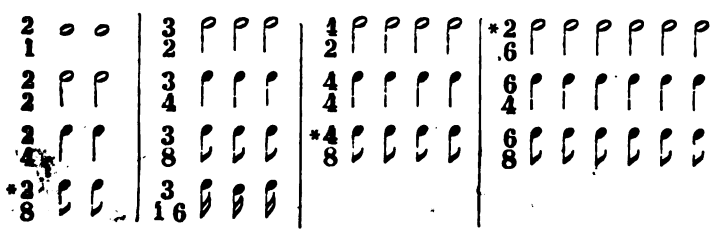
§ XVI. Parts of measures have thus far been represented by Quarter Notes only; but any other kind of notes may be taken for this purpose; hence arises VARIETIES OF MEASURE.

NOTE. Varieties of measure merely furnish different signs for the same thing. To the ear they are all the same, to the eye only do they differ; the movement or degree of quickness depending not in the least on the kind of notes, which represent no positive but only a relative length. In plain music the different varieties are unimportant, but are in common use.

§ XVII. There may be as many varieties in all the different kinds of measure as there are kinds of notes.

§ XVIII. Figures are used to indicate the *kinds* of measure, and also to distinguish the *varieties* of measure. When used for both purposes, the two figures are written as in the representation of fractions, the number of parts, on which the *kind of measure* depends, being indicated by the numerator: and the kind of notes used in each part, on which the *variety of measure* depends, being indicated by the denominator.

§ XIX. TABULAR VIEW OF VARIETIES OF MEASURE.



* Seldom used.

NOTE. There are exceptions to the rule of usage here given in relation to the designation of the kind of measure by figures. *e. g.*, 1st. Much plain church music is written not only without a figure to designate measure, but also without any division of measures to the eye by bars. 2d. Tunes of the rhythmic form of Boylston, Hebron, Denfield, and others, consisting of two short and two long alternate tones, although marked by the figure 3 (if marked at all,) are, nevertheless, not in Triple Measure (proper), since accent in them must be given to alternate tones in accordance with poetic feet. They might, therefore, (were it not for a multiplicity of bars, the tendency of which is to a mere mechanical accent, often destructive to this class of tunes, and always to good taste,) be better written in two part measure, or still better, without any designation of measures by either figures or bars, thus throwing the singer entirely upon the poetry for accentuation, as well as for general expression. This would, undoubtedly, be often more favorable to an intelligent application of music to poetry. This, however, must be confined to music of a simple rhythmic form, or to such tunes as are mostly syllabic (a tone to a syllable), and which are therefore best adapted to the purposes of metrical psalmody. For more complicated music the division of measures in notation is quite necessary.

CHAPTER V.

MELODICS.

§ XX. THE SCALE. Tones considered with respect to relative pitch, are disposed in a certain series, ascending or descending, called THE SCALE or THE DIATONIC SCALE; or, THE MAJOR DIATONIC SCALE.

NOTE. The word scale from the Latin *scala*, signifies a ladder. Thus the scale may be regarded as a musical ladder.

NOTE. Diatonic. From two Greek words signifying *through the tones*, or *from tone to tone*.

§ XXI. The scale consists of a regular succession of eight tones. These are named from the names of numbers;

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE, SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT.

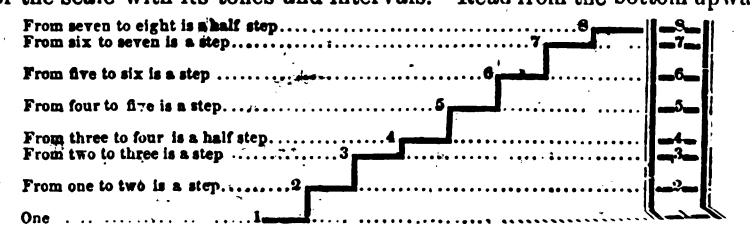
NOTE. Observe that the names are not *first*, *second* and *third*, nor are they *No.* 1, *No.* 2, and *No.* 3, but are, as above stated, ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, and so on. The importance of this will appear from the fact, that the first tone of a melody or tune is often some other than one, the second is often some other than two, etc.

§ XXII. INTERVALS. The difference of pitch between any two tones is called an INTERVAL.

§ XXIII. STEPS AND HALF STEPS. There are two kinds of intervals, larger and smaller, in the regularly progressive scale, called STEPS and HALF STEPS; thus the intervals between *three* and *four*, and *seven* and *eight*, are *half steps*; all the others are *steps*.

NOTE. The terms *tone* and *half-tone* have been commonly used to designate these intervals; but as the application of the same word both to sounds and intervals is inconvenient, the discontinuance of the term *tone* and *half-tone* is recommended, especially in teaching. As the word ladder (scale) is used for designating the series of tones called the scale, it is quite natural to carry out the figure, and borrow from the ladder the word *step* by which to designate scale-intervals.

Illustration of the musical ladder with its larger and smaller steps, or of the scale with its tones and intervals. Read from the bottom upwards



§ XXIV. Syllables. In elementary instruction, especially as aids to se who are beginning to learn to sing in classes, the following syllas are used in connection with the tones of the scale, for the purpose of ggesting relative pitch :

Written—Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.
Pronounced—*Doe, Ray, Mee, Fah, Sol, Lah, See, Doe.*

Note. The principle is that of mental association ; after a little practice each syllable becomes so trongly associated with the pitch of the tone to which it is applied, as to recall it or bring it up quickly o the mind, and thus the pupil is enabled to produce the tone with ease and accuracy. This use of the yllables has been peculiar to England and America, though it has been introduced in Germany, where he one syllable, La, principally prevails. In Italy and in France the same syllables are used for a very different purpose, or for the same purpose for which letters are used in Germany, England, and America, viz : to indicate absolute pitch. The Scale names, one, two, three, etc., may be used instead of the syllables, but the latter are preferable on account of their more euphonious character. The use of the syllables in singing is called *Solfaing*, or *singing by Solfa*, or solmization. Singing to the single syllable 'a, or ah, or to any open vowel, is called vocalizing.

§ XXV. The Staff. The relative pitch of tones is indicated to the eye by a character consisting of five parallel, horizontal lines, together with their intermediate spaces, called The Staff.

§ XXVI. Degrees. Each line, and each space of the staff, is called a Degree ; thus the staff contains nine degrees, counted upwards from the lowest, there being five lines and four spaces.

Note. The word degree, as applied to the staff, is used to mean *point, place*, or *position :* thus there are nine degrees, by which pitch may be indicated, or on which notes may be written. The word is also used in connection with the scale ; thus the scale is said to proceed by successive degrees, or *di grade.*

§ XXVII. Lines Above the Staff. The compass of the staff may be extended by additional lines above or below, called lines above, or lines below, or spaces above, or spaces below.

Note. Added lines are sometimes called *Leger Lines.*

§ XXVIII. The melodic succession of tones is indicated by notes written upon the staff.

Note. The same characters [notes] are primarily used to indicate the length of tones. See § IV.

§ XXIX. The scale may be represented (written), on the staff in various positions ; thus either line or space may be taken to indicate the tone One, but when the degree of the staff indicating One is determined, [illegible] must follow in regular order.

[illegible] that the scale has not necessarily any fixed position on the staff, [illegible] in various positions. But in singing from these [illegible] highly desirable that the pupil [illegible] not be erroneous- [illegible] to

CHAPTER VI.

MELODICS.

§ XXX. Absolute Pitch.—That pitch which is independent of scale relationship is Absolute Pitch. It is designated by letters, and is named from their names, as—

A, B, C, D, E, F, G.

§ XXXI. Model Scale.—The primitive or Model Scale (by which is meant the first in the universally received order of classification) is based upon the pitch C, or the tone named from the letter C, is taken as one ; and the order of tones is as follows :

C is One, D is Two, E is Three, F is Four, G is Five, A is Six, B is Seven, and C is Eight.

Note 1. C is repeated for eight because when the scale is extended, the same tone which in its relation to those which are below it is *eight*, becomes *one* in relation to those which are above it. This will become apparent when the scale is extended, or repeated at a higher pitch.

Note 2. This has been called the natural scale, but the name is inappropriate, since the pitch C is no more natural than any other. It is called by some writers the Normal scale, and by Spinola the Typic scale.

§ XXXII. Clefs.—To determine the position and pitch of the scale as represented on the staff, one of the letters indicating absolute pitch is used as a clue or key, and when thus used is called a clef.

Note. Clef is a French word signifying key ; thus the clef-letter is a key to the representation of absolute pitch upon the staff.

§ XXXIII. Clef Letters.—The letters most commonly used as Clefs are G, and F, made thus : 𝄞 and 𝄢

§ XXXIV. The G Clef.—*The G Clef* is placed upon the *second line*, and determines the pitch of that line to be G ; consequently C, (One of the C scale) must be indicated by the line below.

§ XXXV. The F Clef.—*The F Clef* is placed upon the *fourth line*, and determines the pitch of that line to be F ; consequently C, (One of the C scale) must be indicated by the second space.

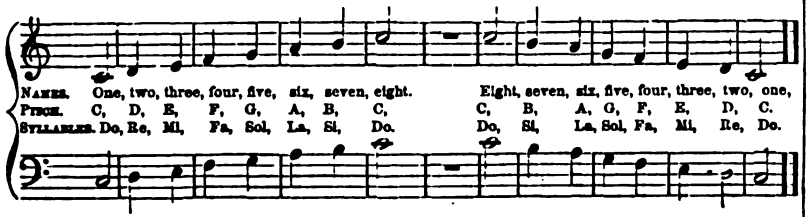
Note. It should be understood that a Clef is merely a letter differing in shape from its ordinary form.

§ XXXVI. The C Clef.—The letter C is also used as a Clef, and when thus used it is applied to different degrees of the staff, especially to the first, third and fourth lines.

Note 1. The G and F Clefs, in modern music, are always placed upon the lines mentioned above, being removable like the C Clef.

Note 2. Originally all the seven letters were used at once as Clefs, being all placed at the commence

ILLUSTRATION.—The model or C Scale represented (written) with its names, the letters indicating the pitch of its tones, and the syllables used solfaing.

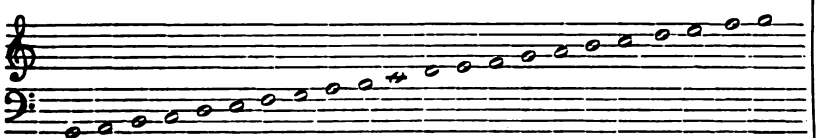


CHAPTER VII.

MELODICS—SCALE EXTENDED. CLASSIFICATION OF VOICES.

§ XXXVII. The scale may be extended, by tones either at a higher or lower pitch, (above or below) but which bear the same relation one to another as that which has been already explained.

§ XXXVIII. The usual vocal compass, or extent from low to high, including both male and female voices, may be thus represented:



NOTE. Some voices will naturally reach higher or lower tones than those here indicated, and the compass of all voices may be extended by culture.

§ XXXIX. CLASSIFICATION OF VOICES. The human voice is naturally divided into four classes:

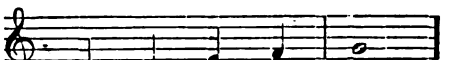
1. Low male voices, BASE.
2. High male voices, TENOR.
3. Low female voices, ALTO.
4. High female voices, TREBLE.

NOTE. Besides the above, there are other distinctions, as BARITONE, between the Base and Tenor, and MEZZO SOPRANO, between the Alto and Treble. The Treble is often called SOPRANO.

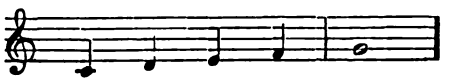
§ XL. USES OF CLEFS. The f clef is used for Base, and often for Tenor; the one marked g—thus g clef is used for Treble, Alto, and, also, often for Tenor; but when used for Tenor it denotes g an octave lower than when used for Treble or Alto.

Examples illustrating the two uses of the G clef:

1. TREBLE.

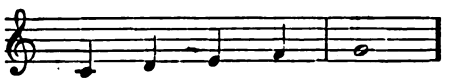


2. TENOR.

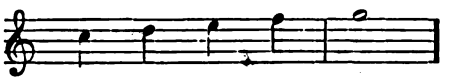


The above examples (1 and 2) although they appear the same to the eye, are, by the different use of the clef, in reality, an octave apart, the Tenor being an octave below the Treble.

3. TREBLE.



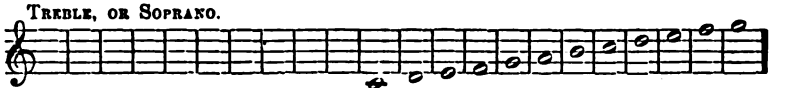
4. TENOR.



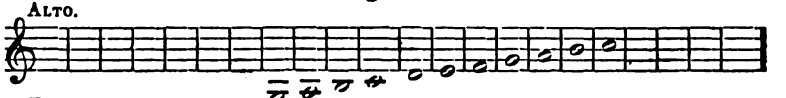
The above examples (3 and 4) although they appear different to the eye, are, by the different use of the clef, in reality, the same.

5. Example illustrating the usual compass of the different classes of voices, with the use of the clefs, and the relation of the different parts:

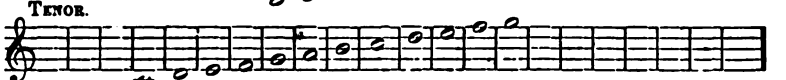
TREBLE, OR SOPRANO.



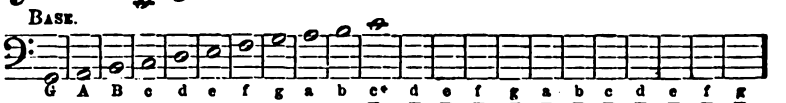
ALTO.



TENOR.



BASE.

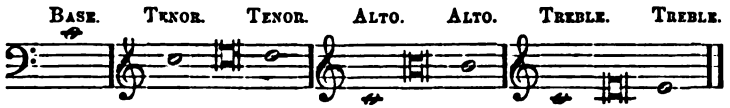


* This once marked small c, being about the center both of the vocal and also of the grand or instrumental scale, is called the middle c

§ XLI. To distinguish between the different tones denoted by the same letters, (octaves,) capital and small letters, together with marks below or above them, are used. Thus, in the above example, the lowest three notes are designated by *capital letters;* and the tones represented by them are called capital, or great G, great A, and great B. The notes in the next octave beginning with c, (with the exception of the upper one, which is regarded as one of the octave above,) are designated by *small letters*, and the tones are called *small* c, *small* d, *small* e, etc. The notes in the next octave, (with the exception of the upper one,) are designated by *once-marked small letters*, and the tones are called *once-marked small* c, *once-marked small* d, etc. The notes belonging to the next octave, are designated by *twice-marked small letters.*

NOTE. The G clef, when used for Treble or Alto, or for instruments, signifies g, but when used for male voices it signifies g.

Examples of the representation of the same tone e in the use of the different clefs.



§ XLII. The four parts may be written each upon a separate staff, or two parts upon the same staff. The latter, (two parts upon one staff,) is the better method for plain music, since it shows, at a glance, the relation of the parts; it is quite as easily read.

CHAPTER VIII.

MELODICS. THE ENTIRE SCALE.

§ XLIII. The great scale of sounds, including the whole compass of tones appreciable by the human ear, consists of about nine octaves, (some say ten,) about one-third of which, from G to g, is within the ordinary range of the human voice.

§ XLIV. The system of noting or designating the tones of the great scale, is the same as that mentioned at § XLI, or as follows:

1st (lowest) Octave 2d Octave 3d Octave

C D E F G A B C D E F G A B C D E F G A B

4th Octave 5th Octave 6th Octave

d e f g a b c d e f g a b c d e f g a b

7th Octave 8th Octave 9th Octave

c d e f g a b c d e f g a b c d e f g a b c

EXPLANATION.

1, C. This is the lowest sound produced by the largest organs. It requires a pipe thirty-two feet long.

2, C. This is the lowest C on the Piano-forte. It requires an organ-pipe sixteen feet long.

3, C. This is called *the great* C. Written on the second line below, f clef. It is the lowest sound on the Violoncello, and it requires an organ-pipe eight feet long.

4, c. Called *small* c. Written on the second space, f clef, and requires an organ-pipe of four feet.

5, c. *Middle* c. Written on the line above, f clef, or line below g (Treble) clef. It requires an organ pipe of two feet.

6, c. This is the c represented on the third space, g (Treble) clef. It requires an organ-pipe one foot long.

7. c. Written on the second line above, Treble clef. Produced by an organ-pipe one-half of a foot long.

8, c. Written on the space above the fifth line above. Produced by an organ-pipe one-fourth of a foot long.

9, c. Highest c on the Piano-forte. Produced by an organ-pipe of one-eighth of a foot long.

The lowest tone in the great scale (twice marked C), is indicated in notation by the ninth line below the f clef Staff; and the highest one (six times marked c), by the space above the twelfth line above the g clef (Treble) Staff; so that a Staff by which the whole one hundred and eight sounds could be represented, without the aid of clefs, must consist of thirty-two lines. We here see the use of clefs, by which a Staff of five lines is rendered sufficient.

CHAPTER IX.

MELODICS—INTERVALS.

§ XLV. INTERVALS. In addition to the regular Scale-intervals (intervals belonging to the Scale in its regular progression) called Steps and Half-Steps, there are also other intervals occasioned by a departure from this regular order, or by skipping; as SECONDS (same as have heretofore been called Steps and Half-Steps) THIRDS, FOURTHS, FIFTHS, SIXTHS, SEVENTHS and OCTAVES.

NOTE. The terms Step and Half step are at first, more convenient than that of Second, since they naturally arise out of the idea of the musical scale or ladder; and they are at all times afterwards convenient for the purpose of defining the magnitude of intervals. See Chapter X.

§ XLVI. Intervals are always reckoned from the lowest tone upwards, unless otherwise expressed.

DIATONIC INTERVALS.

NOTE. Diatonic, because they are produced by skips in the diatonic scale.

§ XLVII. Two tones being the same pitch, are called UNISON, or said to be in UNISON.

§ XLVIII. The interval between one and two, or two and three, or between any tone and the tone which, in the regular progression of the scale, is next above it, is called a SECOND.

NOTE. Seconds are intervals of the same magnitude as steps.

§ XLIX. The interval between one and three, or between two and four, or between any tone and the tone which is next but one above it, is called a THIRD.

§ L. The interval between one and four, or between two and five, etc., is called a FOURTH.

§ LI. The interval between one and five, or between two and six, etc., is called a FIFTH.

§ LII. The interval between one and six, or between two and seven, etc., is called a SIXTH.

§ LIII. The interval between one and seven, or between two and eight, etc., is called a SEVENTH.

§ LIV. The interval between one and eight, or between two and nine, (or two of the next series), etc., is called an OCTAVE.

CHAPTER X.

MELODICS—MAJOR AND MINOR INTERVALS.

§ LV. SECONDS. 1. A second consisting of a *half-step*, is a MINOR (small) SECOND. 2. A second consisting of a *step*, is a MAJOR (great) SECOND.

§ LVI. THIRDS. 1. A third consisting of a *step* and a *half-step*, is MINOR. 2. A third consisting of *two steps* is MAJOR.

§ LVII. FOURTHS. 1. A fourth consisting of *two steps* and a *half-step* is a PERFECT FOURTH. 2. A fourth consisting of *three steps*, is a SHARP FOURTH.

§ LVIII. FIFTHS. 1. A fifth, consisting of *two steps* and *two half-steps*, is a FLAT FIFTH. 2. A fifth, consisting of *three steps* and a *half-step*, is a PERFECT FIFTH.

§ LIX. SIXTHS. 1. A sixth, consisting of *three steps* and *two half-steps*, is MINOR. 2. A sixth, consisting of *four steps* and a *half-step*, is MAJOR.

§ LX. SEVENTHS. 1. A seventh, consisting of *four steps* and *two half-steps*, is a FLAT SEVENTH. 2. A seventh, consisting of *five steps* and a *half-step*, is a SHARP SEVENTH.

§ LXI. OCTAVE. An OCTAVE consists of *five steps* and *two half-steps*.

NOTE. In addition to the intervals already mentioned, there are others arising out of the chromatic scale, but as they rather belong to the study of harmony, further notice of them is omitted in this work.

CHAPTER XI.

MELODICS. INTERMEDIATE TONES. CHROMATIC SCALE.

§ LXII. INTERMEDIATE TONES. Between those tones of the Scale which form the interval of a step, an intermediate-tone (intervening-tone) may be produced: thus, intermediate-tones may occur between one and two, two and three, four and five, five and six, and six and seven; but not between three and four, and seven and eight, because the intervals between these tones are already half-steps, and these are the smallest practicable intervals known in the musical system.

§ LXIII. Intermediate-tones are named from either of the scale-tones between which they occur, with the addition of either the word *sharp* or *flat* prefixed or suffixed. Thus the intermediate-tone between One and Two, is named with respect to relative pitch, SHARP-ONE or FLAT-TWO, and with respect to absolute pitch C-SHARP or D-FLAT. The same principle is applied to the naming of all the other intermediate tones.

NOTE. The word sharp, as here used, as a name for a tone, signifies higher; thus, by sharp-one is meant a tone the pitch of which is higher than one, yet not so high as two; again, the word flat, when used as the name of a tone, signifies lower; thus, by flat two is meant a tone which, in pitch, is lower than two, yet not so low as one.

§ LXIV. An intermediate-tone is indicated by the same degree of the staff (modified or qualified) as is the scale-tone from which it is named; thus the tone named sharp-one is indicated by the same degree of the staff as is the tone named one, but modified by a character prefixed to it, called a SHARP (♯). So also the tone named flat-two is indicated by the same degree of the staff as is the tone named two, but modified by a character prefixed to it, called a FLAT (♭).

NOTE 1. It will be observed that the words sharp and flat are used both as names of tones, and as names of characters, signs, or marks of notation.

NOTE 2. The character called a sharp does not raise a *tone* or a *note*; nor does the character called a flat lower a *tone* or a *note*; but both characters are used so to modify or qualify the staff as to furnish a convenient and sure notation for the intermediate tones.

§ LXVII. Sharps and Flats (characters) continue their significance or modifying influence, throughout the measure in which they occur, and also from measure to measure, when the same tone is repeated, or unless canceled by an intermediate note upon some other degree of the staff.

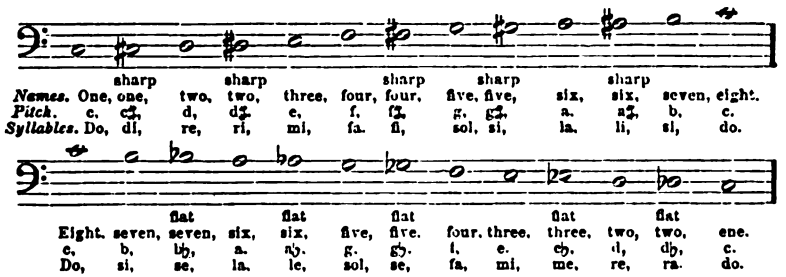
§ LXVIII. Sharps and flats are canceled, or their significance is terminated by a sign called a NATURAL (♮).

NOTE. The name of this character is an unfortunate one, since its tendency is to mislead the pupil. It signifies not that one tone is in fact more natural than another—indeed the term can not be said to apply to the tone, but merely to the previous mark, (flat or sharp) showing that its significance is now at an end. If it was called a RESTORAL its name would more clearly indicate its office.

§ LXV. CHROMATIC SCALE. A Scale consisting of thirteen tones, including the eight scale-tones and the five intermediate-tones, having twelve intervals of a half-step each, is called THE CHROMATIC SCALE.

NOTE. Chromatic. From a Greek word signifying *color*. It is said that the intermediate tones were formerly represented by notes written with colored ink, and hence the name. The term may also have a figurative meaning, since chromatics in music, expressive of various degrees of intensity of feeling, may be regarded as analogous to light and shade, or coloring in painting.

§ LXVI. THE CHROMATIC SCALE. (Noted.)



NOTE. In the above syllables the letter i should always receive the sound of ee; thus Di is pronounced Dee, Ri is pronounced Ree, etc. Again, the letter e should always receive the sound of the English long a, so that Se is pronounced Say, Le is pronounced Lay, etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

MELODICS—MINOR SCALE.

§ LXIX There is another Diatonic Scale, consisting also of eight tones, but disposed in a different order of intervals from that which has been already explained, called THE MINOR SCALE

§ LXX. The following forms of the Minor Scale are in common use:

1st. The NATURAL MINOR SCALE (so called.) The Model Scale in this form consists of the tones,—

A, B, C, D, E, F, G, A.

§ LXXIII.. 2d. The HARMONIC MINOR SCALE. This differs from the natural form by the use of Sharp-seven. It is called by some writers the Regular Minor Scale. Its model form consists of the tones—

A, B, C, D, E, F, G♯, A.

§LXXIV. 3d. The MELODIC MINOR SCALE. In this form the Sharp-six and Sharp seven are both used into the ascending series. It is only minor in its lower tones, the upper part of the Scale being major. In connection with this form of the ascending Minor Scale it is common to use the natural form in descending. This is sometimes called the Irregular Minor Scale. Its model form consists of the tones—

A, B, C, D, E, F♯, G♯, A.

NOTE. There are also other forms of the Minor Scale found in the works of the best musical writers but further explanations are supposed to be unnecessary. The pupil who can sing the Chromatic Scale with tolerable accuracy will find no difficulty in any form of the Minor Scale he may meet with.

§ LXXI. PARALLEL MAJOR AND MINOR. Every Major Scale has its PARALLEL (or relative) MINOR; and every Minor Scale has its PARALLEL (or relative) MAJOR scale.

§ LXXII. The *parallel Minor* to any Major Scale is based upon its sixth, and the *parallel Major* to any Minor Scale is based upon its third.

NOTE. The distinguishing feature of the Major and Minor Scales is the third. The Major Scale is known by its Major third, and the Minor Scale is known by its Minor third.

CHAPTER XV

MELODICS—TRANSPOSITION OF THE SCALE.

§ LXXV. In the treatment of the scale thus far, the pitch C has always been taken as One; but this may be changed, and any other pitch may be taken as One; such a change is called TRANSPOSITION, or THE TRANSPOSITION OF THE SCALE.

NOTE. The transposition of the Scale consists not in any change of the position of the notes by which it is represented; for it may be represented in different positions on the staff while its pitch remains the same, or it may be represented in the same position while its pitch is changed: but it consists in changing the pitch, or in taking some other pitch besides C as One, or as the basis of the Scale.

§ LXXVI. The letter which is taken as the pitch of the Scale, or as One, is called the KEY LETTER, or simply the KEY. Thus, if C be taken as One, the Scale is said to be in the KEY OF C; if D be taken as One, the Scale is said to be in the KEY OF D, and so on.

NOTE 1. By the *key* of C is meant the relationship of tones and intervals which exist when C is taken as One; by the *key* of D is meant the relationship which exists when the scale is based on D, or when D is taken as One, and so on. Seven tones are required to constitute a tone-family (key); thus the tone-family called C, or the key of C, consists of the tones C, D, E, F G, A, and B; to which, if the *scale* is to be completed, C, an octave higher must be added.

NOTE 2. The key of C has usually been called *natural*, or the *natural key*, but since the term natural, as here used, refers not to the scale itself, but to the mere notation of the scale; and since the key of C is, in reality, no more natural than any other, we prefer to follow the example of those modern writers on music who have, with much propriety, designated it as the MODEL key.

§ LXXVII. In transposing the Scale it is necessary to preserve its proper relations, or its identity in everything excepting pitch; it must be made to conform in the order of its intervals to the model C.

§ LXXVIII. The identity of the Scale is preserved in transposition by the omission of one or more of the tones belonging to the key from which the transposition is made, and the introduction of such intermediate tone or tones as may be required to constitute the new key.

NOTE. The difficulty in transposing the scale does not consist in anything which belongs to notation, or which makes its appeal to the *eye*, but *in the transfer of absolute to relative pitch.*

§ LXXIX. The intermediate tone required in transposition, is called THE TONE OF TRANSPOSITION, or (in written music), THE NOTE OF TRANPSOSITION.

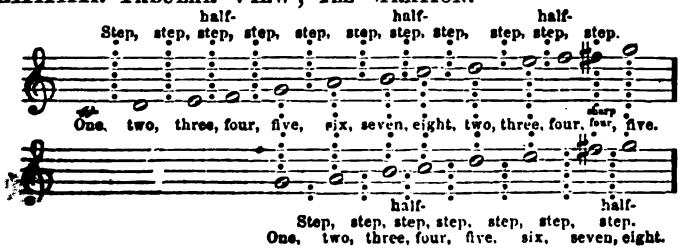
CHAPTER XVI.

MELODICS—TRANSPOSITION OF THE SCALE BY FIFTHS.

§ LXXX. First transposition of the Scale by Fifths, from C to G. All the tones which constitute the key of C will be found to belong also to the key of G, with the exception of F.

§ LXXXI. To preserve identity of Scale-relationship, or the proper order of intervals between *Six* and *Seven*, and between *Seven* and *Eight* in this transposition, it is necessary to omit the tone F, and to take F-sharp as seven in the new key.

§ LXXXII. TABULAR VIEW; ILLUSTRATION.



EXPLANATION.

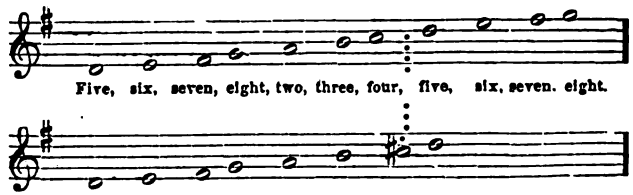
On the upper staff, in the above diagram, the scale is represented in the key of C. The distances of the notes, one from another, represent the different intervals, as steps and half-steps. On the lower staff G is taken as one, A as two, B as three, C as four, D as five, E as six; and thus far the intervals are right. But as the interval between six and seven must be a *step*, it is seen at once that F will not do for seven, because the interval between E and F is but a *half-step*; it becomes necessary, therefore, to take the intermediate tone, F♯, for seven, and this gives the proper interval between six and seven, viz., a *step*. The interval between F♯ and G being a *half-step*, G is taken as eight, and the scale is complete in the key of G, thus:

NOTE. The transposition of the Scale is one thing, and the illustration of it quite another. The sign of transposition is often mistaken for the reality, and the pupils are supposed to understand the subject when they have been only made acquainted with its nomenclature, and with its representation. A true idea of the reality can only be acquired through the ear, not from verbal explanations or descriptions; not from marks, signs, or diagrams, or any illustration to the eye.

§ LXXXIII. In notation the sign of F-sharp (♯) is placed at the beginning of the staff, immediately after the clef, and is called the SIGNATURE (sign) of the key. Thus, the signature of the key of G is F-sharp. The signature of the key of C (which consists in the absence of the characters indicating intermediate tones), may be said to be OPEN. It is often called *natural.*

§ LXXXIV. Second transposition of the Scale by Fifths, from G to D. To preserve the proper order of intervals between *six* and *seven*, and between *seven* and *eight*, in this transposition, it is necessary to omit the tone C (four in the key of G) and to take C-sharp as seven in the new key.

§ LXXXV. ILLUSTRATION; TABULAR VIEW.



NOTE. An explanation of the above diagram is supposed to be unnecessary, as it would be similar to that of § 82.

THIRD TRANSPOSITION BY FIFTHS.

§ LXXXVI. THIRD TRANSPOSITION BY FIFTHS; FROM D TO A. In this transposition G (Four) must be omitted, and G♯ (Sharp-Four) must be taken as seven to A.

NOTE. Further illustrations are not needed, since the principle is the same in each successive transposition.

§ LXXXVII. FOURTH TRANSPOSITION BY FIFTHS; FROM A TO E. In this transposition D (Four) must be omitted, and D♯ (Sharp-Four) must be taken as seven to E.

NOTE. Although we proceed briefly to point out further transpositions by fifths, yet they will not be needed for the common purposes of vocal class-teaching.

§ LXXXVIII. FIFTH TRANSPOSITION BY FIFTHS; FROM E TO B. A must be omitted and A♯ taken.

§ LXXXIX. SIXTH TRANSPOSITION BY FIFTHS; FROM B TO F♯. E must be omitted and E♯ taken.

§ XC. SEVENTH TRANSPOSITION BY FIFTHS; FROM F♯ TO C♯. B must be omitted and B♯ taken.

§ XCI. EIGHTH TRANSPOSITION BY FIFTHS; FROM C♯ TO G♯. F♯ must be omitted and F DOUBLE SHARP (F×) taken.

§ XCII. The Scale may be still further transposed by fifths: to the key of D♯♯, with nine sharps (two double sharps); to the key of A♯♯, with ten sharps (three double sharps); to the key of E♯♯, with eleven sharps (four double sharps); to the key of B♯♯, with twelve sharps (five double sharps), and so on.

NOTE 1. The key of B♯ is the same to the ear as the key of C. The difference is not in the thing itself but merely in the written signs, or notation.

NOTE 2. The keys beyond F♯ (six sharps) are but seldom used, as the same variety may be more easily obtained in transposition by fourths. The keys beyond E (four sharps) are seldom used in common vocal music.

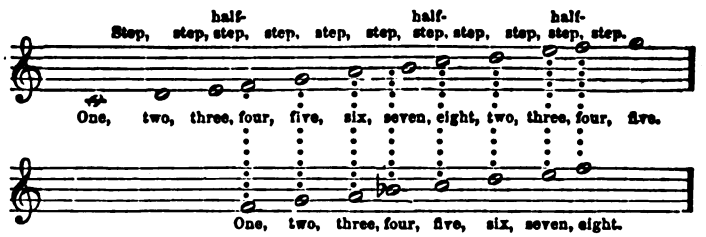
§ XCIII. It will be observed, that in each of the foregoing transpositions the pitch has been removed a *Fifth;* and that the intermediate tone required to preserve the identity of the scale in the new key has been *Sharp-Four;* hence the following rule: "SHARP-FOUR transposes the scale a Fifth;" or, "the tone of transposition between any key and that which is based on its fifth, is SHARP-FOUR."

CHAPTER XVII.

MELODICS—TRANSPOSITION OF THE SCALE BY FOURTHS.

§ XCIV. First transposition of the scale by Fourths; from C to F. To preserve the proper order of intervals between *three* and *four*, and between *four* and *five*, in this transposition, it is necessary to omit the tone B, and to take the tone B-flat as four in the new key.

ILLUSTRATION.



NOTE 1. An explanation of the above diagram would be so similar to that at Section lxxxii., that it is supposed to be unnecessary. B♭ is taken for four, and not A♯, so that the proper nomenclature may be preserved, and that the proper relations may be made to appear to the eye in written music: or that the Scale may be represented by the regularly successive degrees of the Staff.

NOTE 2. The reason why the scale is transposed by *fifths* or by *fourths* is this: those keys which are based upon either *fifths* or *fours* of any given key have all their tones in common, with a single exception, and hence are more nearly related than any others.

§ XCV. The sign of B-flat (♭) is placed at the beginning of the staff, immediately after the clef, as the signature, or sign of the key. Thus the signature of the key of F is one flat, or B-flat.

§ XCVI. SECOND TRANSPOSITION OF THE SCALE BY FOURTHS; FROM F TO B-FLAT. To preserve the proper order of intervals between *three* and *four*, and between *four* and *five* in this transposition, the tone E must be omitted, and the tone E-flat must be taken as four in the new key.

§ XCVII. THIRD TRANSPOSITION BY FOURTHS; FROM B-FLAT TO E-FLAT In this transposition A (Seven) must be omitted, and A-flat (Flat-Seven) must be taken as Four to E-flat.

§ XCVIII. FOURTH TRANSPOSITION BY FOURTHS; FROM E-FLAT TO A-FLAT. In this transposition D (Seven) must be omitted, and D-Flat (Flat-Seven) must be taken as Four to A-flat.

NOTE. Further transpositions by fourths will not be needed for the ordinary purposes of vocal class-teaching.

§ XCIX. FIFTH TRANSPOSITION BY FOURTHS; FROM A♭ TO D♭. G must be omitted and G♭ taken.

§ C. SIXTH TRANSPOSITION BY FOURTHS; FROM D♭ TO G♭. C must be omitted and C♭ taken.

§ CI. SEVENTH TRANSPOSITION BY FOURTHS; FROM G♭ TO C♭. F must be omitted and F♭ taken.

§ CII. Eighth Transposition by Fourths; from C♭ to F♭. B♭ must be omitted, and B-double-flat (♭♭) be taken.

§ CIII. The Scale may be still further transposed by fourths; to the key of B♭♭, with nine flats (two double flats); to the key of E♭♭, with ten flats (three double flats); to the key of A♭♭, with eleven flats (four double flats); to the key of D♭♭, with twelve flats (five double flats); and so on.

Note 1. The key of D♭♭ is the same to the ear as the key of C. The difference is not in the thing itself, but merely in the sign.

Note 2. The keys beyond G♭ (six flats) are but seldom used, as the same variety may be more easily obtained in transposition by sharps. The keys beyond A♭ (four flats) are seldom used in ordinary vocal music.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MELODICS—PASSING TONES—SHAKE AND TURN.

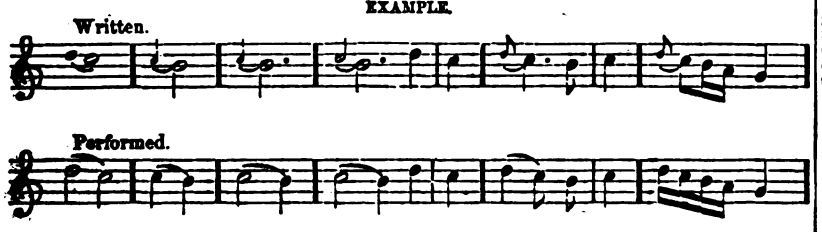
§ CIV. Tones not essentially belonging to a melody are often introduced into music, called Passing Tones. They are sometimes represented by notes of smaller size than those in which the music is mostly written, though this distinction is not always observed.

Note. Passing tones, considered with respect to harmony, do not belong to the chord in which they occur.

§ CV. When a passing tone precedes an essential tone on an accented part of a measure, it is called an appoggiatura.

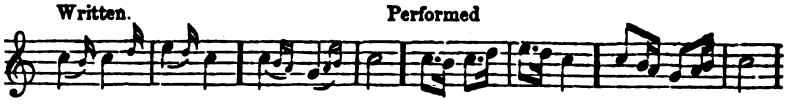
Note. From Appoggiare, an Italian word which signifies *to lean* or *to rest upon*. An appoggiatura is a tone on which the voice leans or rests in its passage, from one tone to another. The appoggiatura is generally considered a tone of embellishment, but it should rather be regarded as a tone of expression, since it is most frequently designed to give tenderness or pathos to a performance.

EXAMPLE.



§ CVI. When a passing tone follows an essential tone, on an unaccented part of a measure, it is called an After Tone.

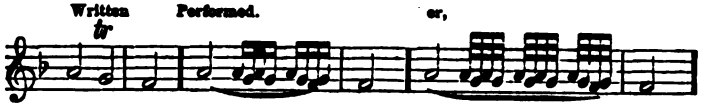
EXAMPLE.



§ CVII. A rapid alternation of a tone with the conjoint tone above it, at an interval of either a step or a half-step, is called a Shake or Trill.

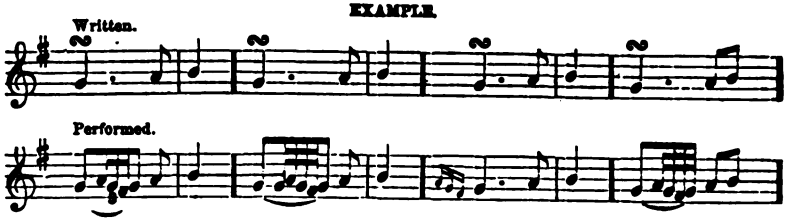
Note. The shake is a very brilliant musical embellishment. Its proper practice gives flexibility to the voice.

EXAMPLE.



§ CVIII. A tone sung in rapid succession with the conjoint tones above and below it, so as to produce a winding or turning melodic motion or movement is called a Turn. The turn has a variety of forms, the principal of which may be illustrated, as follows:

EXAMPLE.



Note. The ornaments, graces, or embellishments of vocal music, some of which have been merely glanced at in this chapter, with the partial exception of passing tones, cannot be said to belong to ordinary singing, and certainly not to chorus singing They rather belong to that artistic style which can only be acquired by the few possessing naturally great flexibility of voice, accuracy of ear, quickness of musical perception, and habits of persevering application; nor should they be attempted even by these until they have been carefully studied for years under the direction of an accomplished teacher.

CHAPTER XIX.

DYNAMICS—FORM OF TONE.

§ CIX. Mezzo. A musical sound of medium power or force is called Mezzo (pronounced med-zo); such a sound is indicated by the term mezzo, or by an abbreviation of it, as mez., or by its initial m.

§ CX. Piano. A tone somewhat softer than Mezzo, or a soft tone, is called Piano (pee-äh-no), and is indicated by the term piano, pia. or p.

§ CXI. Forte. A tone somewhat louder than Mezzo, or a loud tone, is called Forte (fōre-te), and is indicated by the term forte, for. or f.

§ CXII. Pianissimo. A tone softer than Piano, is called Pianissimo (pee-äh-niss-i-mo) and is indicated by pp.

§ CXIII. Fortissimo. A tone louder than forte, is called Fortissimo (for-tiss-i-mo), and is indicated by ff.

Note 1. There are also modifications of the above-mentioned degrees of power, as *Mezzo-Forte*, *Mezzo-Piano*.

Note 2. Mezzo, Piano, and Forte are Italian words which are universally used as technical terms in music.

Note 3. The instrument called the Piano-Förte derives its name from these words. It should not be called Piano-*Fort*, but Piano-*Fōr-te*.

Note 4. The different degrees of force, or at least p. m. and f., should be practically introduced at the commencement of a singing class.

CHAPTER XX.

DYNAMICS—FORMS OF TONES.

§ CXIV. Organ Form. A tone commenced, continued, and ended with an equal degree of power, is called an Organ Form, or an Organ Tone. It may be indicated by parallel lines, thus: ═══.

Note 1. The Organ Tone takes its name from the organ pipe, which can only produce a tone of one equal degree of power.

Note 2. The Organ Tone is not often used in vocal music, except in passages in which the part holds a tone firmly for a considerable time, while the other parts sing various harmonies.

§ CXV. Crescendo. A tone commencing Piano and gradually increasing to Forte, is called Crescendo (cre-shen-do). It is indicated by cres., or by two divergent lines, thus: <

§ CXVI. Diminuendo. A tone commencing Forte, and gradually diminishing to Piano, is called Decrescendo or diminuendo (de-cre-shen-do or dim-in-oo-en-do). It is indicated by decres., dim., or by two convergent lines, thus: >

§ CXVII. Swell. An union of the Crescendo and the Decrescendo produces the Swell Form: indicated by the union of the divergent and convergent lines, thus: <>.

Note 1. The swell is sometimes called the *Drawn Tone;* the term *Messa di voce* is also used to designate this tone form.

Note 2. The acquisition of this form of tone is one of the most difficult things in the art of singing. It constitutes the polish or finishing touch in artistic excellence. "It is the result," says Garcia, in his admirable "School of Singing," "of all other studies;" and again, "to draw the tones well is to be a good singer."

Note 3. The application of Crescendo and Diminuendo to phrases and sections, or to passages of several measures, is comparatively easy, and constitutes one of the greatest beauties of choiral singing.

§ CXVIII. Pressure. A very sudden Crescendo or Swell is called the Pressure Form. It is thus marked: < or <>.

Note. This dynamic form is sometimes used to express ridicule, sarcasm, or irony. It belongs much to burlesque, to the ludicrous, or comic in singing.

§ CXIX. Sforzando. A tone which is produced very suddenly and forcibly, and instantly diminished, is called an Explosive Tone: or Sforzando, or Forzando (sfōrt-zan-do or fōrt-zando). It is designated thus <, or by sf., or fz.

Note 1. This tone-form is of great importance both to the speaker and to the singer. The energetic style of singing, as in many of Handel's chorusses, for example, is much dependent upon it; indeed, *some degree* of it is always needed in the very first utterance of the voice, however gentle and soft, for without it the tone will be destitute of life and expression. Its power is distinctly felt in the manner in which good performers on stringed or wind instruments produce their tones, or in the very first utterance of a tone, or in the manner in which the attack is made upon it. Much of the dullness, heaviness, stupidity, and lifelessness so prevalent in vocal music, and especially in choiral singing, is to be attributed to the absence of this dynamic form of delivery. It is by no means intended that every tone should be given Sforzando; far indeed from this, but the *element* of Sforzando is to tones the life-giving power. It is, however, very liable to be overdone, and even caricatured; it requires, therefore, much discretion in its application, for, unless it be directed by good taste, it will be likely to degenerate into a mere lunging or jerking of the voice, grunt-like, coarse, and disagreeable.

Note 2. The mark indicating the pressure form of tone is often printed instead of that which indicates the Forzando. The observance of the mark as thus erroneously applied would, in many cases, be quite ludicrous. The mark is also often applied in this form, ∧.

CHAPTER XXI.

DYNAMICS—VOCAL DELIVERY.

Note. If there is anything of elementary importance in teaching singing-classes, it is that of vocal utterance, or the emission of the voice. This should engage the most careful attention of the teacher from the very first attempts of the pupil to produce musical sounds. A good delivery of the voice, and also purity of tone, should be sought for in the very first lessons, and they should be kept constantly in view during the whole course of instruction.

§ CXX. Emission of Tone. Vocal utterance, or the emission of tone, should be decided and firm; without drawling or hesitancy. The tone should be produced by an instantaneous movement of the glottis, which being shut, is suddenly opened for the emission of the sound, as by a "vigorous shock." This motion, or "shock of the glottis," has been compared to the action of the lips energetically pronouncing the letter p, or to the action in the vault of the palate in articulating the hard c, as in come, or k, as in kind. The tone thus produced strikes the ear suddenly, and like a spark from a living coal, has life and power. Garcia, in his "Singing School," says, "I recommend the shock of the

glottis as the only means of obtaining sounds purely and without bungling;" and again he says, "the master must insist on the tones being attained by the shock of the glottis."

NOTE 1. Any one who gives attention to the production of tones by a good instrumentalist, or to the manner in which they strike the ear when the attack is made upon them, or when they are first brought forth by a skillful player, cannot fail to observe their great superiority in promptness and energy of delivery to those usually heard in singing. The contrast between the delivery of instrumental and vocal tones, as usually heard in a performance of choiral music with orchestral accompaniment, is very great; while the instrumental tones will be given with decision, pith, and character, the voice will be tardily drawn out, heavy, dull, and lifeless. Indeed, choiral singing can hardly be heard without revealing the fact that whatever proficiency may have been made in reading music, so far as it relates to time and tune, the proper use of the vocal organs in the emission of tone has been sadly neglected.

NOTE 2. Caution. In the attempt to acquire the true delivery of the voice, there is danger that one may go too far, and substitute a shock of the lungs, or of the chest, or of the whole vocal region, for one of the glottis merely. This may result in a violent outbreak, rough and boisterous, calling forth the remark, "he sings by main force." It hardly need be said that this extreme should be avoided. There is a proper medium for the utterance of tones, between a careless, indolent, drawling manner on the one hand, and a terrible vocal eruption on the other.

NOTE 3. Let it not be supposed that an accurate idea of the production of vocal tones can be communicated by any attempt at description; the true idea can only be imparted by illustration, or by living example. No one who can not himself produce a tone in a proper manner, can teach a pupil to do so, for by pattern or by example the work must be done. As it is of little use for a man to preach a holy life who is not himself a virtuous or good man, so the work of a teacher of vocal music, who, in addition to good definitions or descriptions, does not also give good vocal examples, can not be of much value.

§ CXXI. PURITY OF TONE. A tone is pure when it is clear, free, open round, full, unobstructed, and having no extraneous sound mixed with it; or, when it has good resonance. Resonance is to hearing what odor is to smelling, or flavor to the taste. A voice with a good resonance is as a rose with a good fragrance; or, as "savory meat" such as Isaac loved. But it is impossible to give any correct idea of purity of tone by verbal description, it can only be done by example. A tone is impure when it is stifled or muffled, when it is guttural or nasal, or when it partakes of an aspirated, husky, or hissing quality.

NOTE. "The purest tone is obtained, first, by flattening the whole length of the tongue; second, by partially raising the veil of the palate; third, by separating the pillars at their base."—GARCIA.

CHAPTER XXII.

DYNAMICS—VOCAL DELIVERY.

§ CXXII. LEGATO. When successive tones are produced in a closely connected manner, or intervolved, they are said to be LEGATO (Le-gä-to, or Le-gah-to). The Legato is indicated by a curved line, called a tie (⁀).

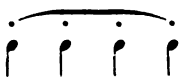
NOTE. The same character is often used to show how many tones are to be sung to one syllable.

§ CXXIII. PORTAMENTO. When the voice is instantaneously conducted by a concrete passage, or graceful and almost imperceptible glide, from one tone to another, so as to produce a momentary previous recognition or anticipation of the coming tone, such a carriage or transition of the voice, or such a blending or melting of one tone into another is called PORTAMENTO.

NOTE. The portamento should only occur between tones of comparatively long duration, and in connection with words or tones expressive of deep emotion. This beautiful grace, which, when properly introduced, gives an inexpressible charm to singing, is sometimes, nay often most sadly misrepresented, caricatured or counterfeited, and coarse slides, or vocal avalanches are heard in its place. Ferrari, in his "Singing Method," has applied the very significant term "harsh shrieks" to these frightful lurchings of the voice; and Bassini, in his "Art of Singing," says, "it is far oftener abused than tastefully used;" and adds, that "many singers—very many" (he might have said almost all who attempt it) "make incessant use of the portamento, really *ad nauseam*."

§ CXXIV. STACCATO. When tones are produced in a short, pointed, distinct, or very articulate manner, they are said to be STACCATO (Stac-kä-to, or Stac-kah-to). Staccato is indicated by points thus: (ı ı ı ı).

§ CXXV. HALF STACCATO. A medium between the legato and the staccato, is called HALF STACCATO or SEMI-STACCATO. It is indicated by dots, usually with a tie over them, thus:



CXXVI. MARTELLATO. This consists in a distinct marking of the tones, yet without diminishing their length. It contrasts with legato, is nearly allied to the sforzando, and may be indicated by the same character (>). It should prevail in the energetic and joyful style.

§ CXXVII. PAUSE. When the duration of a tone is prolonged beyond the length indicated by the note by which it is represented, such prolongation is called a PAUSE, and the character by which it is indicated receives the same name (𝄐).

NOTE 1. The pause is often called the HOLD.

NOTE. 2. The pause is properly introduced, not for the mere prolongation of a tone, but rather as expressing such intensity of emotion as is required by a climax or culminating point in song.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DYNAMICS—UTTERANCE OF WORDS.

NOTE. The complaint is often made that the words can not be heard, or are not carefully spoken in singing; but it cannot be expected that one who delivers tones in a careless, indifferent, lifeless manner, should articulate or pronounce words in any other way, whereas, if the habit of a careful utterance or emission of tones has been formed, it is almost sure that there will be a corresponding attention to words. A proper production of tones is a prerequisite to a good enunciation of words.

§ CXXVIII. VOWEL OF TONIC ELEMENTS. It is upon the tonic sounds (vowels) only that the voice should dwell in singing. They should be formed with accuracy, and carefully prolonged, without change. To

insure this, the same position of the vocal organs should be preserved during the whole continuance of a tone, no change or motion of the throat, mouth, or tongue, nor indeed of the head or body, should be permitted.

NOTE. It is a very common fault for singers to pass from the tonic element, and to allow the voice to dwell upon a subordinate sound; as the vanish of a compound tonic element, or some succeeding or final consonant sound admitting of prolongation. Thus, for example, the word arm is often erroneously sung ä...r.....m, or är.....m, instead of ä----rm; the word great, is sung greä---e---t, or greäe-----t, instead of greä-----t; the word charge, is sung chä---r---ge, or chär-----ge, instead of chä-----rge; the word fear is sung fëar----, or fë--ar----, instead of fë-----ar. It would be easy to multiply examples, but these must suffice.

§ CXXIX. The most important vocal element to the singer is that which is heard in the word *ah*, and which is represented by the letter a with two dots above it, thus, ä. This is the richest, most open, broad, and euphonious sound that can be found in any language, or that can be produced by the human voice. It is also the most natural sound, for while all other sounds require some preparation or modification of the vocal organs, this is produced by merely dropping the under jaw, so as to open the mouth in the most easy and natural way. It is of great importance that the pupil should acquire the true sound of this element, since it prepares the way for all the others. To convey with as great accuracy as possible a correct idea of it, the following list of words is given, in each of which it occurs:

Arm, ah, hä, harm, bar, car, far, par, tar, aunt, daunt, gaunt, haunt, jaunt, taunt, father, saunter, gauntlet, barb, hark, mar, garb, harp, dart, cart, park, marl, snarl, barn, arch, bath, path, harsh, balm, palm, calf, half, laugh, charge, charm, psalm, farm, alarm, becalm, guard, lark, smart, past.

NOTE. This is not the place to attempt a full description of the elements of the language; a teacher of vocal music must be supposed to be familiar with these. It may be well, however, to say, that the tonic element heard in the word Too (oo), will be found very useful, especially for softening and smoothing the voice

§ CXXX. CONSONANTS. These should be delivered quickly, smartly, distinctly, and with the greatest precision. Yet, since they do not sing, they should be given with no more force than is necessary clearly to identify the word spoken. The neglect of a careful utterance of the consonants is a principal cause of indistinctness in the articulation of words.

§ CXXXI. COMMON ERRORS. Errors in pronunciation are often heard not only in choirs, but also in the singing of those who have given much attention to the cultivation of the voice. The following are some of the most common faults:

1. The sound of *a* in fate for that of *a* in fat or hat; as ätone for atone; other words in which the same error is often heard are, adore, among, amid, alone, amaze, alarm, awake, away, above, about, afar, again, agree, arise, etc.

2. The sound of *i* in pine for that of *i* in pin; as dïvert for divert; other words are, digress, direct, divulge, fertile, hostile, engine, etc.

3. The sound of *o* in no, for that of *o* in done; as, testimōny for testimony; other words are, nugatory, patrimony, matrimony, dilatory, etc.

4. The substitution of *er* for *ow:* as foller for follow; other words are, window, sorrow, widow, pillow, shallow, fellow, etc.

5. The omission of *g* in such words as end with ing; as runnin for running; other words are, writing, speaking, walking, singing, etc.

6. The omission of the soft *r:* as, laud for Lord; other words are, storm, morning, war, far, star, depart; also, fust for first, bust for burst, etc.

7. The omission of the characteristic feature, or thrilling of the hard *r*, in such words as great, gracious, grand, green, repent, return, rich, rest, rough, right, wrong, and generally where the *r* precedes a vowel.

8. The omission of the letter *h*, in such words as when, why, which, while, whence, hail, heaven, hope, happy, etc.

9. The aspiration of the *h* in words in which it should be silent, as humble for umble, etc.

10. The substitution of a harsh, hissing sound (snake-like) for the more mild yet penetrating whistle which the letter *s* properly represents.

11. C*u*mmand for command; the same error is heard in the words complete, comply, commend, correct, corrupt, etc.

12. Good*n*iss for goodness; the same error is heard in endless, matchless, boundless, anthem, forget, etc.

13. Evid*u*nce for evidence; the same error may be observed in silence, prudence, ardent, excellent, providence, influence, contentment, judgment, even, etc.

14. Verb*u*l for verbal; so, also; in infant, dormant, countenance, musical; also in appear, arrive, abjure, gentleman etc.

15. Regelar for regular; so, also, in educate, singular, articulate, perpendicular, particular, etc.

16. Joining the last letter of a word with the following word; this is a very common fault. The following examples are excellent for illustration and practice:

A nice house, for an ice house.	The soldier's steer, for the soldier's tear,
A nox, for an ox.	That lasts till night, for that last still night.
This sour, for this hour.	On neither side, for on either side.
Such a notion, for such an ocean.	Bear u' sonward, for bear us onward.

17. Without any attempt at classification, the following are given as specimens of common errors:

Agin for agăin.	Fountăne for fountain	Hev for have.
Agăne for agăin.	Pasters for pastures.	Sence for since.
Solitood for solitude	Tew or tue for two.	Setting for sitting.
Toon for tune.	Shell for shall.	Wuth for worth.
Yaller for yellow.	Hed for had.	Fortin for fortune.
Mountăne for mountain.	Băde for Bad.	

The word *and* is often narrowed down so as to sound like end, or yeand, yet with a kind of nasal snarl or mewl, by which it is easy to be distinguished from a proper human sound. Arnd is the opposite extreme, equally to be avoided.

The word *ămen* should not be sung ămen, or ay-men, but always ămen or ah-men. Awe-men is the opposite extreme.

Jerŭsalem is often improperly pronounced Jee-ru-say-lem, or Jee-ru-se-lum.

§ CXXXII. Miscellaneous hints:

1. The indefinite article, represented by the letter a, should never receive the sound of ā (as in ale or in fate), but a sound nearly the same as is heard in had or in hat; or perhaps a shade broader, or toward that of ă; yet it must never be ä (ah).

2. The definite article (t-h-e) should never receive the sound of thee: when it comes before a vowel the e should receive nearly the same sound as is heard in the word pin, or perhaps a shade nearer to ē; when it occurs before a consonant, its vowel sound should be the same as that of the indefinite article.

3. The word *my* in the solemn style in which it usually occurs in psalmody, should receive the long sound of i, as my God, (mī); but in familiar style, even in sacred poetry, it should receive the sound of short i; in the passage "I myself will awake right early," the word myself should be pronounced with the sound of i in him.

4. The termination *ed* in chanting the psalms, in such words as bless-ed, sav-ed, form-ed, prepar-ed, etc., should be distinctly pronounced as a separate syllable; solemnity of the style requires it.

5. The word *wind*, in common conversation, and in reading prose, is universally pronounced with the sound of i, as in pin, win, etc. In poetry, on the contrary, it is common to give it the sound of i in mind, find, etc. Professional singers always adopt the latter usage, and pronounce the word wīnd. Which of the two shall prevail in singing must depend upon custom.

6. The word *heaven* is sometimes used by the poets as one and sometimes as two syllables; thus, in the line, "Bread of heaven," it is made to consist of two syllables; but in singing as in speech, it should always be pronounced in a single syllable, or heav'n. The words, lyre, wire, hour, etc., should also be pronounced in one syllable.

§ CXXXIII. Accent; Emphasis and Pause. The laws to which accent, emphasis and pause are subject in reading, should also be observed, generally, in singing; but if poetry is to receive a musical expression, it must be subjected to the laws of music; yet these must not be permitted to conflict with those of elocution, but such a liberal interpretation of both must be allowed as will enable the singer most happily and effectively to unite the two—speech and song.

§ CXXXIV. Finally, in all vocal performances close attention should be given to both words and tones. The singer should grasp the spirit of both (the music always being subordinate to the emotional character of the poetry), and make them his own; he should make an entire surrender of himself to his work, throw his whole soul into the performance, and produce a living song, which shall draw out and intensify the feelings of those who hear; so shall he produce the effects for which music is designed, and for which it is admirably adapted.

TRAINING EXERCISES AND SONGS.

That instruction should commence with the practical, and proceed from that to the theoretical, is a principle now generally acknowledged in the science of education and in the art of teaching. The thing which is to be taught or learnt, the reality, whatever it may be, is, if possible, to come first in the order of time, and this is to be duly followed, according to circumstances, sometimes almost immediately and sometimes not until considerable time afterwards, with illustrations, names, signs or characters, and logical or scientific classification and definitions.

Hence this is the place, and these are the lessons with which instruction in an elementary singing school should begin; and the theoretical, which in the order of arrangement in this work has preceded, should be brought in afterwards when needed, or when by the previous study of the practical, the pupils are prepared to receive it. Until then, although its aphorisms may be committed to memory, it cannot be understood, and like that faith which, being without works, is dead, can be but of little value.

Classes will often be found, which, having had previous instruction, may with propriety begin considerably in advance of these first lessons, perhaps with No. 20, or still further onward. Yet a thorough review from the beginning, will in almost all cases, be found useful.

It is unimportant whether a class begin with Rhythmics or Melodics. Yet as Rhythmics, *in its initiatory steps*, is the easier, the attention is here first called to that department. But with whichever department the class begin, the two must soon be united, probably (unless in classes of young children) during the first lesson, or the first half hour.

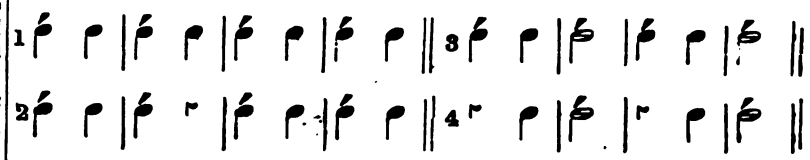
These exercises, lessons, and songs (especially the earlier ones), are given, not as furnishing in themselves a sufficient course for training, but rather as examples of such, as should be written in as great variety as possible, and with frequent repitition, upon the board.

The order of proceeding may, perhaps, be as follows: 1st. Let the teacher carefully sing a piece before his pupils; after they have heard it several times, so as to obtain a clear idea of it, he may 2d. require them to imitate him, or sing themselves that which they heard him sing; when this is satisfactorily done, he may 3d. write the piece upon the board, and, after singing it himself, let it be sung by his pupils, he pointing to the notes, and, perhaps, counting the time; 4th. If the piece be contained in the book used, let the pupils be directed to it, and let them sing from the printed copy without the aid of the teacher's voice or pointing. Let there be a sufficient number of repetitions at each step.

Let the lesson be first sung at a medium movement, or at the movement which is the most easy; afterwards in slower and also in quicker time, either of which will be found more difficult

RYTHMICS.

MEASURES, ACCENTS, BARS, SHORT AND LONG NOTES, RESTS.

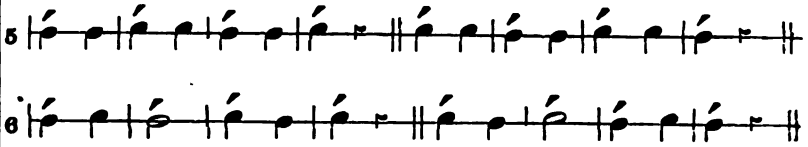


MELODICS.

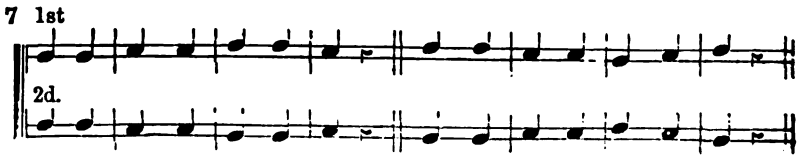
THE SCALE AND STAFF COMMENCED.

NOTE. It is not thought necessary here to give specimens of lessons exclusively melodic, or in which the rhythmic element is omitted; in those which follow, therefore, the two departments (Rhythmics and Melodics) are united, or the lessons or exercises are RHYTHMICO-MELODIC. They may be sung to the syllable la, or to the syllables commonly used in solmization, or to other monosyllables; the pitch may be c, (not as yet distinguishing between c and c̲,) or as near to that as convenient.

TONES ONE AND TWO,

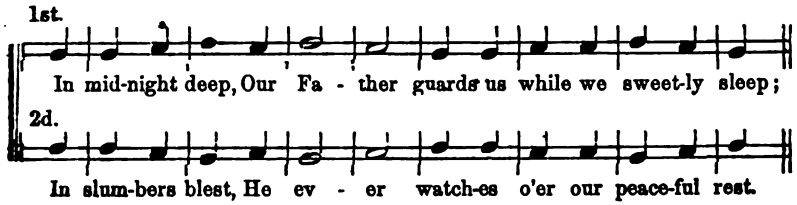


The Tone THREE The second line added to the Staff.



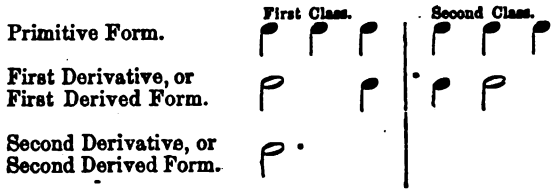
Beginning on the second part of the measure. SKIP from one to three.

8 SONG OR ROUND.



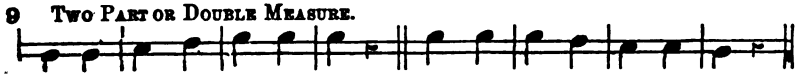
RHYTHMICS.

THREE PART MEASURE. Tabular view of different forms of measure, primitive and derived.

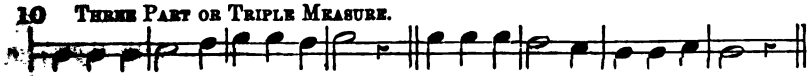


Rhythmico-Melodic lessons resumed. The tone FOUR.

9 TWO PART OR DOUBLE MEASURE.

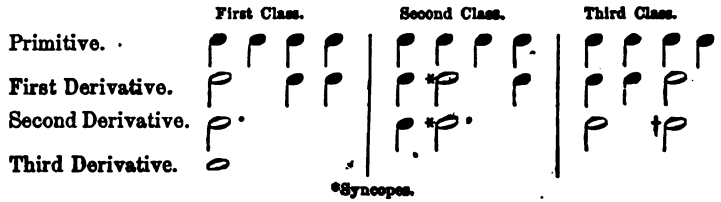


10 THREE PART OR TRIPLE MEASURE.



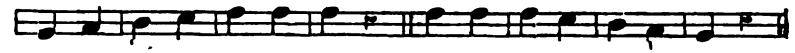
RHYTHMICS.

FOUR PART MEASURE. Tabular view of different forms of measure, primitive and derived.

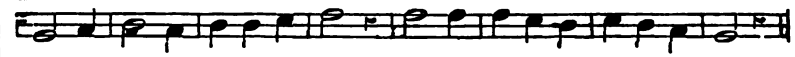


Rhythmico-Melodic lessons resumed. The tone FIVE. The third line added to the Staff.

11 DOUBLE MEASURE.

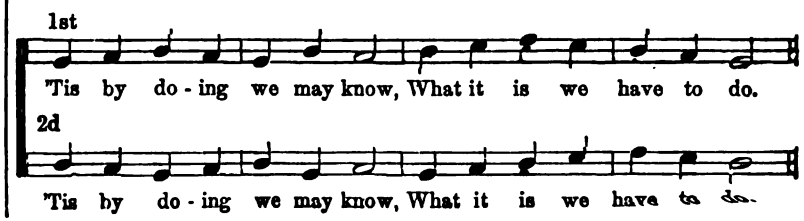


12 TRIPLE MEASURE.



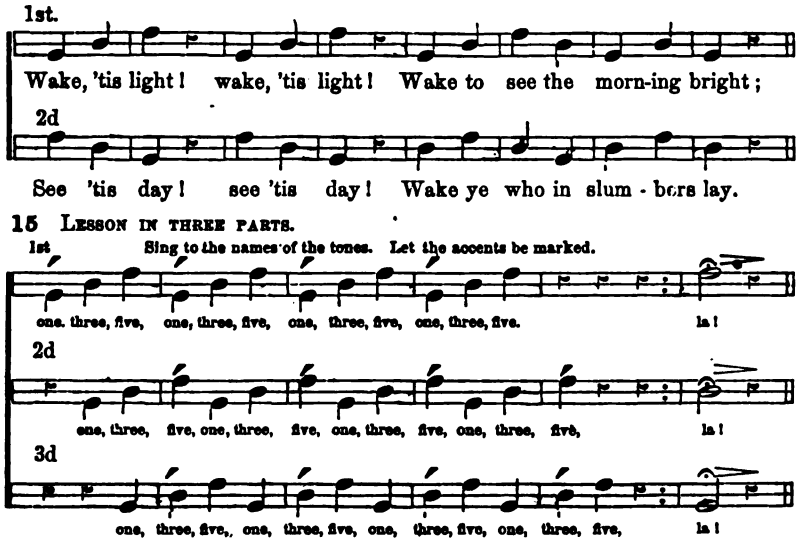
Four part or Quadruple measure.

13 SONG IN TWO PARTS.



SKIPPING; intervals between one, three, and five.

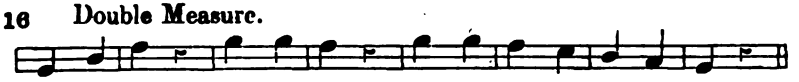
14 SONG IN TWO PARTS.



15 LESSON IN THREE PARTS.

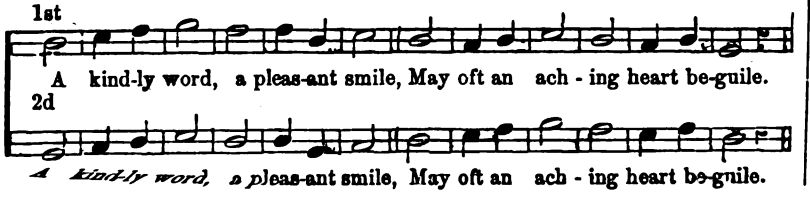
THE TONE SIX.

16 Double Measure.



Beginning on three.

17 SONG IN TWO PARTS.



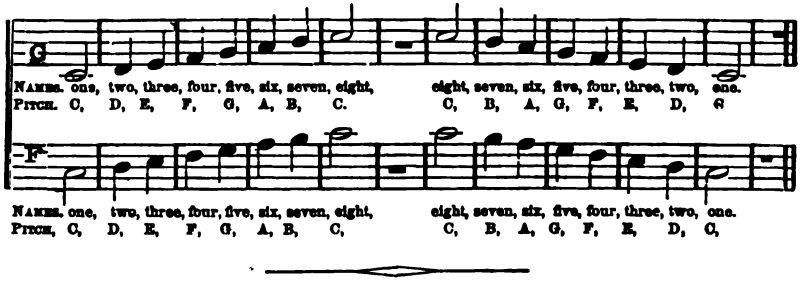
THE TONES SEVEN AND EIGHT. The scale complete.

18 QUADRUPLE MEASURE.

LETTERS INDICATING ABSOLUTE PITCH. CLEFS.

The scale represented (written) in its common positions on the Staff. Clef letters. Staff completed. Added lines.

19

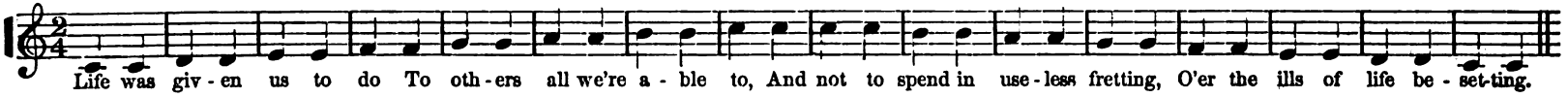


In commencing with No. 20, the following things are supposed to be practically understood:

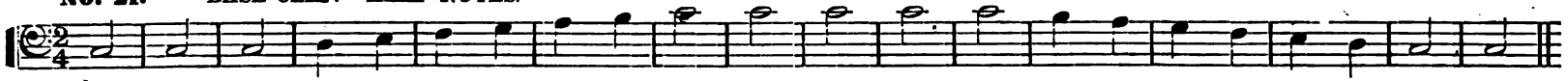
1. Measures and parts of measures,.....	Portions of time.
2. Counting and beating time,.....	Indicating measures.
3. Signs of Measures, or written measures,	Spaces between bars.
4. Bars,.....	Boundaries of written measures.
5. Notes (four kinds),.....	Representing the relative length of tones.
6. Rests.....	Indicating silence.
7. The scale,.....	A regular succession of tones.
8. The staff.....	Representing the scale, or relative pitch.
9. The letters,.....	Designating absolute pitch.
10. Clefs, ...	Showing the position of the scale as written upon the staff.

Other things (realities and signs) are to be explained (or rather, to the observing pupil, they will carry their own explanation with them) as they occur.

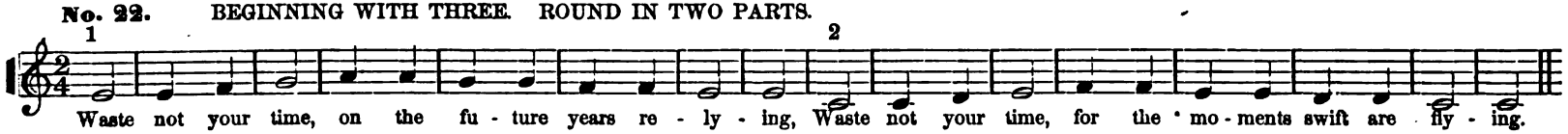
No. 20. TREBLE CLEF. DOUBLE MEASURE. QUARTER NOTES.



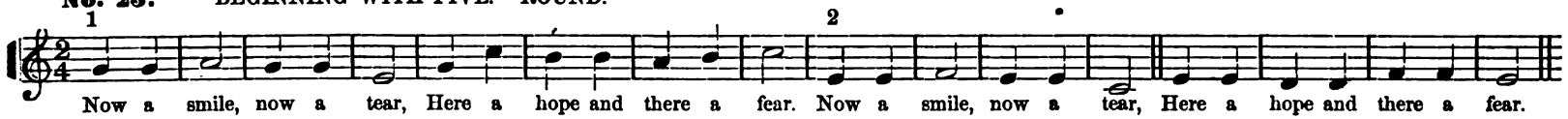
No. 21. BASE CLEF. HALF NOTES.



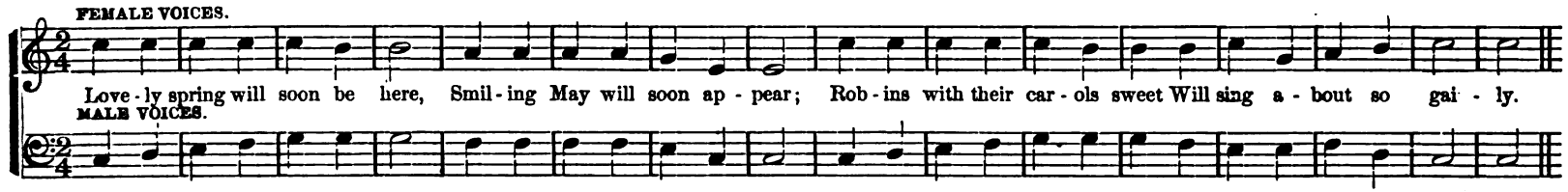
No. 22. BEGINNING WITH THREE. ROUND IN TWO PARTS.



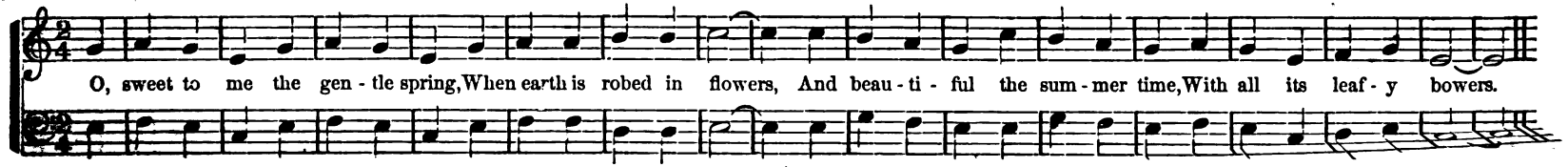
No. 23. BEGINNING WITH FIVE. ROUND.



No. 24. SONG IN TWO PARTS. THE STAVES JOINED BY A BRACE.



No. 25. BEGINNING ON THE SECOND PART OF THE MEASURE. THE TIE.



No. 26. QUARTER REST. ROUND

Come, come, come, come, who will dare to fol - low me? Yes, yes, yes, yes, we will dare to fol - low thee.

No. 27. HALF REST.

List - en, list-en, list - en, list - en, Sweet est mus - ic fills the air, Rob - ins, blue-birds, singing, singing. Here, there, here, there, eve - ry-where.

No. 28. TRIPLE MEASURE.

Come, ye faint heart-ed, and don't be dis-courag-ed, But sing the scale brave - ly with us to the top, And we'll lead you a - long, and we'll nev - er go wrong, Till we get to the bot-tom and then we will stop.

No. 29. DOTTED HALF, OR THREE-QUARTER NOTE. ROUND.

Passing a - way, passing a - way, Sad is the thought that we're passing away.

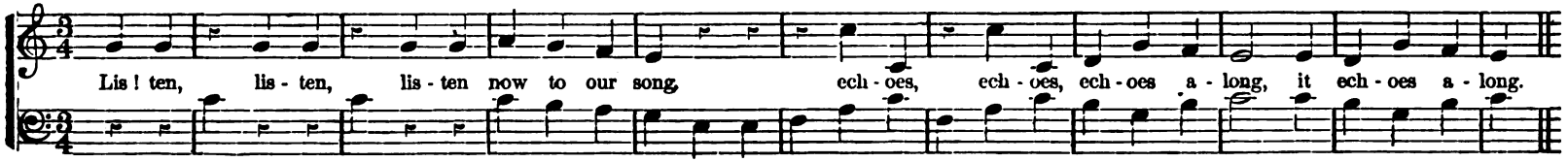
No. 30. ROUND.

Will the vio - lets bloom a - gain, Where now the drift - ed snow is piled On the hill - side, in the glen, Where blows the wind so bleak and wild.

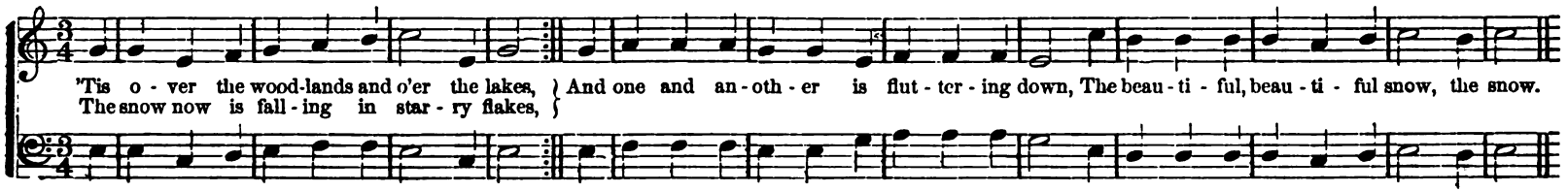
No. 31. TRIPLE MEASURE WITH RESTS.

Far out in the wild-wood, Beau- ti - ful flow - ers are grow - ing, Sweet the gifts kind na - ture is ev - er be - stow - ing.

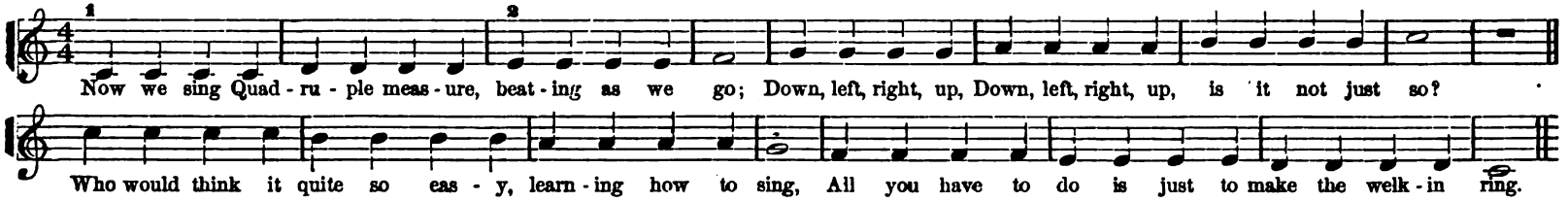
No. 32. BEGINNING ON THE SECOND PART OF THE MEASURE.



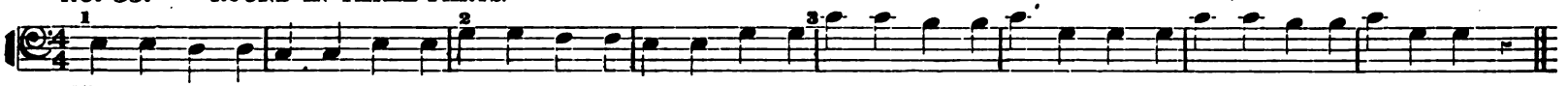
No. 33. DOUBLE BAR. REPEAT.



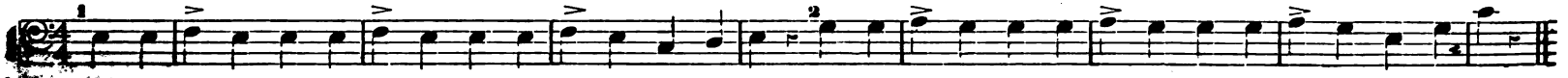
No. 34. QUADRUPLE MEASURE. WHOLE NOTES. THE SCALE AS A ROUND.



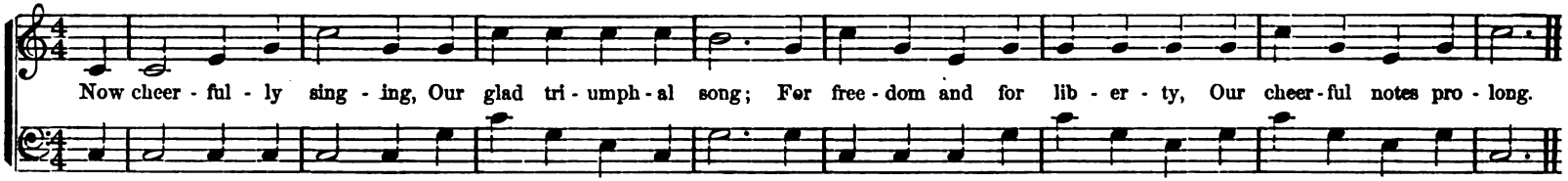
No. 35. ROUND IN THREE PARTS.



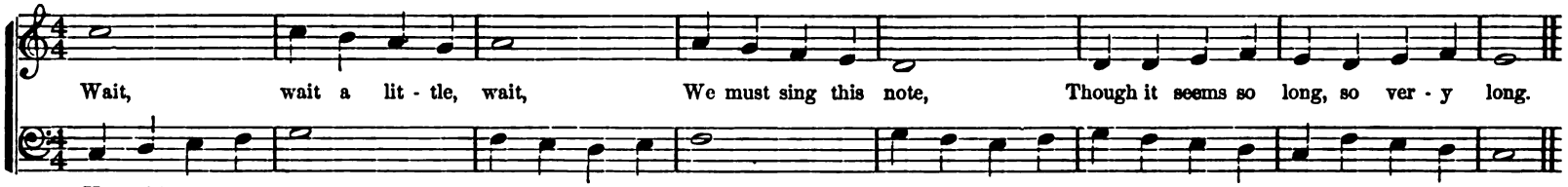
No. 36. ROUND. STRONG ACCENT ON THE FIRST PART OF THE MEASURE.



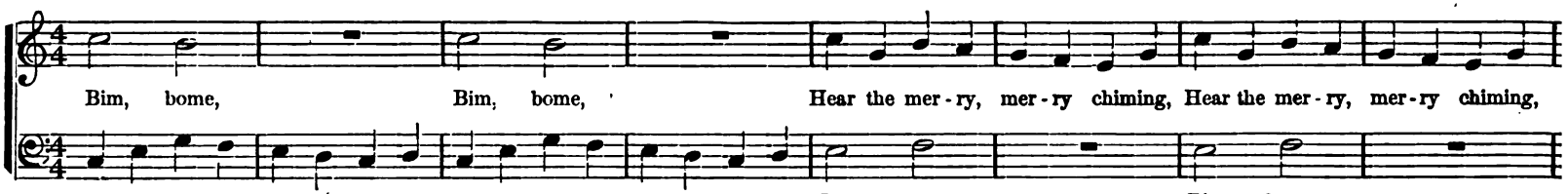
No. 37. ONE, THREE, FIVE, EIGHT.



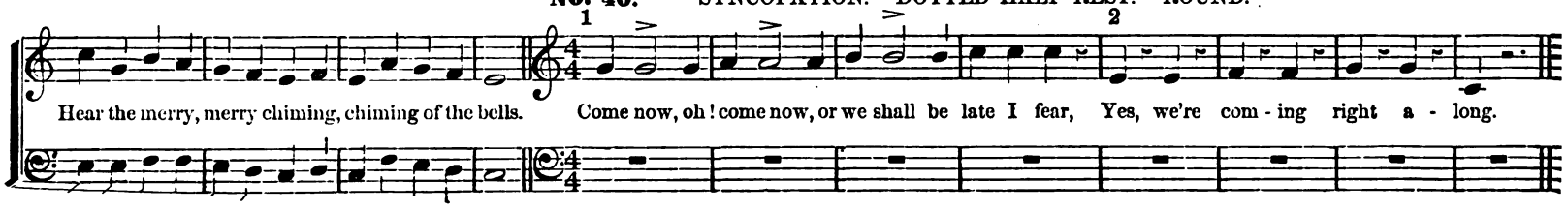
No. 38. WHOLE NOTE.



No. 39. WHOLE REST.



No. 40. SYNCOPATION. DOTTED HALF REST. ROUND.



No. 41 "SOME ONE COMES." FROM THE DIAPASON.

(The small notes may indicate tones on an instrument, or gentle taps on the desk.)

Some one comes! at the door he knocks. Walk this way, sir! Pleasant day, sir! Come in! come

Thank you, thank you! Yes, sir, yes, sir! We're in haste, and

in! Come in! Come in! O yes, With pleasure! 'Tis ten, 'Tis ten, 'Tis ten, the time of day.

can - not stay, sir! Please to tell the time of day, sir! We're in haste, and can - not stay, sir! Please to tell the time of day, the time of day.

No. 42. THE SCALE EXTENDED UPWARDS. ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, AND FIVE, AN OCTAVE HIGHER.

Do re mi fa sol fa mi re do re mi fa mi re do do re mi fa sol fa mi re do re mi fa mi re do.

No. 43. ROUND IN FOUR PARTS. "EARLY IN THE MORNING."

1 2 3 4

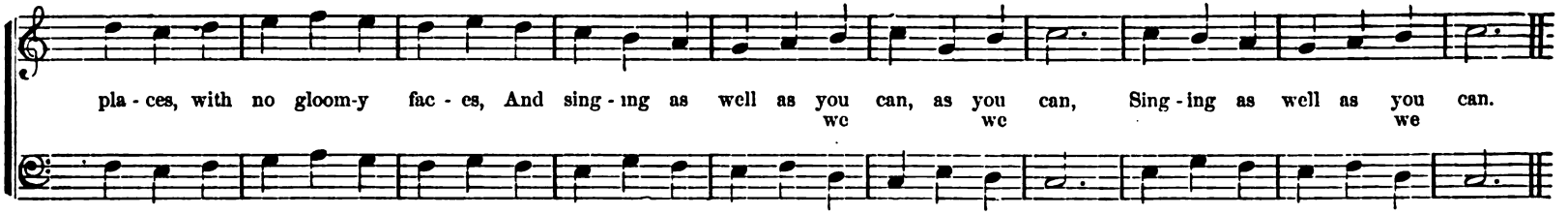
Ear - ly in the morn - ing, At the sun's first warn - ing, Let us wan - der o'er the fields, and see their fair a - dorn - ing.

No. 44. SCALE EXTENDED DOWNWARDS. DOTTED HALF REST.

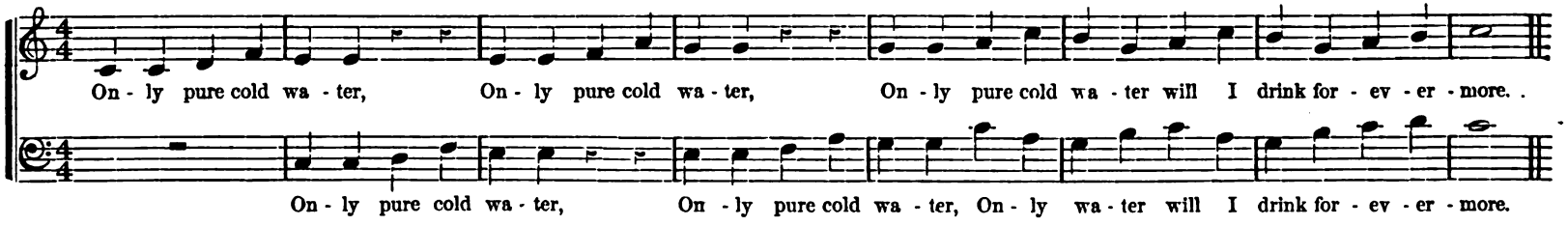
Do si la sol la si do. Sing af - ter us, if you please. All in your

Do si la sol la si do. Yes, we will sing af - ter you, in our

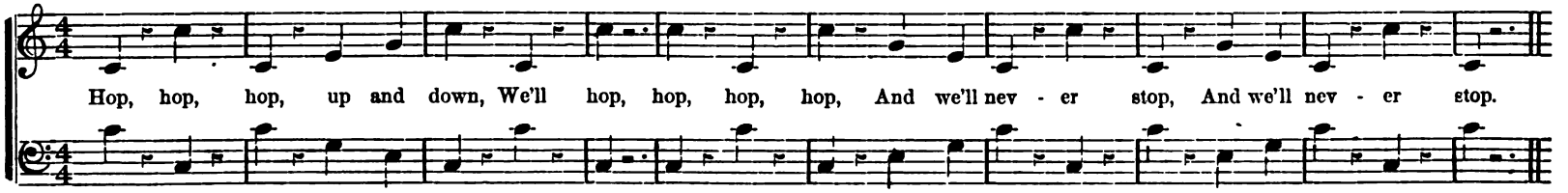
SCALE EXTENDED DOWNWARDS. CONCLUDED.



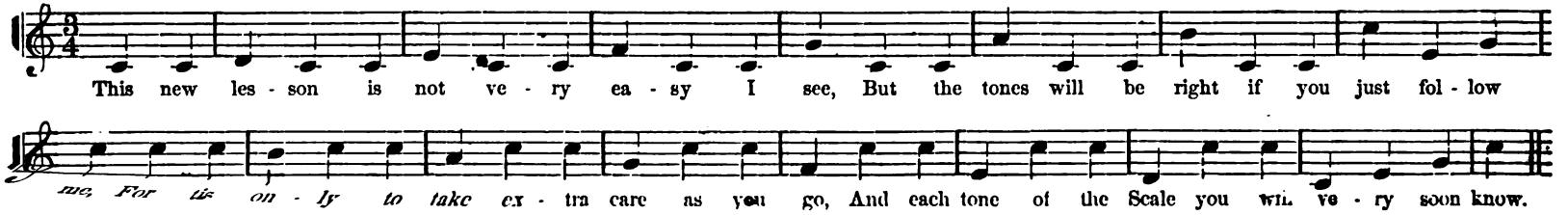
No. 45. SKIPS. TWO AND FOUR, FOUR AND SIX, FIVE AND SEVEN, SIX AND EIGHT.



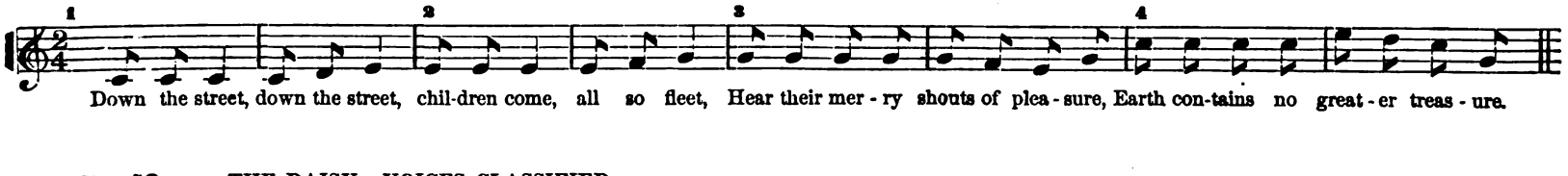
No. 46. SKIPS. THE OCTAVE.



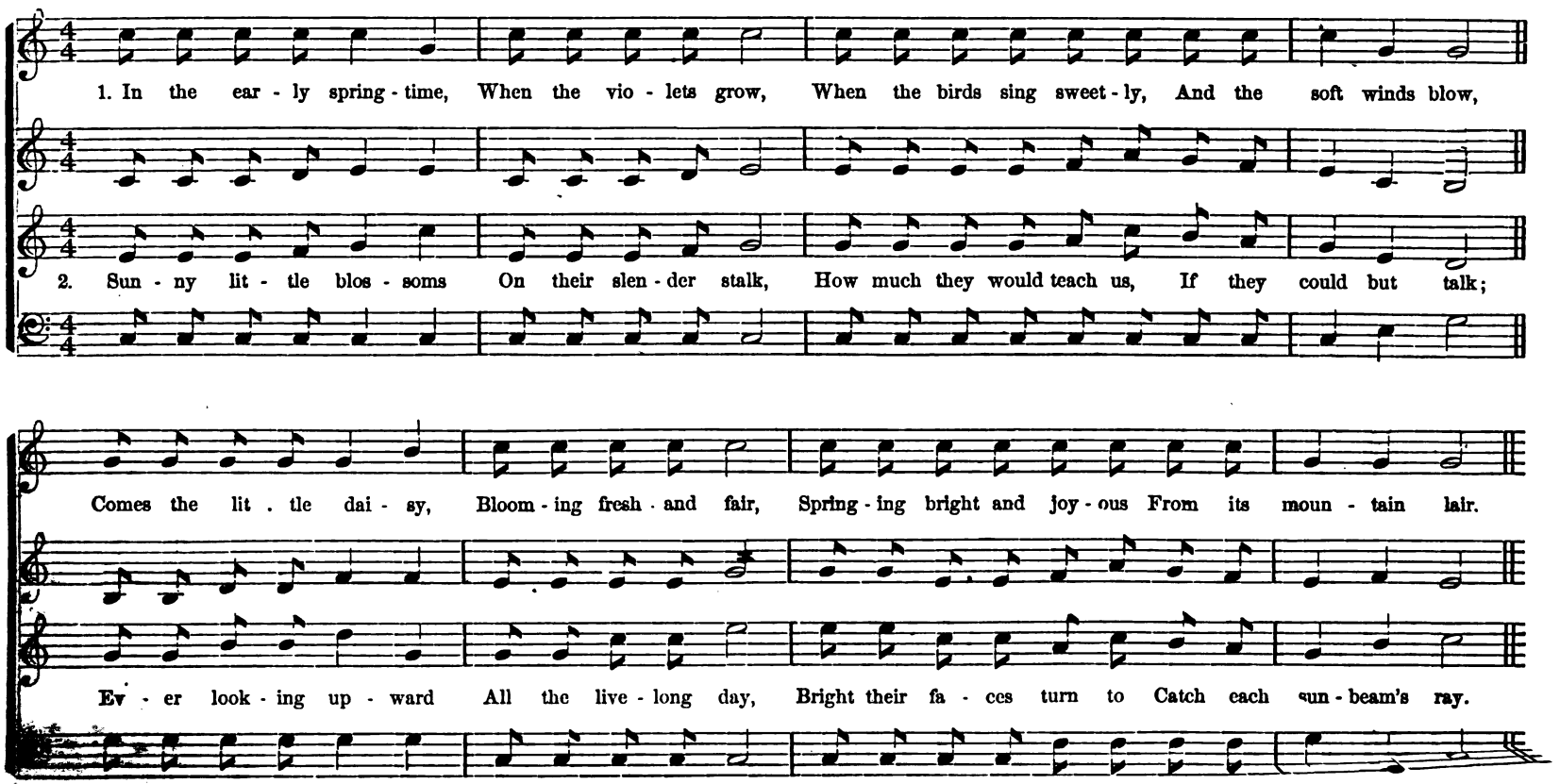
No. 47. ONE AND EIGHT, IN CONNECTION WITH EACH TONE OF THE SCALE.



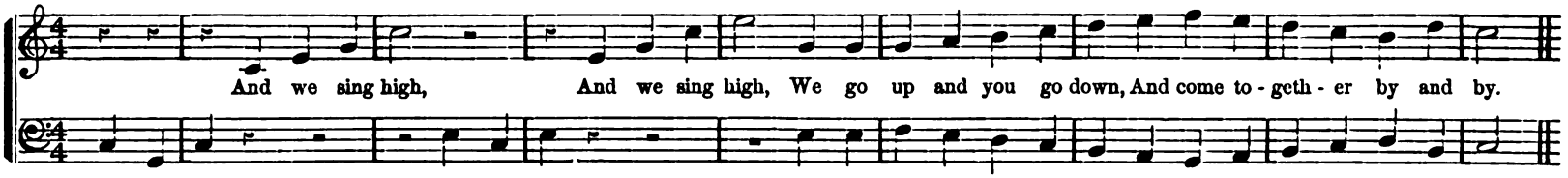
No. 48. EIGHTH NOTES. ROUND IN FOUR PARTS. "DOWN THE STREET"



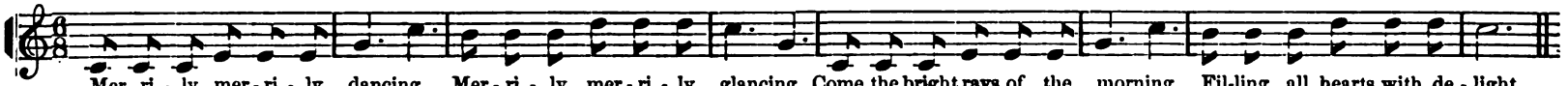
No. 49. THE DAISY. VOICES CLASSIFIED.



No. 50. "WE SING LOW."

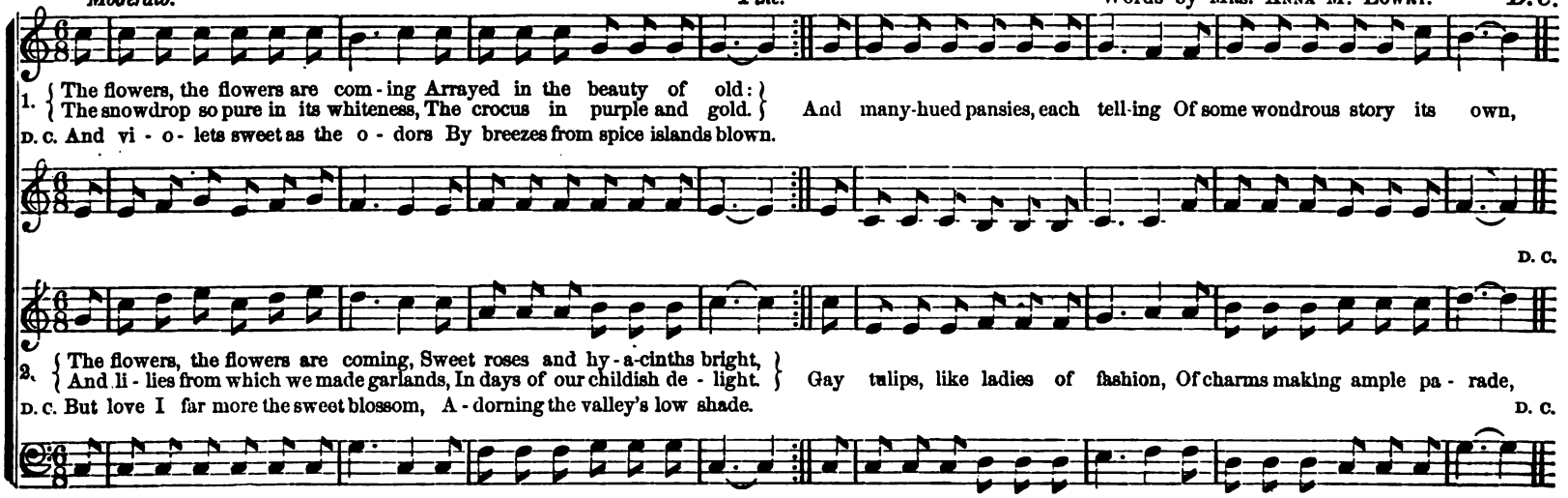


No. 51. SEXTUPLE MEASURE.



No. 52. "THE FLOWERS ARE COMING." REPEAT. DA CAPO. FINE.

Moderato. *Fine.* Words by MRS. ANNA M. LOWRY. *D. C.*



No. 53. LOVELY MAY.

1. Love - ly, love - ly May, Ev - er wel - come, ev - er gay; Fra - grance rare fills the air, Love - ly May.

2. Fresh the morn - ing air, Oh, how love - ly all things are; Bird - lings sweet, all so fleet, Love - ly May.

O'er the mea - dows swal - lows fly, Lifts the lark her voice so high, Naught can with thy beau - ty vie, O, love - ly May.

Buds and blos - soms, fresh and bright, Leaves so green, en - chant - ing sight, Naught but joy from morn till night, O, love - ly May.

No. 54. ROUND IN THREE PARTS.

1 I am hap - py; wilt thou with me happy be? 2 Thou art hap - py, I with thee will happy be; 3 All are hap - py; hap - py ev - er may we be.

No. 55. THE PRAIRIE LEA. XXX J. H. TENNEY.

1. A pleasant mansion in the west, And prai-rie land for me, Now smooth as bil-lows all at rest, Or roll-ing like the sea; There bloom the flow'rs in

2. We fol-low oft the bounding deer, Up-on the prai-rie lea, With bracing air, and hunter's cheer, And none so blithe as we; When homeward turning,

splendor bright, There shine the stars in glory light, Se-rene upon the lea, the prai-rie lea, Se-rene up-on the prairie lea, up-on the prai-rie lea.

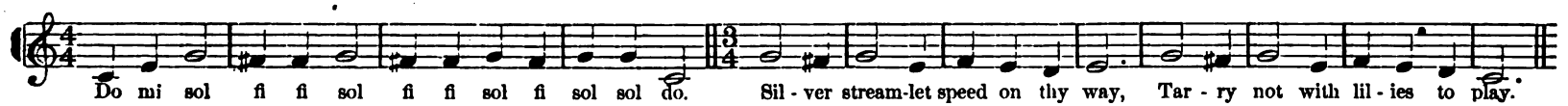
we descry, Mid gol-den grain and verdure nigh Our cot up-on the lea, the prai-rie lea, Our cot up-on the prai-rie lea, up-on the prai-rie lea.

No. 56. THE TRIPLET. ROUND IN THREE PARTS. "RING, RING, RING."

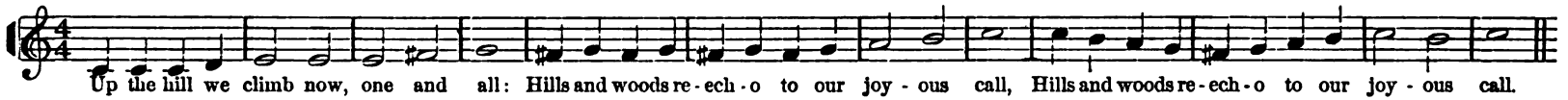
1 2 3

Ring, ring, ring, beau-ti-ful chimes are ring-ing, Sing, sing, sing, all the gay birds are sing-ing; Perfumes sweet flowers a-broad are fling-ing.

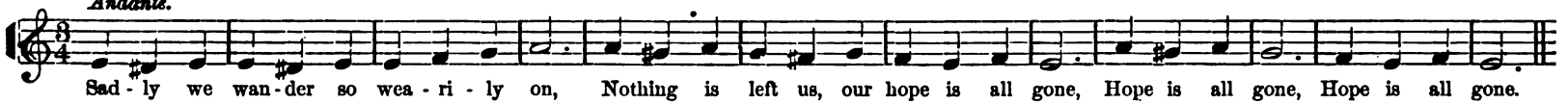
No. 57. CHROMATIC SCALE. SHARP FOUR AFTER FIVE.



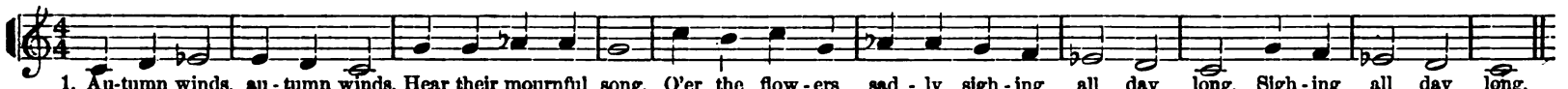
No. 58. SHARP FOUR AFTER THREE.



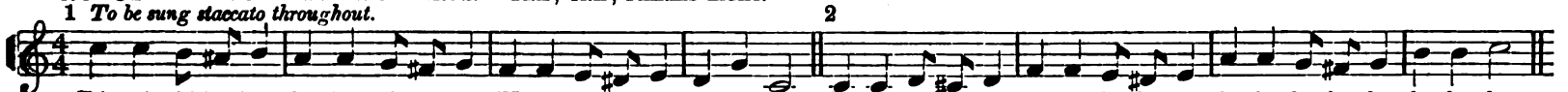
No. 59. SHARP TWO AND SHARP FIVE.
Andante.



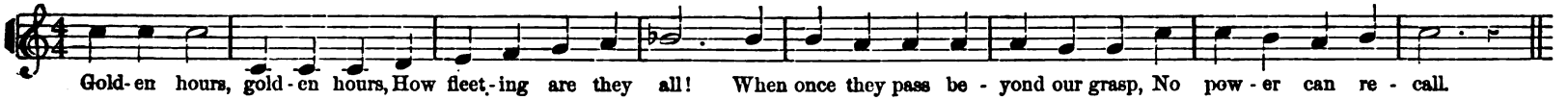
No. 60. FLAT THREE AND FLAT SIX.



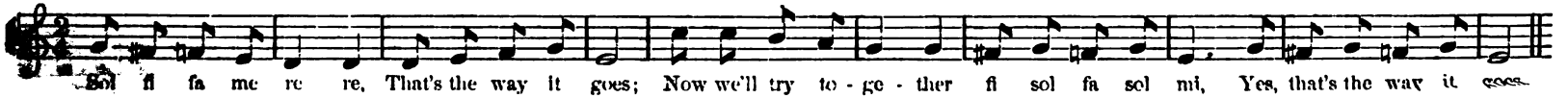
No. 61. ROUND IN TWO PARTS. "TRIP, TRIP, FAIRIES LIGHT."
1 *To be sung staccato throughout.*



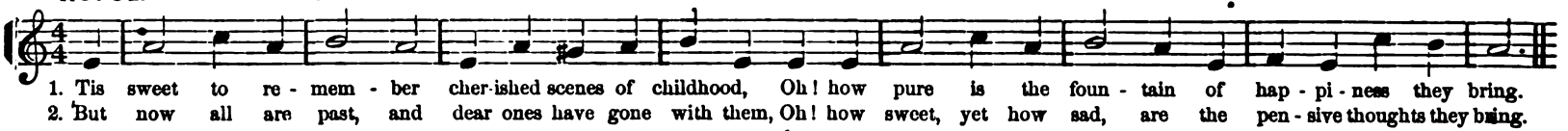
No. 62. FLAT SEVEN.



No. 63. NATURAL.

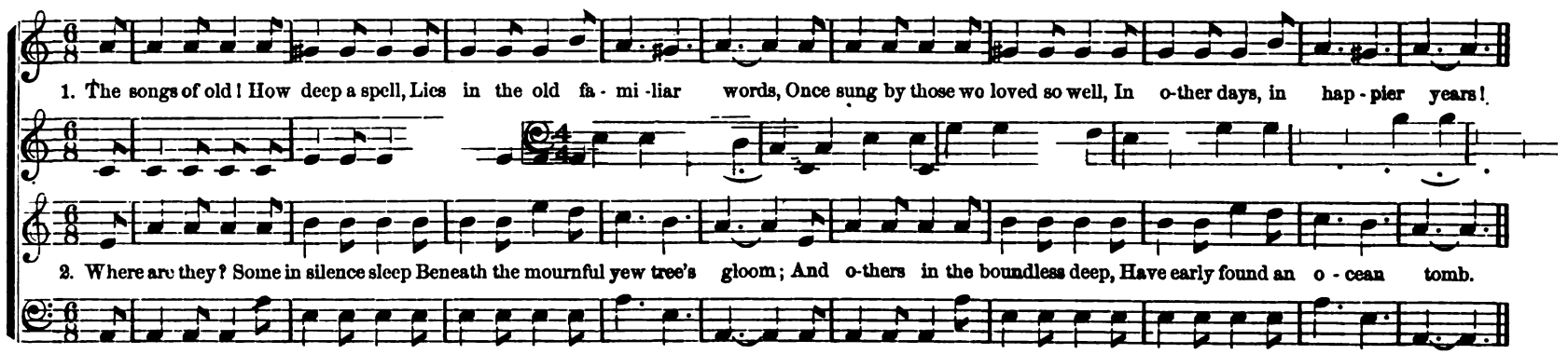


No. 64. THE MINOR.



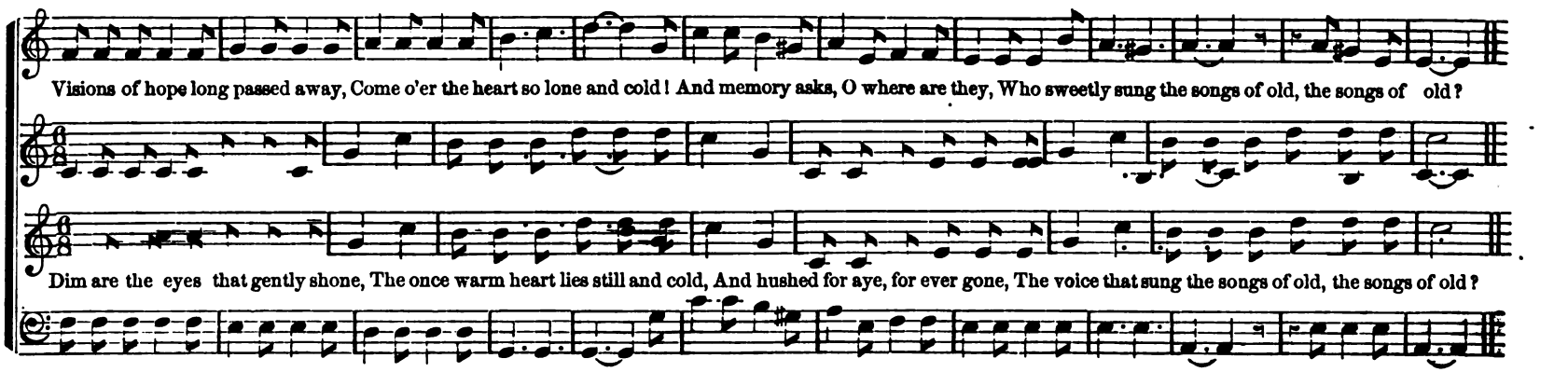
1. Tis sweet to re - mem - ber cher-ished scenes of childhood, Oh! how pure is the foun - tain of hap - pi - ness they bring.
2. But now all are past, and dear ones have gone with them, Oh! how sweet, yet how sad, are the pen - sive thoughts they bring.

No. 65. "THE SONGS OF OLD."



1. The songs of old! How deep a spell, Lies in the old fa - mi -liar words, Once sung by those wo loved so well, In o-ther days, in hap - pier years!

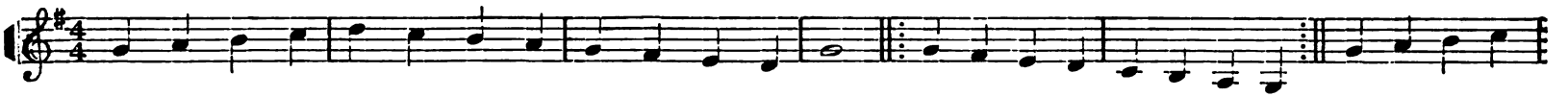
2. Where are they? Some in silence sleep Beneath the mournful yew tree's gloom; And o-thers in the boundless deep, Have early found an o - cean tomb.



Visions of hope long passed away, Come o'er the heart so lone and cold! And memory asks, O where are they, Who sweetly sung the songs of old, the songs of old?

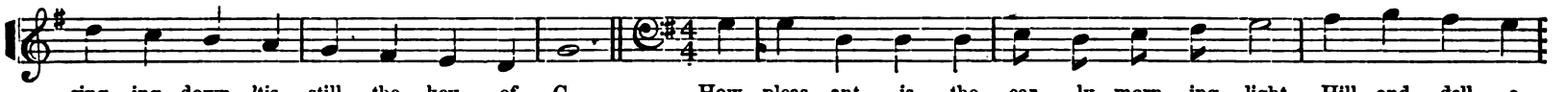
Dim are the eyes that gently shone, The once warm heart lies still and cold, And hushed for aye, for ever gone, The voice that sung the songs of old, the songs of old?

No. 66. SCALE TRANSPOSED.—G MAJOR

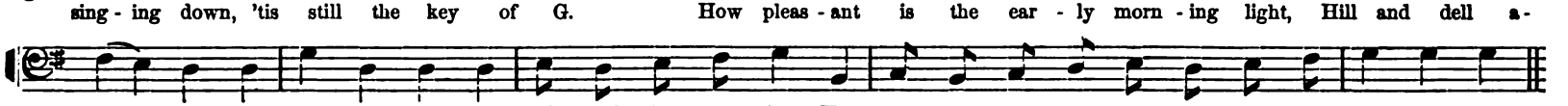


Now to - geth - er sing the scale of G, the scale of G. Do, si, la, sol, fa, mi, re, do, Sing - ing up or

No. 67. G. MAJOR. BASE CLEF.

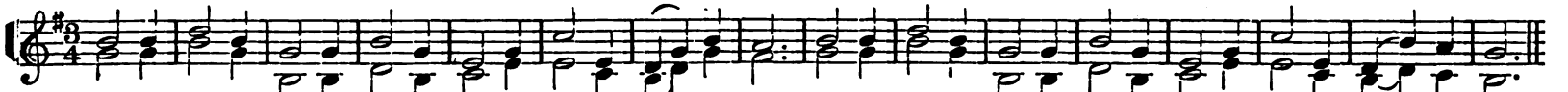


sing - ing down, 'tis still the key of G. How pleas - ant is the ear - ly morn - ing light, Hill and dell a-



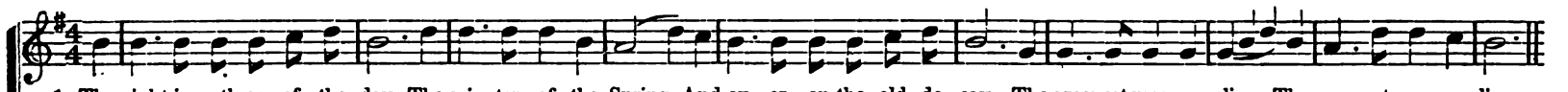
- dorn - ing: It drives a - way the dark and gloom - y night, How pleas - ant are the morn - ing rays so pure and bright.

No. 68. "ALL THAT NOW SO DARK APPEARS."

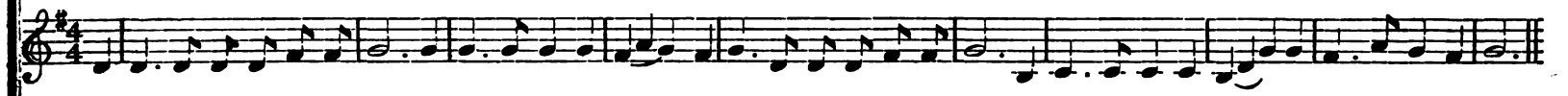


All that now so dark ap-pears, While earths' dark shadows dim the sight, All our doubts and all our fears, Will be made clear in heav - en's light.

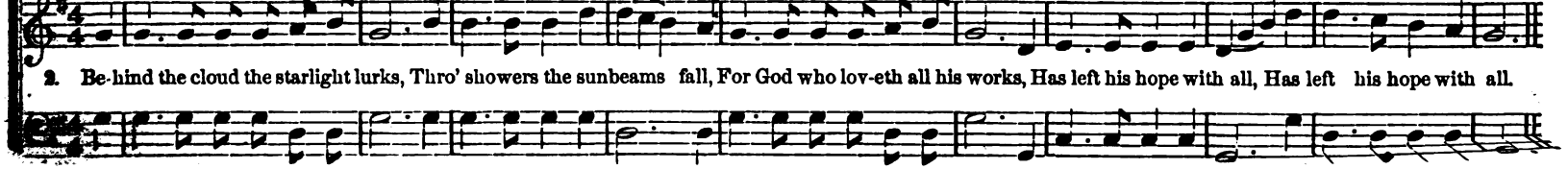
No. 69. "THE NIGHT IS MOTHER OF THE DAY."



1. The night is moth-er of the day, The win- ter of the Spring, And ev - er on the old de - cay, The greenest mosses cling, The greenest moss-es cling.



2. Be-hind the cloud the starlight lurks, Thro' showers the sunbeams fall, For God who lov-eth all his works, Has left his hope with all, Has left his hope with all.



2.

No. 70. THE WOODLARK.

Moderato.

1. The woodlark seeks her living, The reeds and grass a - mong, She takes her Maker's boun-ty, And thanks Him with a song, And thanks Him with a song.

2. Now from the tree-tops bounding High thro' the air she springs, And thus she seems to thank Him, Who gave her soaring wings, Who gave her soar - ing wings.

No. 71. "NEVER PUT OFF TILL TO-MORROW."

1. O, now is the time to be bus - y, And now is the sea - son for toil,— O, work while 'tis Spring, and the Au - tumn Will bring you the fruits of the soil. There's no time for work like the pre - sent, Let idl - ers not lead you a - stray— sure that you do it with care. And should the world tell you to lin - ger And join for a mo - ment in play,

2. Be up with the dawn of the morn - ing, In time to your la - bor re - pair, And, though you do ev - er so lit - tle, Be O "ne - ver put off till to - mor - row The thing you can do.... to - - - day." Mind, "ne - ver put off till to - mor - row The thing you can do.... to - - day."

Fine. 1st time. 2d time. D.C.

No. 72. **"DO NOT LOOK FOR WRONG AND EVIL."** SIXTEENTH NOTES.

Vivace.

1. Do not look for wrong and e - vil, You will find them if you do, As you meas-ure to your neighbor, He will meas-ure back to you,

2. Look for good-ness, look for glad-ness, You will meet them all the while, If you bring a smil - ing vis - age, To the glass, you meet a smile,

He will meas ure back to you, He will meas-ure back to you, He will meas- ure back to you. Do not look for wrong and e - vil,

To the glass, you meet a smile, To the glass, you meet a smile, To the glass you meet a smile. Do not look for wrong and e - vil,

You will find them if you do, As you meas - ure to your neigh-bor, He will meas - ure back to you.

You will find them if you do, As you meas - ure to your neigh- bor, He will meas - ure back to you.

No. 73. E MINOR.

Affetuoso.

1. Lone-ly hearts there are to cher-ish While the days are go-ing by; Wea-ry souls there are who per-ish, While the days are go-ing by.
2. O! the world is full of sigh-ing, Full of sad and weep-ing eyes; Full of grief and bit-ter cry-ing, While the days are go-ing by.

No. 74. "WHEN THE LEAVES ARE FALLING FAST." E MINOR.

Words by MARIE MASON.

Tenderly.

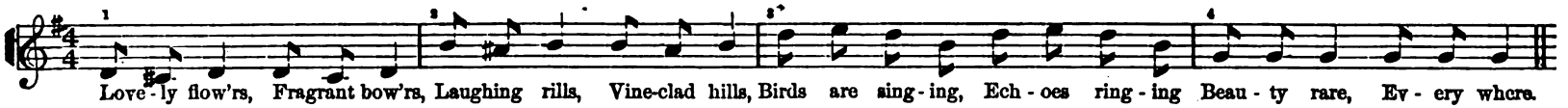
1. When the leaves are fall-ing fast, 'Mid the for-est shadows, When the sum-mer days are past, Drea-ry are the mead-ows.
2. Soft-ly comes the thought of home! Home we prized so dear-ly! On-ly once in life shall come, That dear word so near-ly.
3. As the years are pass-ing on, Swift-ly, swift-ly pass-ing! Mem'-ry brings the bless-ings gone, All our path-way tra-cing.

Sor-row creeps up-on our hearts; Joy we feel too soon de-part; Then the ten-der tear-drop starts! Tears a-mid the sha-dows.

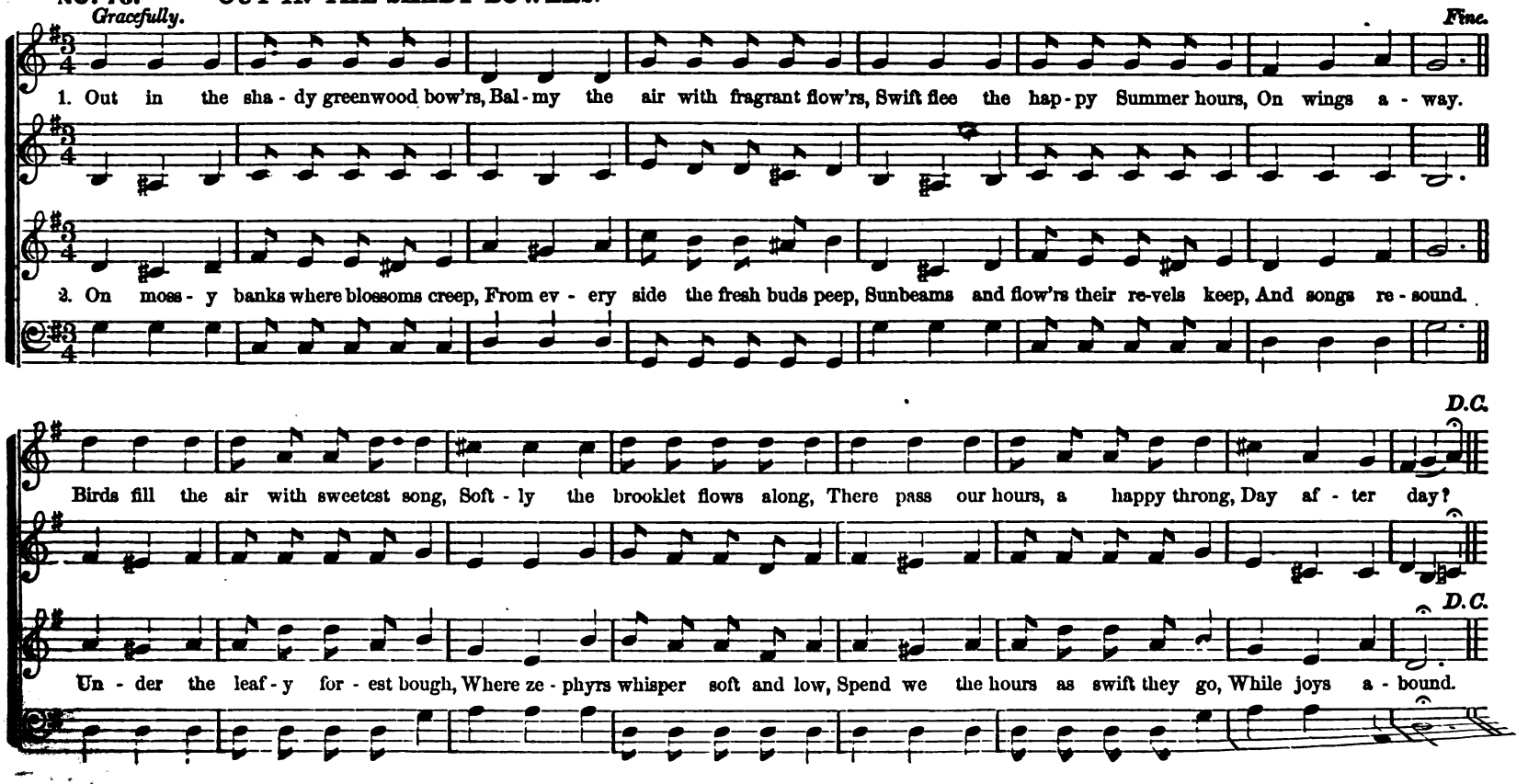
Home where sun-shine comes un-sought! Home where kind-ness lives un-bought! Home where first the moth-er taught Les-sons loved so dear-ly.

Tears may fall, and hearts grow sore, Joys de-part-ed come no more, Till we gain the fur-ther shore O'er the riv-er pass-ing.

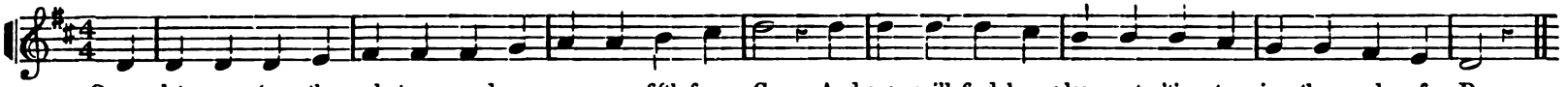
No. 75. SHARP TWO AND SHARP FOUR. ROUND



No. 76. "OUT IN THE SHADY BOWERS."



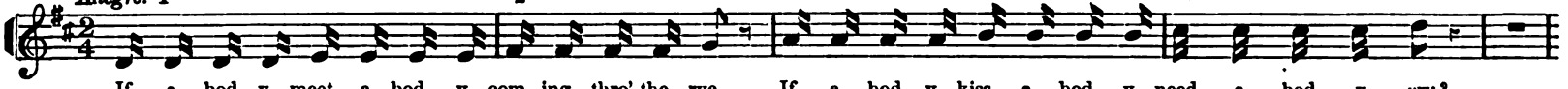
No. 77. KEY OF D.



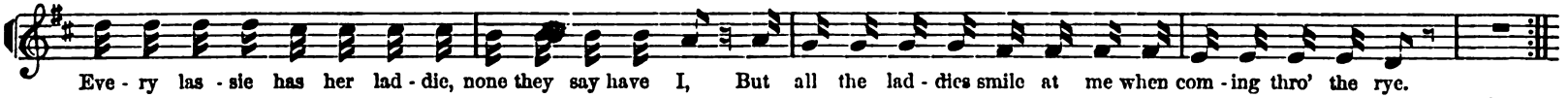
Come, let us sing the scale transposed once more, a fifth from G: And we will find how pleas-ant 'tis to sing the scale of D.

No. 78. "IF A BODY MEET A BODY." ROUND. From the "SONG GARDEN, No. 2."

Allegro. 1 2



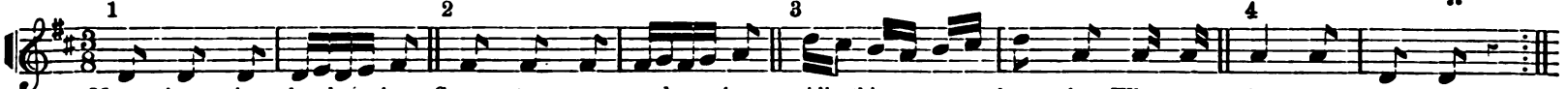
If a bod-y meet a bod-y com-ing thro' the rye, If a bod-y kiss a bod-y need a bod-y cry?



Eve-ry las-sie has her lad-die, none they say have I, But all the lad-dies smile at me when com-ing thro' the rye.

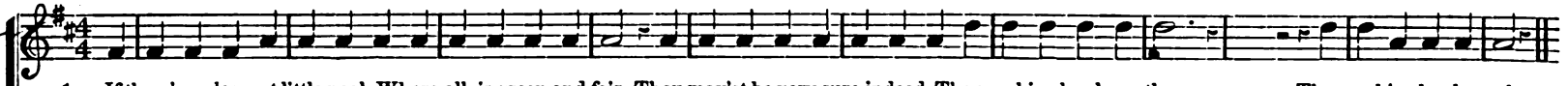
No. 79. "MORNING IS BREAKING." ROUND FOR FOUR PARTS.

1 2 3 4 *

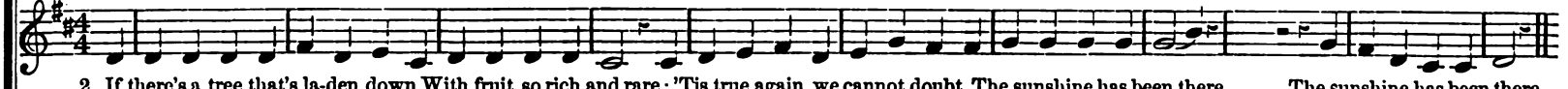


Morn-ing is break-ing, Song-sters are wak-ing; All things are cheer-ly, When we rise so ear-ly.

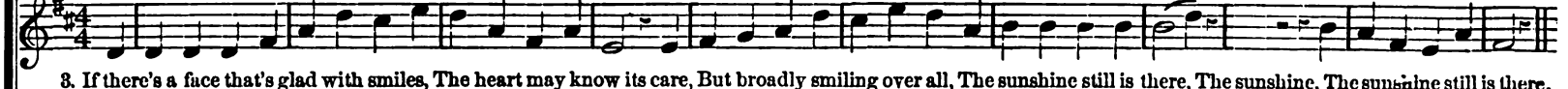
No. 80. SUNSHINE.



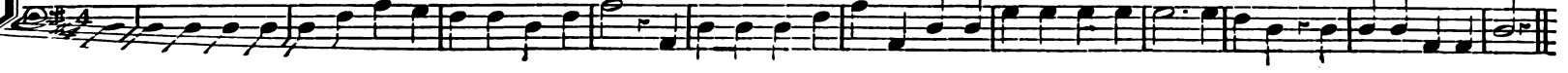
1, If there's a pleasant little nook Where all is green and fair, Thou may'st be very sure indeed, The sunshine has been there, The sunshine has been there.



2. If there's a tree that's la-den down With fruit, so rich and rare; 'Tis true again, we cannot doubt. The sunshine has been there, The sunshine has been there.



3. If there's a face that's glad with smiles, The heart may know its care, But broadly smiling over all, The sunshine still is there, The sunshine, The sunshine still is there.



No. 81. "PATTER, PATTER, PATTER." RAIN SONG.

Allegro. *mf* * *f*

1. Pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter let it pour— let it pour, Pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, let it roar— let it roar, Down the
2. Pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter let it pour— let it pour, Pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, let it roar— let it roar, Let the
3. Pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter let it pour— let it pour, Pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, let it roar— let it roar, Soon the

roof now let it rush, Down the hill - side let it gush, 'Tis the wel - come, wel - come A - pril shower, Which will

f *mp* *m*

viv - id light - nings flash, Let the roll - ing thun - der dash, 'Tis the wel - come, wel - come A - pril shower, Which will
clouds will pass a - way, Soon will shine the cheer - ing day, Soon the wel - come, wel - come A - pril shower Will a -

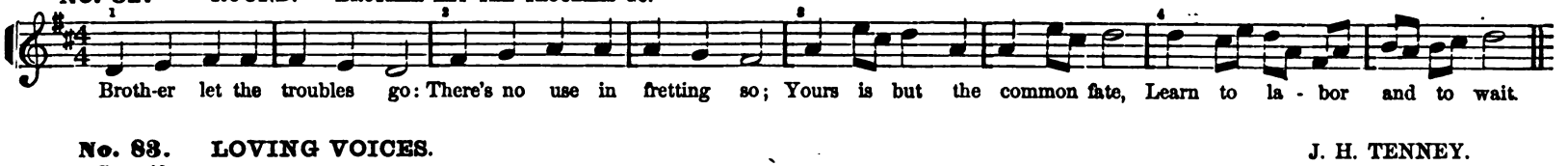
wake, will wake the sweet May flower—'Tis the welcome, wel - come A - pril shower, Which will wake, will wake the sweet May flower.

f *f*

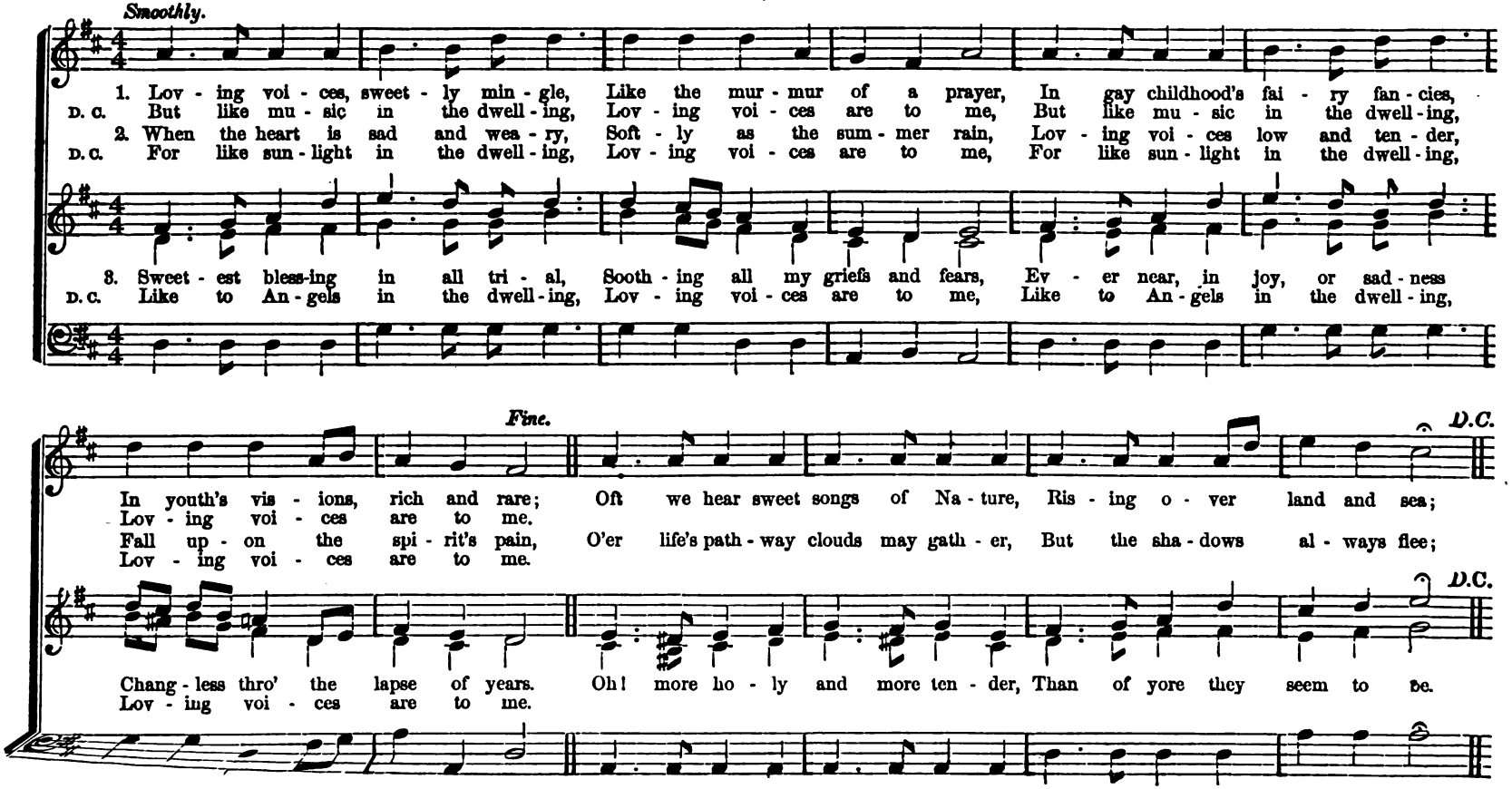
wake, will wake the sweet May flower—'Tis the welcome, wel - come A - pril shower, Which will wake, will wake the sweet May flower.
wake, a - wake the sweet Spring flower—Soon the welcome, wel - come A - pril shower Will a - wake, a - wake the sweet Spring flower.

* The first two notes having pauses, should receive double the usual time, the last should receive thrice that.

No. 82. ROUND. "BROTHER LET THE TROUBLES GO."



No. 83. **LOVING VOICES.** J. H. TENNEY.



No. 84. B MINOR.

Andante.

In - to our ears the voice of years Come deeper, deep - er, day by day, And as it draws near, we stoop to hear Its soul-stirring sound from far a - way.

No. 85. "IF MOTHER WERE HERE."

Affetuoso.

1. My life is so wea - ry, So full of sad pain, Each day brings its sha - dows, Its mist and its rain; There's no ray of

2. Each hope for me bloom - ing, But blooms to de - cay— Each joy that I treas - ure Soon with - ers a - way; My dreams, full of

3. Now flow'rs bloom a - bove her, And winds in the grass, Breathe low, sol - emn dirg - es, As gen - tly they pass; And I'm left to

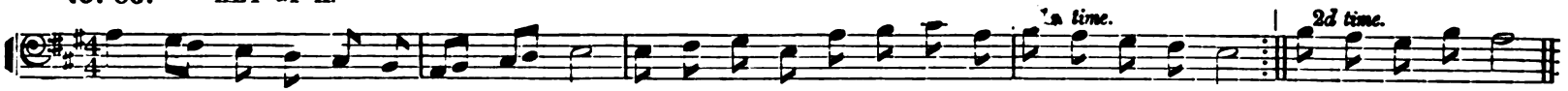
cres. *dim.*

sun - shine My path-way to cheer; But sor - row would van - ish If moth - er were here, My moth - er so dear, My moth - er so dear.

beau - ty, In gloom dis - ap - pear; But soon all would brighten, If moth - er were here, My moth - er so dear, My moth - er so dear.

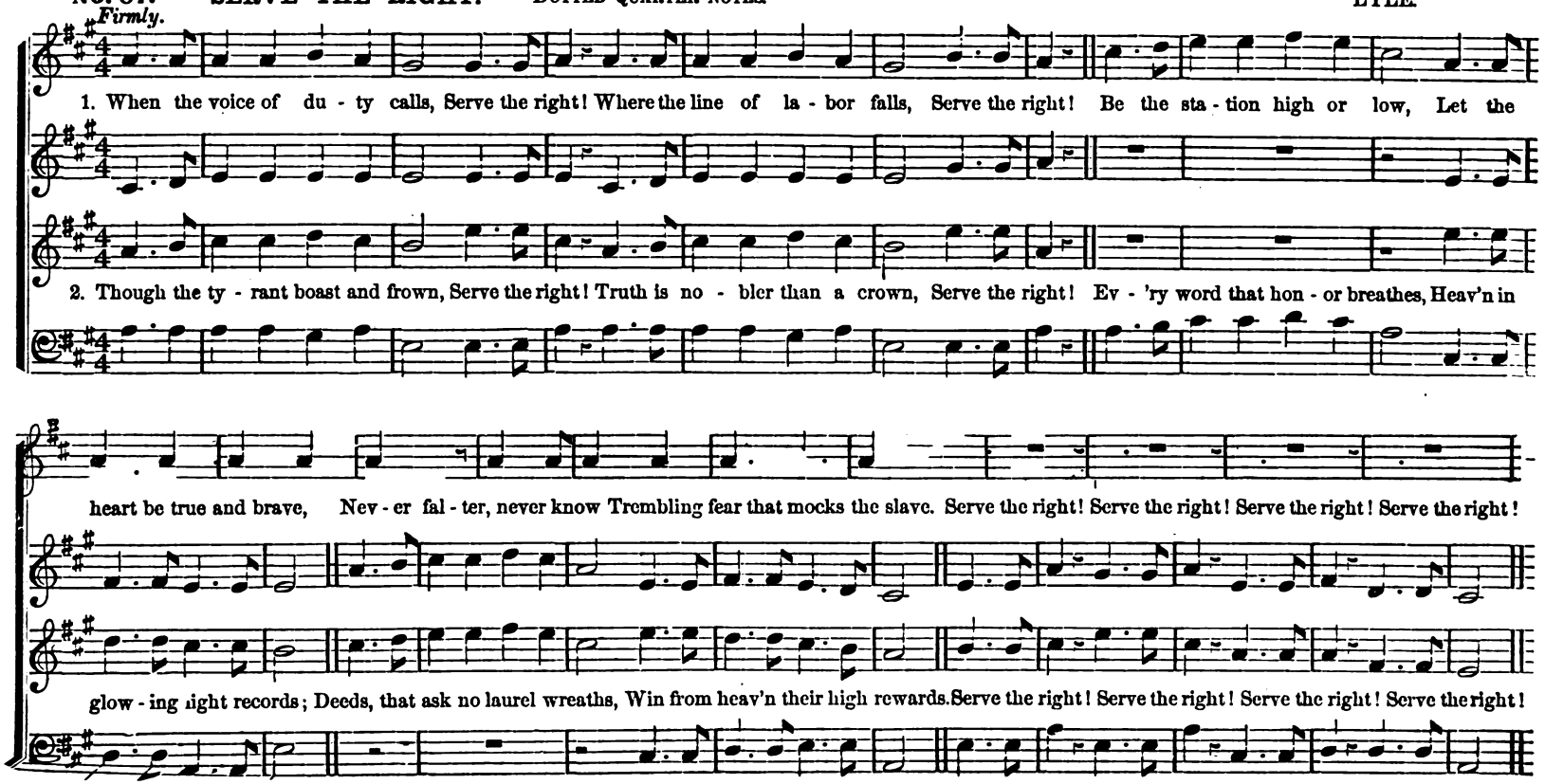
mourn her With ma - ny a tear; O! earth were far bright-er If moth - er were here, My moth - er so dear, My moth - er so dear.

No. 86. KEY OF A.



Hear the tem - pest sounding far and near, Rushing here and rush - ing there o'er hill and dell and plain,
Fill - ing all our hearts with dread and fear. Lightning's flash and thunder's roar and [*omit*] swift - ly fall - ing rain.

No. 87. **"SERVE THE RIGHT."** DOTTED QUARTER NOTES. LYLE.



1. When the voice of du - ty calls, Serve the right! Where the line of la - bor falls, Serve the right! Be the sta - tion high or low, Let the

2. Though the ty - rant boast and frown, Serve the right! Truth is no - bler than a crown, Serve the right! Ev - 'ry word that hon - or breathes, Heav'n in

heart be true and brave, Nev - er fal - ter, never know Trembling fear that mocks the slave. Serve the right! Serve the right! Serve the right! Serve the right!

glow - ing light records; Deeds, that ask no laurel wreaths, Win from heav'n their high rewards. Serve the right! Serve the right! Serve the right! Serve the right!

No. 88. "FLING OUT THE JOYFUL BANNER." DOTTED EIGHTH NOTES.

Con spirito. *Fine.*

1. Fling out the joy - ful ban - ner, For Free - dom, for Free - dom, And sing our loud Ho - san - na! For Free - dom and right.

D. C. Fling out &c.

2. Oh! shout a - loud for - ev - er, For Free - dom, for Free - dom, Our love shall per - ish nev - er For Free - dom and right.

D. C.

The joy - ful bells are ring - ing, And all true hearts are sing - ing, The stars and stripes out-fling - ing For Free - dom and for right.

D. C.

Our flag no lon - ger slight - ed, No more by trea - son blight - ed, Our coun-try all u - nit - ed, For Free - dom and for right.

No. 89. "HURRY NOW." ROUND IN THREE PARTS.

1 2 3

Hur - ry now, the shower is com - ing, See how fast the folks are run - ning, Such a noise is quite too stun - ning.

No. 90. "ALL HAIL TO OUR FAVORITE MAY." *

Vivace.

1. All hail to our fa - vor - ite May, With buds and with blossoms so gay! The birds swiftly winging, Are joy - ful - ly singing, Their cho - rus so loud seems to say—seems to say, Come haste to enjoy the sweet May—sweet May, The season of blossoms so gay—so gay, Come haste to enjoy the sweet May.

2. The woods are so green and so fair, So fresh and en - liv'ning the air! The lambs on the heather Are skipping to - geth - er, And all in their joy seem to say—seem to say, Come haste to enjoy the sweet May—sweet May, The season of blossoms so gay—so gay, Come haste to enjoy the sweet May.

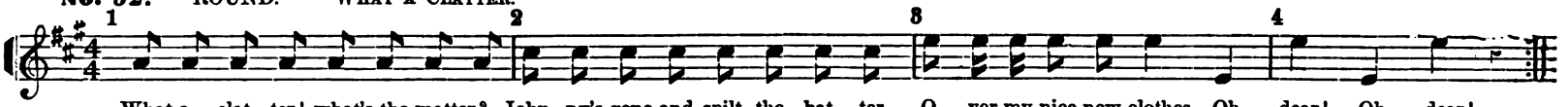
to say,..... sweet May..... so gay.....

No. 91. "BRING THE TEA TRAY." ROUND IN THREE PARTS. From SONG GARDEN, No. 2.

1 2 3

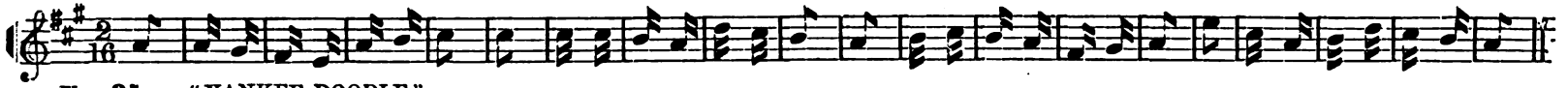
Bring the tea tray, Bring the tea tray, With the milk and the sugar, and bring in the bread and the butter, See that the wa - ter is boil - ing.

No. 92. ROUND. "WHAT A CLATTER."

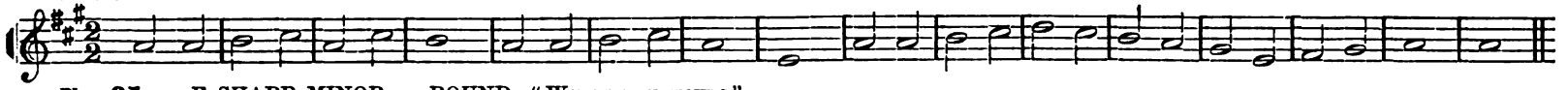


The two following lessons are given to show that the rhythmical value of notes is only relative. The Old Hundredth, though written in eighth and sixteenth notes, should be sung no faster; nor does Yankee Doodle, though written in half and whole notes lose anything of its lively character.

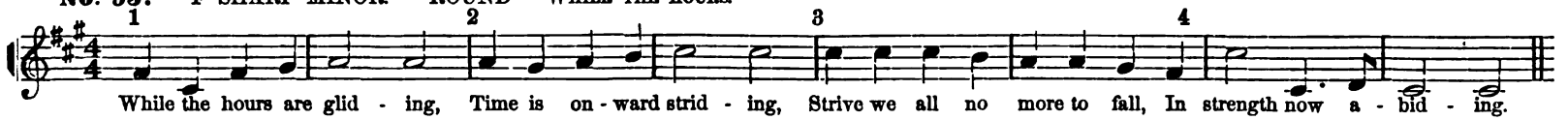
No. 93. "OLD HUNDREDTH."



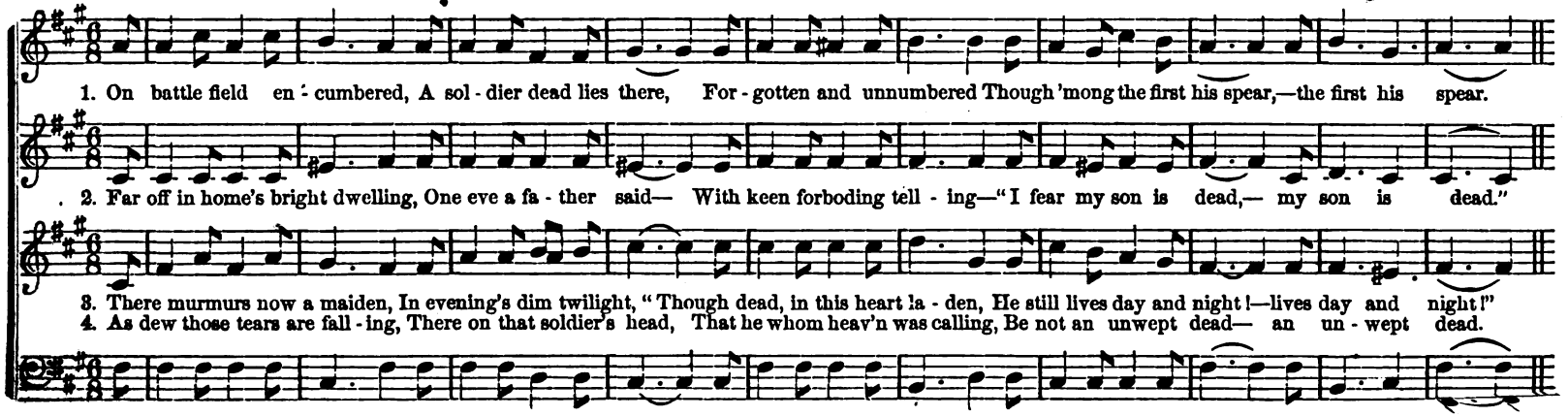
No. 94. "YANKEE DOODLE."



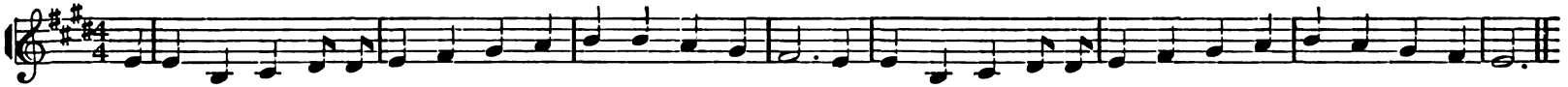
No. 95. F SHARP MINOR. ROUND—"WHILE THE HOURS."



No. 96. "THE DEAD SOLDIER." WORDS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

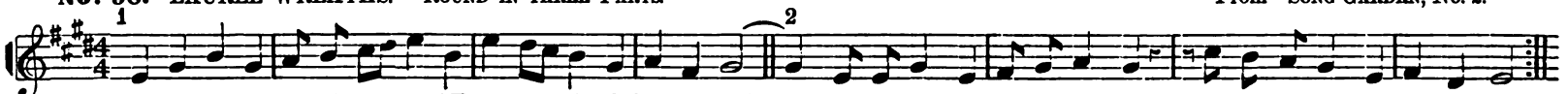


No. 97. KEY OF E.



I love the night when the moon streams bright On flowers that drink the dew, When cascades shout as the stars peep out, From boundless fields of blue.

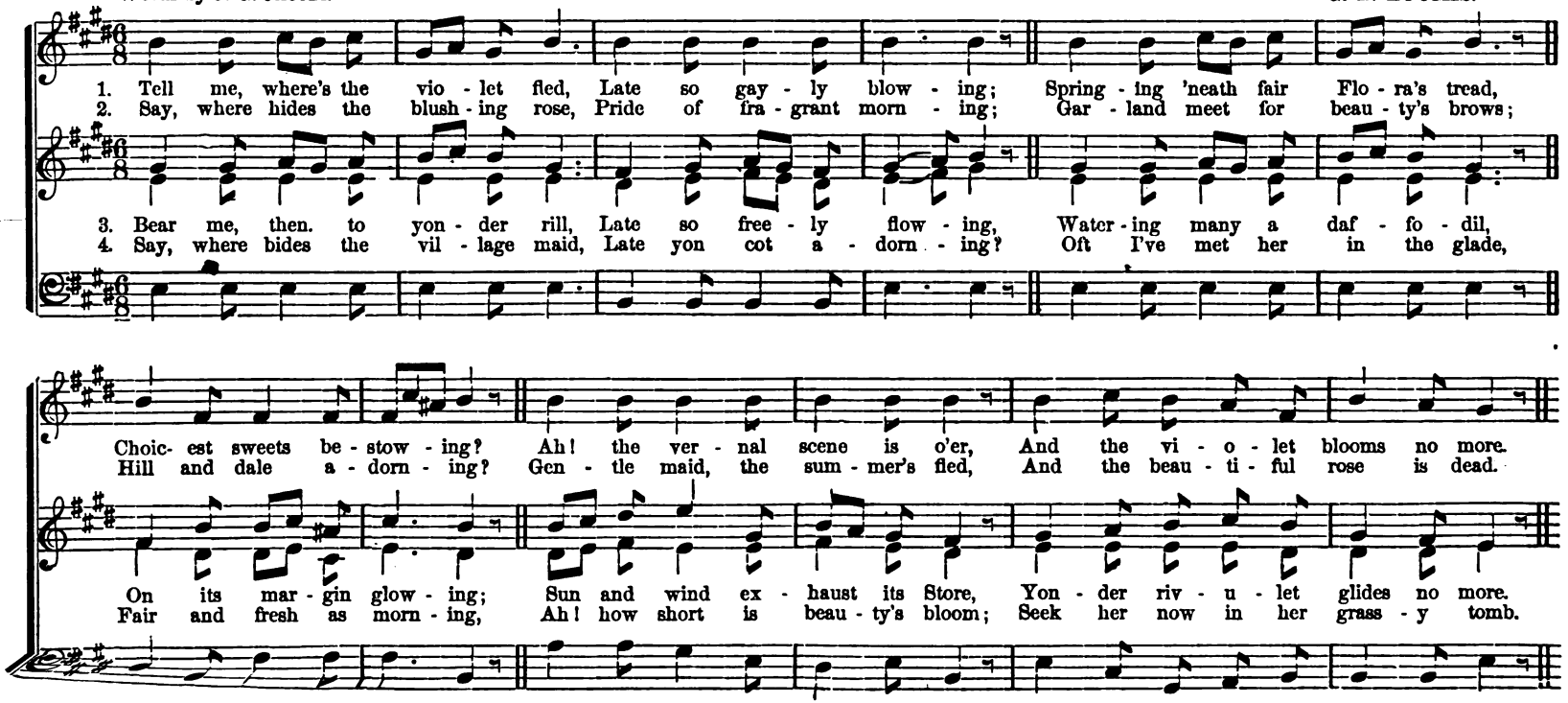
No. 98. LAUREL WREATHS. ROUND IN THREE PARTS. From "SONG GARDEN, No. 2."



Lau-rel wreaths are ea-si - er wound Than worthy heads for them are found, Laurel wreaths are ea - si - er wound Than worthy heads for them are found.

No. 99. "TELL ME WHERE'S THE VIOLET FLED."

Words by J. G. JACOBI. G. B. LOOMIS.



1. Tell me, where's the vio - let fled, Late so gay - ly blow - ing; Spring - ing 'neath fair Flo - ra's tread,
2. Say, where hides the blush - ing rose, Pride of fra - grant morn - ing; Gar - land meet for beau - ty's brows;
3. Bear me, then. to yon - der rill, Late so free - ly flow - ing, Water - ing many a daf - fo - dil,
4. Say, where bides the vil - lage maid, Late yon cot a - dorn - ing? Oft I've met her in the glade,

Choic- est sweets be - stow - ing? Ah! the ver - nal scene is o'er, And the vi - o - let blooms no more.
Hill and dale a - dorn - ing? Gen - tle maid, the sum - mer's fled, And the beau - ti - ful rose is dead.

On its mar - gin glow - ing; Sun and wind ex - haust its Store, Yon - der riv - u - let glides no more.
Fair and fresh as morn - ing, Ah! how short is beau - ty's bloom; Seek her now in her grass - y tomb.

No. 100. "THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS." WORDS BY LONGFELLOW.

In measured movement.

1. Some-what back from the vil - lage street, Stands the old fash - ioned coun - try seat, A - cross its an - tique por - ti - co, Tall
2. By day its voice is low and light, But in the si - lent dead of night, Dis-tinct as a pass-ing foot-step's fall, It
3. From that cham - ber clothed in white, The bride came forth on her wedding night, There in that si - lent room be - low The
4. All are scat - tered now and fled, Some are mar - ried, some are dead; And when I ask, with throbs of pain, Ah,

pop - lar trees their shadows throw; And from its sta - tion in the hall; An ancient time - piece says to all,—For - ev - er, nev - er,
ech - oes a - long the vacant hall, Along the ceil - ing, a - long the floor, And seems to say at each chamber door,—For - ev - er, nev - er.

dead lay in his shroud of snow. And in the hush that followed prayer, Was heard the old clock on the stair,
when shall they all meet a - gain As in the days, long since gone by? The an-cient time - piece makes re - ply— For - ev - er, nev - er,

Nev-er, for - ev - er, for - ev - er, nev - er, nev - er, nev - er, For - ev - er, nev - er.

Nev - er, for - ev - er, And from its sta - tion in the hall, The an - cient time - piece says to all, For - ev - er, nev - er.

For - ev - er nev - er. For - ev - er, nev - er, nev - er, nev - er. For - ev - er, nev - er.

No. 101. "WHAT THEN?" C SHARP MINOR. *

With expression.

1. Af - ter the joys of earth, What then? Af - ter its songs of mirth, What then? Af - ter its hours of sight,
2. Af - ter this emp - ty name, What then? Af - ter this wea - ry frame, What then? Af - ter this con - scious smart,
3. Af - ter this sad fare - well, What then? To a world loved too well, What then? Af - ter this si - lent bed,

Af - ter its dream so bright,
Af - ter this ach - ing heart, What then? What then? Af - ter the joys of earth, What then? On - ly an emp - ty
With the un - num - bered dead, What then? What then? On - ly a sad fare -

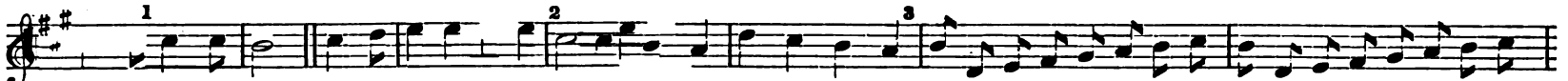
Fine.

name, On - ly a wea - ry frame, On - ly a con - scious smart, On - ly an ach - ing heart.
well, For a world loved too well, On - ly a si - lent bed, With the un - num - bered dead.

D.C.

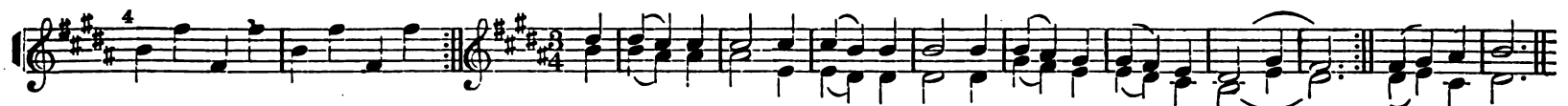
* *This piece should be sung continuously*, taking the 2d verse at the first Da Capo, and the 3d verse at the second Da Capo, ending at the Fine

No. 102. KEY OF B. ROUND. MARCH ALONG WITH COURAGE STEADY.



March a - long with courage stead - y, All true hearts for work be rea - dy, Minding not all care and trouble, Care doth make each pleasure double,

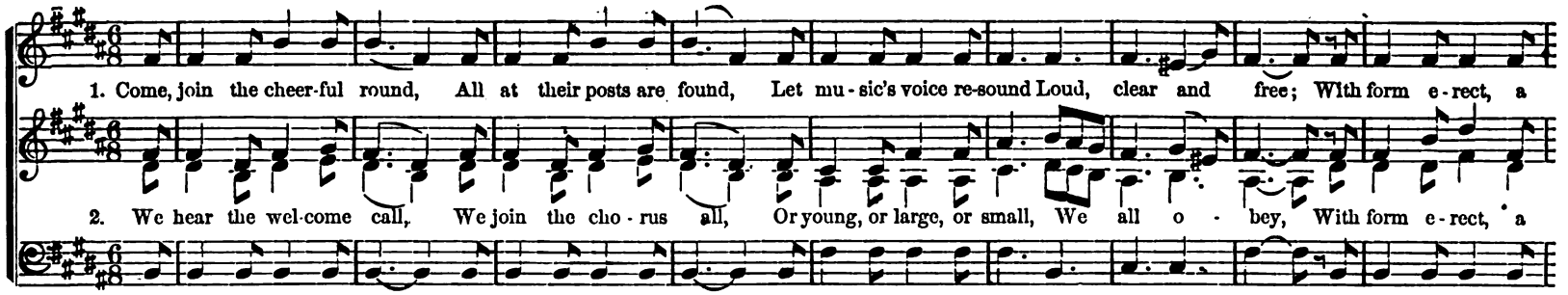
No. 103.



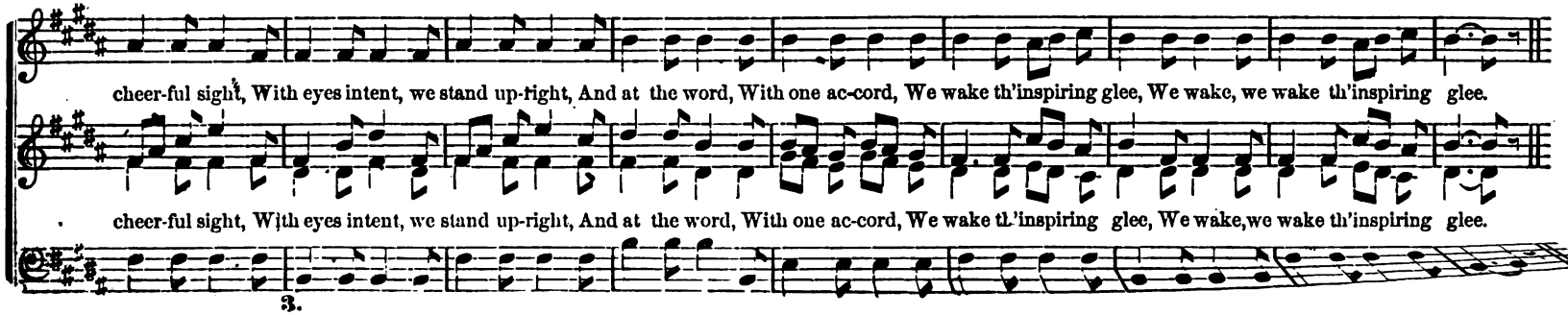
Firm - ly tread each path of du - ty.

There is a sun - ny land of song Be - yond the a - zure skies.....
Where liv - ing beau - ty fad - eth not, In calm re- (OMIT.....) -pose it lies.

No. 104. "COME JOIN THE CHEERFUL ROUND." ✻



1. Come, join the cheer-ful round, All at their posts are found, Let mu - sic's voice re-sound Loud, clear and free; With form e - rect, a
2. We hear the wel-come call, We join the cho - rus all, Or young, or large, or small, We all o - bey, With form e - rect, a
3. Hear all the cheer-ful throng, In gay and hap - py song, Still let the strain pro-long, Loud clear and free, With form e - rect, a



cheer-ful sight, With eyes intent, we stand up-right, And at the word, With one ac-cord, We wake th'inspiring glee, We wake, we wake th'inspiring glee.

cheer-ful sight, With eyes intent, we stand up-right, And at the word, With one ac-cord, We wake th'inspiring glee, We wake, we wake th'inspiring glee.

3.

No. 105. KEY OF F. "ARE YOU READY?" ROUND. W. B. B.

1 2

TEACHER.—Are you all read - y for the com - ing scale; 'Tis the Key of F ris - ing on the gale.
SCHOLARS.—We are all read - y for this pleas - ant scale; Now the Key of F ris - es on the gale.

3 4

Join the joy - ous car - ol eve - ry one, with - out fail, For it is the Key of F ris - ing on the gale.
Pleas - ant is the cho - rus, and we'll join with - out fail, In the pleas-ant Key of F ris - ing on the gale.

No. 106. "UP THROUGH THE WOODLANDS." Words by EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

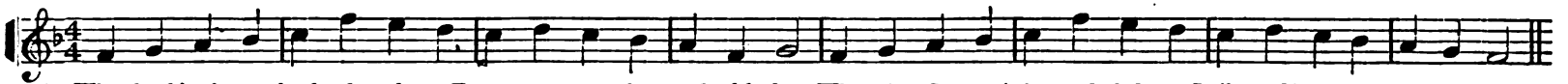
1. Up through the woodpaths, with bird songs a - bout her, May has come soft - ly, the beau - ti - ful child! Skies that were sul - len and

2. Green on the up - lands the wheat fields are spring - ing, Cowslips are shin - ing and dai - sies are white; Through the still mead - ows the

joy - less with - out her, Broke in - to sun - shine a - bove her and smiled. May, May, the beau - ti - ful child.

wa - ters are sing - ing, Brim - ming with mel - o - dy, flash - ing with light. May, May, the beau - ti - ful child.

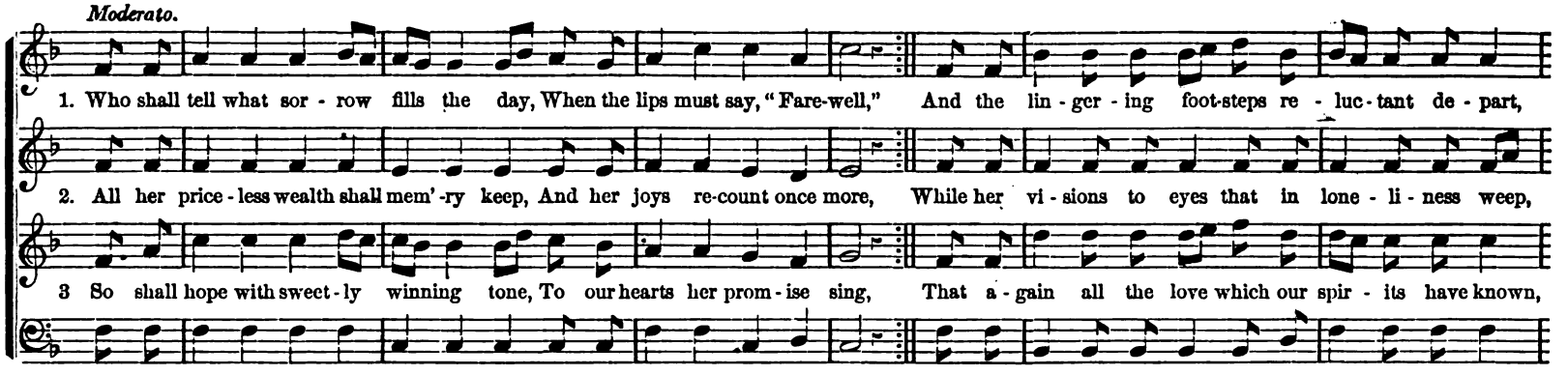
No. 107.



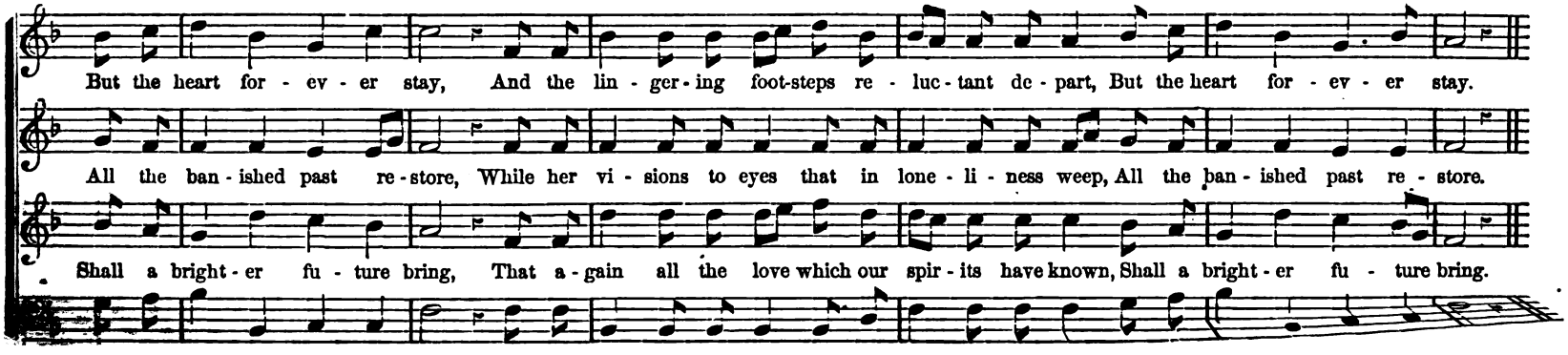
1. Why should sul - .en clouds of sad-ness Frown up - on thy youth - ful face, Why, when Summer's joy and glad-ness Smiles and breathes in ev - ery place.
2. Time e - nough to fear life's trou-bles When un-friend - ed and a - lone; But when tri - als are but bub - bles, Let them pass and still laugh on.

No. 108. **"WHO SHALL TELL WHAT SORROW."** From "ASAPH."

Moderato.



1. Who shall tell what sor - row fills the day, When the lips must say, "Fare-well," And the lin - ger - ing foot-steps re - luc - tant de - part,
2. All her price - less wealth shall mem' -ry keep, And her joys re-count once more, While her vi - sions to eyes that in lone - li - ness weep,
3 So shall hope with sweet - ly winning tone, To our hearts her prom - ise sing, That a - gain all the love which our spir - its have known,



But the heart for - ev - er stay, And the lin - ger - ing foot-steps re - luc - tant de - part, But the heart for - ev - er stay.
All the ban - ished past re - store, While her vi - sions to eyes that in lone - li - ness weep, All the ban - ished past re - store.
Shall a bright - er fu - ture bring, That a - gain all the love which our spir - its have known, Shall a bright - er fu - ture bring.

No. 109. **"BELLS OF FREEDOM."** X X X

[Where one part has the melody, let the others be subordinate.]

G. F. ROOT. By permission.

Moderato.

Chim-ing, chim-ing, ev-er, tune-ful, chim-ing, rhym-ing, bell-tones, tune-ful,
Peal-ing, peal-ing, free-dom, swell-ing, peal-ing, steal-ing, glo-rious, free-dom,

1. Hear the chim-ing, how it floats Up-on the air in tune-ful notes; chim-ing, rhym-ing, bell-tones tune-ful, Hear the
2. Hear the peal-ing of the bells, The song of free-dom, how it swells; peal-ing, peal-ing, glo-rious, free-dom, Ev-ery

Chim-ing, chim-ing, ev-er, tune-ful, Hear the chim-ing and the rhym-ing, Of the bells in tune-ful notes;
Peal-ing, peal-ing, free-dom, swell-ing, Hear the peal-ing, heavenward stealing, Of the glo-rious freedom bells;

chim-ing, rhym-ing, bell-tones, tune-ful,
peal-ing, steal-ing, glo-rious, free-dom,

Ech-oes, ech-oes, quick-ly, sound-ing, Oh, the hap-py day, Sing a wel-come lay, For the mer-ry bell's joy-ful sound.
Heart true, bound-ing, ech-oes, sound-ing, Oh, the hap-py day, &c.

ech-oes all a-round, How quick they catch the joy-ful sound. Oh, the hap-py day, Sing a wel-come lay, For the mer-ry bell's joy-ful sound.
heart with glad re-bound Re-ech-oes back the glo-rious sound. Oh, the hap-py day, &c.

Ech-oes, ech-oes, quick-ly, sound-ing. Oh, the hap-py day, Sing a wel-come lay, For the mer-ry bell's joy-ful sound.
Heart true, bound-ing, ech-oes, sound-ing. Oh, the hap-py day, &c.

Oh, the wel-come, the welcome day, Sing a glad and a mer-ry lay; Oh, the wel-come, the welcome day, Sing a mer-ry, mer-ry lay.

Oh, the wel-come, the welcome day, Sing a glad and a mer-ry lay; Oh, the wel-come, the welcome day, Sing a mer-ry, mer-ry lay.

No. 110. **"FARE THEE WELL!"** D MINOR.

Con moto.

1. Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Now must I leave thee; Deep though it grieve me, Fare thee well!

2. Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Life will be wea - ry; Dark, dark and drea - ry, Hope - less now,

Fare thee well! How sad my heart; Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Now we must part, Now we must part.

Hearts will bow Low in the dust; Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Part now we must, Part now we must.

No. 111. D MINOR. ROUND.

1 2 3 4

Thou poor bird, mourn'st the tree, Where sweetly thou didst warble in thy wanderings free.

No. 112. ROUND.

1 2 3 4

Flow'rs are dy - ing, Au - tumn winds are sigh - ing.

No. 113. **DEATH OF NATHAN HALE.** WORDS BY FRANK FINCH.

Con molto espressione.

1 To drum beat and heart beat A sol - dier march-es by; There is col - or in his cheek, There is cou - rage in his eye; Yet to drum beat and heart beat In a mo - ment he must die, Yet, to drum beat and heart beat In a mo - ment he must die.

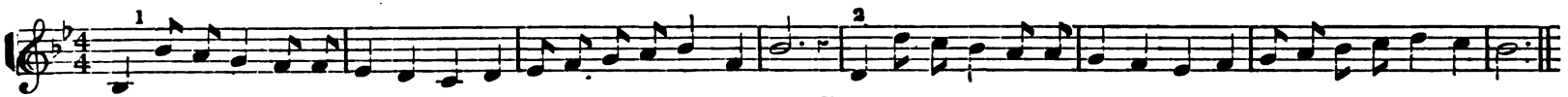
2. With calm brow and firm brow He lis - tens to his doom; In his look there is no fear, Nor a shadow - trace of gloom—But with calm brow and firm brow He robes him for the tomb, But with calm brow and firm brow, He robes him for the tomb.

3. In the calm night, the still night He kneels up - on the sod; And the bru - tal guards withhold E'en the sol - emn word of God— In the long night, the still night He walks where Christ hath trod, In the calm night, the still night He walks where Christ hath trod.

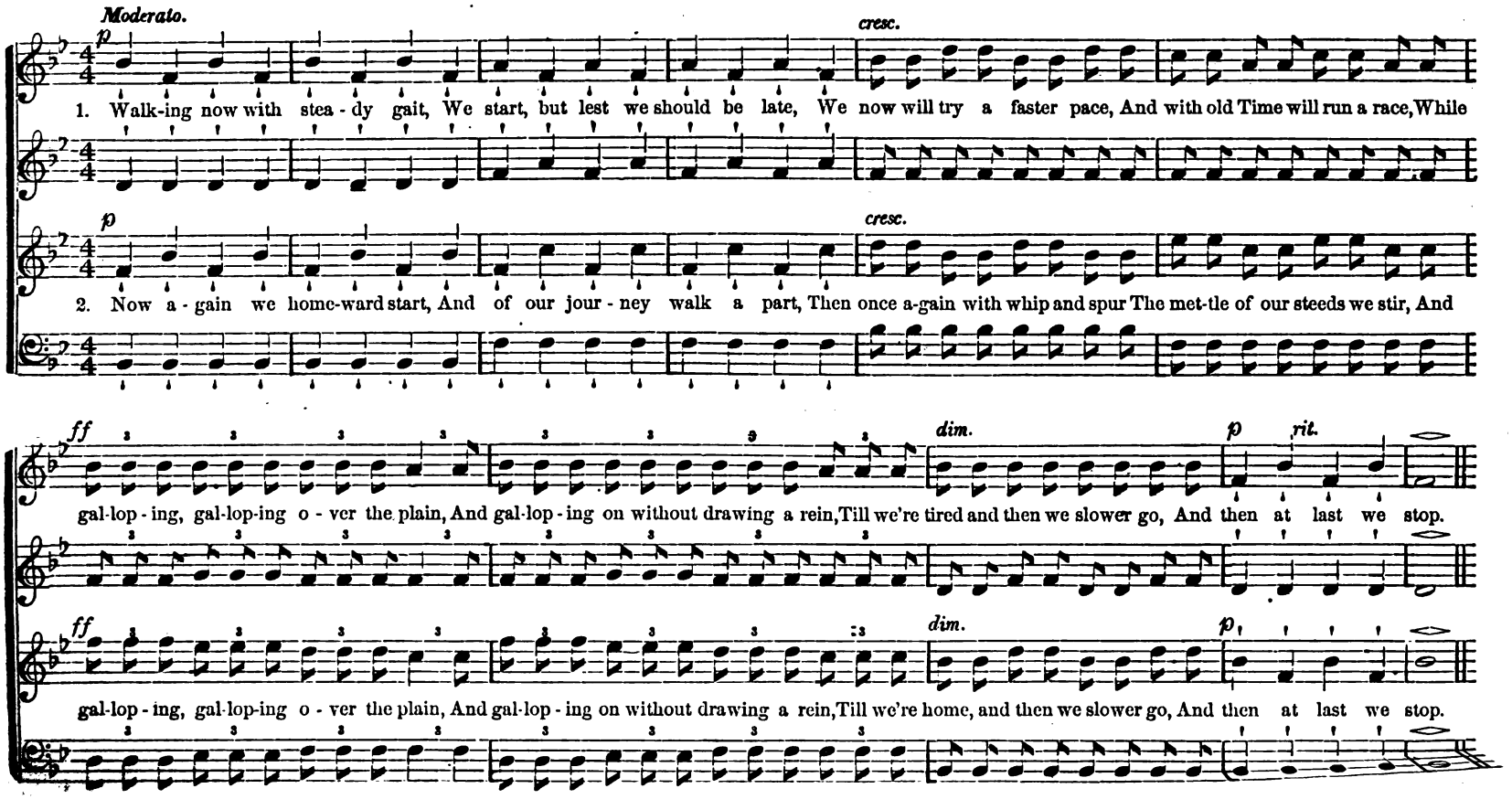
4. 'Neath the blue morn, the bright morn He dies up - on the tree; And he mourns that he can lose But one life for lib - er - ty— In the blue morn, the bright morn His spi - rit- wings are free, In the blue morn, the bright morn His spi - rit- wings are free.

Cres. *Dim.*

No. 114. KEY OF B FLAT. ROUND. "UP FROM THE CORN."



No. 115. THE RIDE. QUARTER NOTES, EIGHTHS AND TRIPLETS CONTRASTED.



No. 116. ROUND IN THIRDS AND SECONDS. FROM "SONG GARDEN, No. 2."

1 2

Do, mi, re, fa, mi, sol, fa, la, sol, si, la, do, si, re, do, sol, si, la, do, si, re, do, mi, re, fa, mi, sol, fa, mi.

No. 117. GOOD NIGHT. FROM A. METHFESSEL.

Allegro.

And now we say to all, Good night! And now we say to all, Good night!.....

And now we say to all, Good night! And now we say to all, Good night! And now we say to all, Good night!.....

And now we say to all, Good

..... And now we say, we say to all, Good night!

And now we say,..... we say to all,..... Good night!

..... And now we say, we say to all, Good night!

night! And now we say, we say to all, Good night!

2.

May slumber sweet on all alight,
May slumber sweet, &c.,
Good night!

3.

In wishes kind we all unite,
In wishes kind, &c.,
Good night!

No. 118. ROUND IN THIRDS AND SECONDS.

1 2

Mi, do, re, si, do, la, si, sol, la, fa, sol, mi, fa, re, mi, sol, mi, fa, re, mi, do, re, si, do, la, si, do,

No. 119. THE OLD CHURCH TOWER. G. B. LOOMIS.

Bim, bome, bim, bome, bim, bome bim, bome, bim, bome, bim bome, bim, bome, bim, bome, bim, bome, bim, bome, bim, bome, bim, bome,

1. In the old church tower hangs the bell, bim, bome, In the old church tow-er hangs the bell, bim, bome, And a - bove it, on the vane, In the
2. From the old church tower rings the bell, bim, bome, From the old church tower rings the bell, bim, bome, Ringing grave and ringing gay, Ringing

Bim, bome, bim, bome, bim, bome, bim, bome, bim, bome, bim, bome,

bim, bome, bim, bome, bim, bome, bim, bome, bim, bome, bim, And all is well, And all is well.

sun-shine and the rain, Cut in gold, Saint Pe - ter stands, With the keys in his two hands. And all is well, And all is well.
night and ring-ing day, Ring - ing tid - ings un - to all, As it ev - er - more doth say, That all is well, That all is well.

bim, bome, bim, bome, bim, bome.

No. 120. **THE WORKERS.**

From "The Sunnyside Glee Book." By permission.

Vigoroso.

1. Clink, clank, go the ham - mers now, The stur - dy an - vils ring; Clink, clank, go the ham - mers now, The

2. Whir-r-r-r go the bu - sy looms, In the fac - tories dark and high; Whir-r-r-r go the bu - sy looms, In the

Fine.

stur - dy an - vils ring. The bel - lows roar, and the hot flames pour Their rud - dy light far o - ver the floor, The

fac - tories dark and high. Where the tint - ed sun - beam soft - ly falls Thro' the crust - ed pane on the black - ened walls, Where the

D.C.

bel - lows roar, and the hot flames pour, And the brawn - y smiths they sing.

tint - ed sun - beam soft - ly falls From the pure and love ly sky.

3. |: On, on, speed the sharpened plows,
As they turn the heavy soil, :|
Where the sturdy farmer guides the share
Through the last year's furrows, gleaming bare,
Where the sturdy farmer guides the share
With the honest hand of toil.

4. |: These, these are the workers brave,
With hearts so strong and true; :|
From dawn till dark, through the whole day's length,
Each gives with an earnest will his strength,
From dawn till dark, through the whole day's length,
To the work he finds to d

No. 121 ROUND IN 4 PARTS.

1 2 3 4

Sing this Mi - nor song with me to - geth - er.

No. 122. G MINOR. ROUND IN 6 PARTS. *

1 2 3 4 5 6

What - ev - er oth - ers do to you, Be kind— Be kind to them and true.

No. 123. "NIGHT! LOVELY NIGHT." ARR. FROM MENDELSSOHN.

Con spirito. *FINE.*

1. { Night, love - ly night! I sing thy won - drous beau - ty; Stars shin - ing bright O - ver field and flower.
   { Per - fumes, so rare, From blos - soms sweet as - cend - ing, Fill all the air Like a fra - grant bower. } No

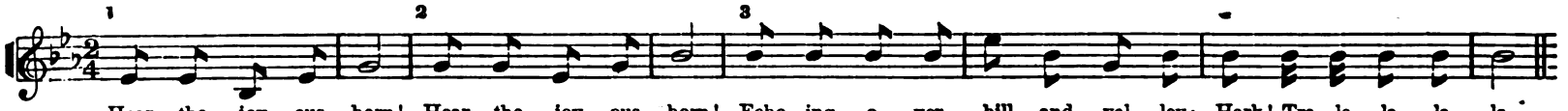
2. { Bright - ly the moon O'er hill and val - ley shin - ing, Robes ev - ery tree With its sil - very light;
   { Soon, ah! too soon Her pearl - y rays de - clin - ing, Leave in its dark - ness The si - lent night. } No

D.C.

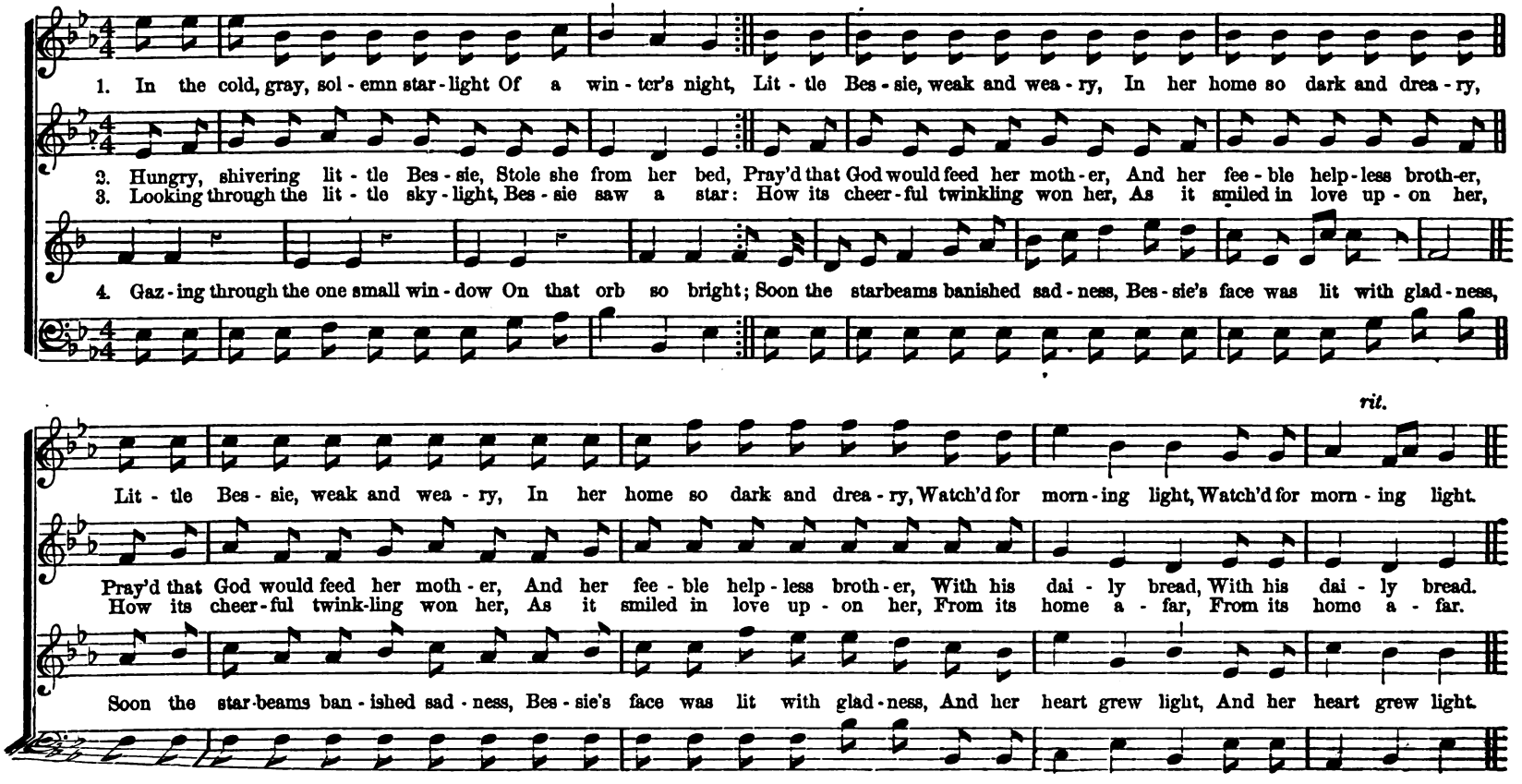
glare of day can e - qual thee, Thou dark and si - lent mys - te - ry; What mar - vels are be - neath thee hid, O, thou mys - te - rious night.

glare of day can e - qual thee, Thou dark and si - lent mys - te - ry; What mar - vels are be - neath thee hid, O, thou mys - te - rious night.

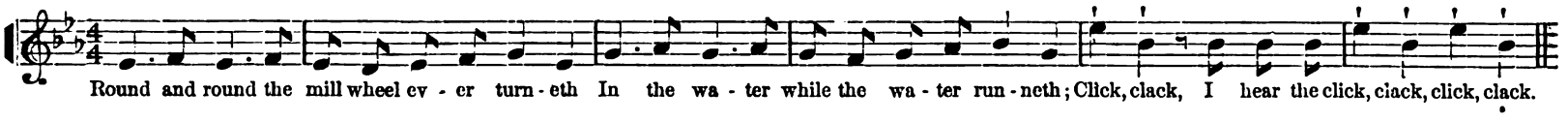
No. 124. KEY OF E FLAT. ROUND. "HEAR THE JOYOUS HORN.



No. 125. LITTLE BESSIE AND THE STAR.

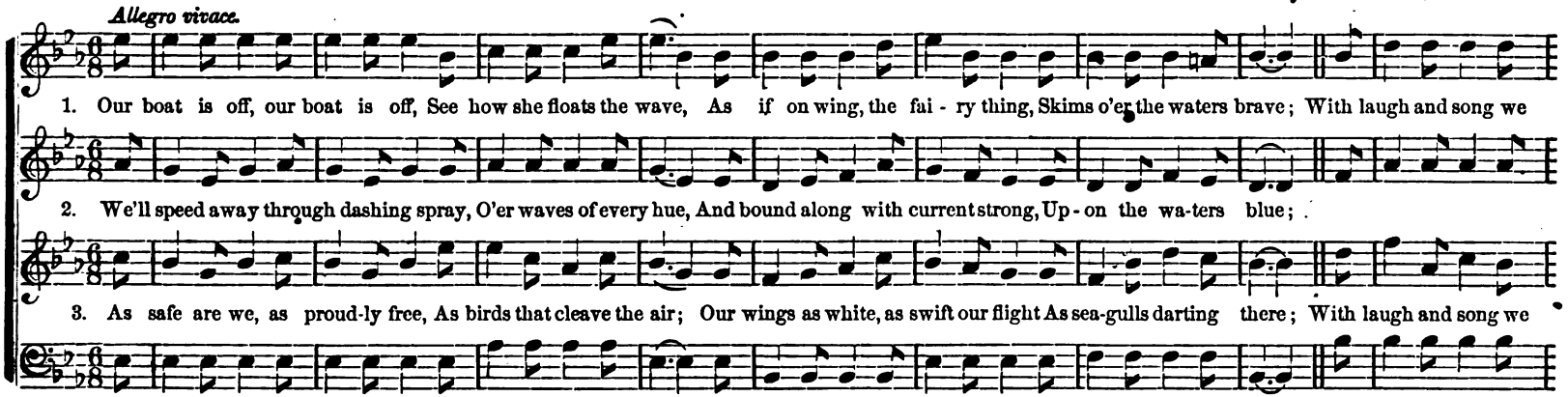


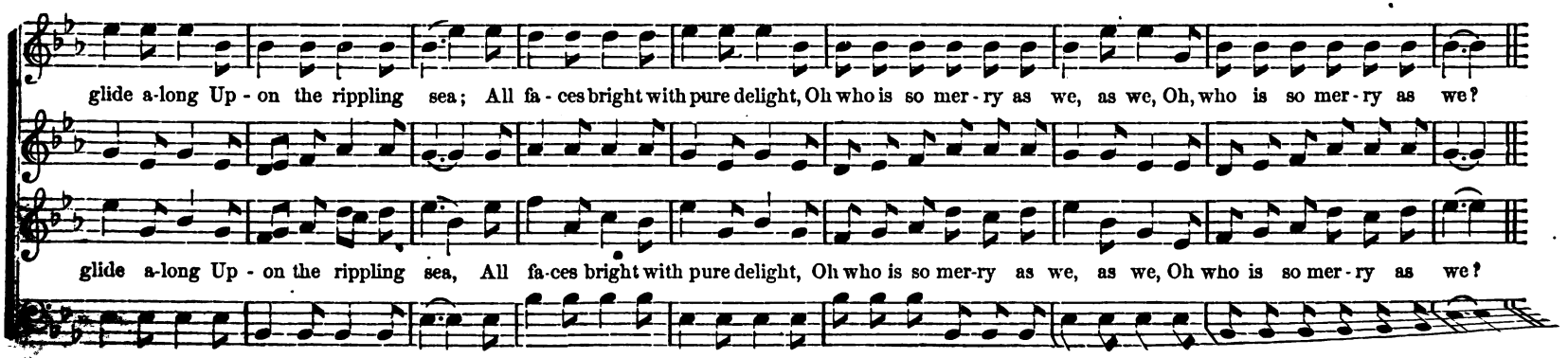
No. 126. "THE MILL WHEEL." ROUND IN THREE PARTS. From "SONG GARDEN No. 2."



No. 127. "BOAT SONG." Words and Music by AGNES BURNEY.

Allegro vivace.





No. 128. ROUND. "When the pansies' purple buds."

1 2 3 4

When the pan - sies' pur - ple buds came forth in ear - ly Spring, Na - ture from her sleep did wake to greet the blos - som - ing.

No. 129. **THE FISHER BOY.** Dr. LOWELL MASON.

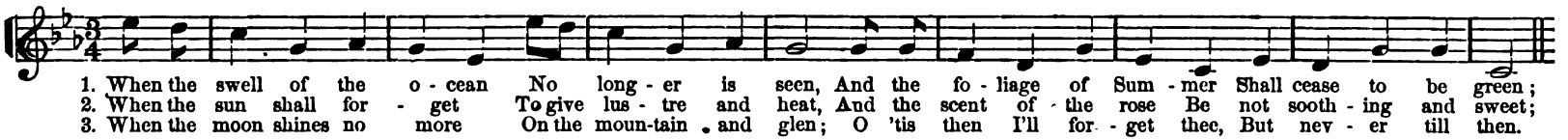
With feeling.

1. Poor lit - tle fish - er - boy out on the sea! Poor lit - tle fish - er - boy out on the sea! The moon gives no light, And dark is the night, And dark is the night, Out in the old boat now sail - ing is he; Poor lit - tle fish-er - boy out on the sea.

2. Poor lit - tle fish - er - boy out on the sea! Poor lit - tle fish - er - boy out on the sea! The winds wild - ly roar, The rain-torrents pour, The rain-torrents pour, Drea - ry and woe-ful now there it must be; Poor lit - tle fish-er - boy out on the sea.

3. Think of the fish - er - boy out on the sea! Think of the fish - er - boy out on the sea! His moth - er doth wake—Looks up for his sake, Looks up for his sake— Out in the fear-ful boat Sail - ing is he; Poor lit - tle fish-er - boy out on the sea.

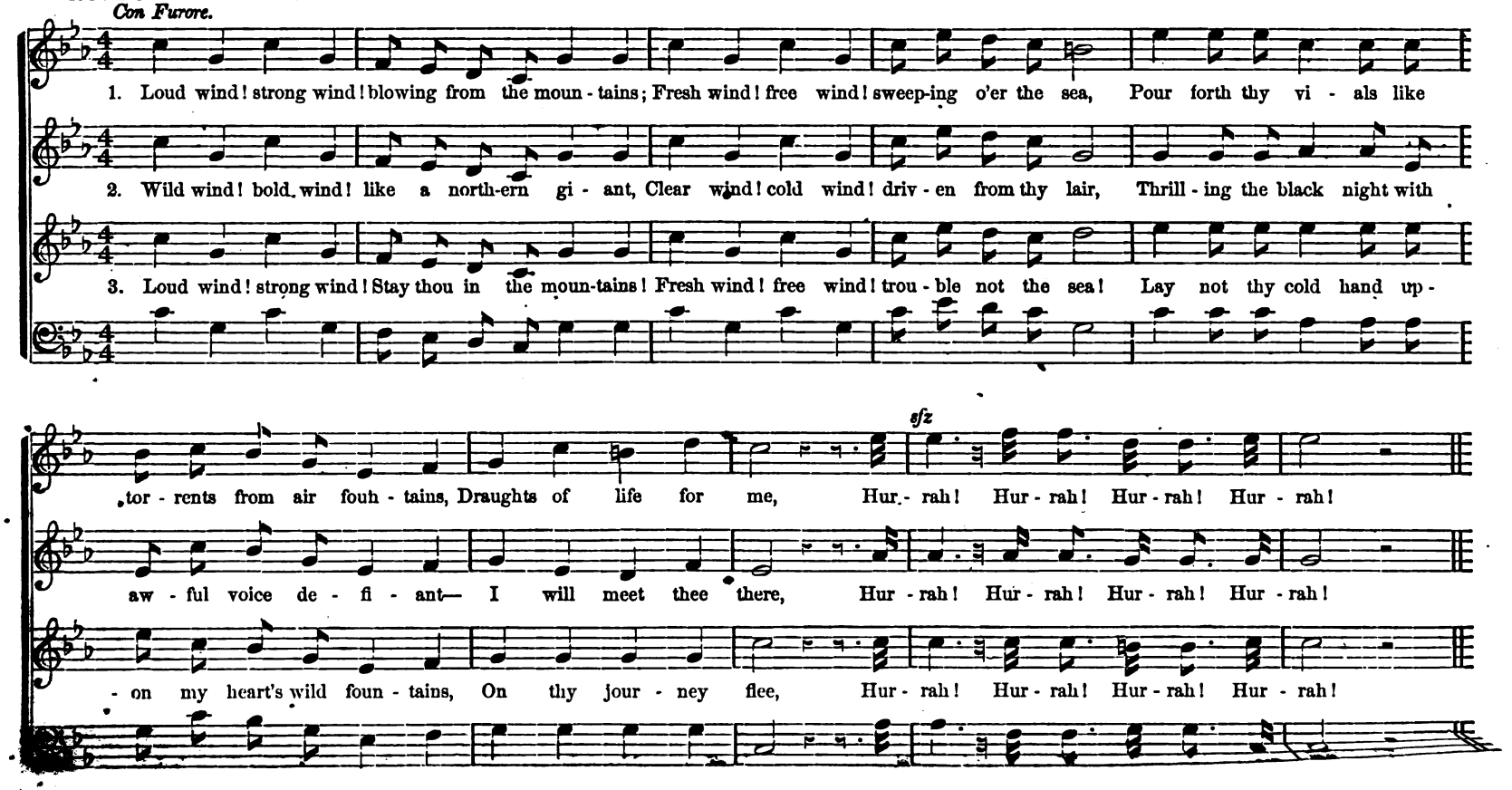
No. 130. C MINOR. "WHEN THE SWELL OF THE OCEAN"



1. When the swell of the o - cean No long - er is seen, And the fo - liage of Sum - mer Shall cease to be green;
2. When the sun shall for - get To give lus - tre and heat, And the scent of the rose Be not sooth - ing and sweet;
3. When the moon shines no more On the moun-tain and glen; O 'tis then I'll for - get thee, But nev - er till then.

No. 131. THE WIND.

Con Furore.



1. Loud wind! strong wind! blowing from the moun - tains; Fresh wind! free wind! sweep-ing o'er the sea, Pour forth thy vi - als like
2. Wild wind! bold wind! like a north-ern gi - ant, Clear wind! cold wind! driv - en from thy lair, Thrill - ing the black night with
3. Loud wind! strong wind! Stay thou in the moun-tains! Fresh wind! free wind! trou - ble not the sea! Lay not thy cold hand up -

tor - rents from air foun - tains, Draughts of life for me, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah!
aw - ful voice de - fi - ant— I will meet thee there, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah!
- on my heart's wild foun - tains, On thy jour - ney flee, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah!

No. 132. KEY OF A FLAT. "BEAUTY EVERYWHERE." ROUND.

1 2 3 4

Beau - ty in the wood - land, Beau - ty in the glen, Beau - ty in the fer - tile mea - dow And the marsh - y fen.

No. 133. MEMORY'S TEAR. SONG.

WORDS BY MRS. FRANCES DANA GAGE. J. H. TENNEY.

1. He sang that same old mel - o - dy My fa - ther used to sing,
When I, at eve, rocked on his knee, In childhood's mer - ry Spring. Ah! I was light and glee - ful then, And knew no care or fear—

2. Then moth - er, sit - ting by his side, Kept time, with nee - dles bright,
And joined her soft, sweet voice to his— I see her there to - night! Each face, each form, each hallowed spot, Is to my heart still dear,

3. I would not be a child a - gain, Oh no! oh no! not I;
And yet I love to think it o'er, And live the days gone by; The new is beau - ti - ful and bright, And full of love and cheer;

4. Then sing a - gain that song for me! Touch mem'ry's sounding strings,
Each note calls back some long lost hours, Some sweet af - fec - tion brings. Then sing for me the mel - o - dy My moth - er loved to hear;

That song brought childhood back a - gain, And called up mem'ry's tear, That song brought childhood back a - gain, And called up mem'ry's tear.
And seems to say, "for - get me not"—And calls up mem'ry's tear, And seems to say, "for - get me not"—And calls up mem'ry's tear.

But let me for the past to - night, Drop mem'ry's sa - cred tear, But let me for the past to - night, Drop mem'ry's sa - cred tear.
My heart throbs high with faith and hope, My eye drops mem'ry's tear, My heart throbs high with faith and hope, My eye drops mem'ry's tear.

No. 185. RAINDROP CHORUS. "THE GENTLE SUMMER RAIN."

Words by R. S. TAYLOR. W. B. BRADBURY.

From the "KEY NOTE."

pp and gentle, staccato, in imitation of gentle raindrops.

1. When down the hills The lit - tle rills No more in glee are flow - ing, And fierce - ly down, With burn - ing frown The

2. When ev - ery flower, In field and bower, Is droop - ing low and dy - ing; When songs of birds, No more are heard, Each

sum - mer sun is glow - ing; 'Tis then with joy we greet the gales That waft us clouds with snow - y sails, From

with the oth - er vie - ing, 'Tis then with joy we greet the gales That waft us clouds with snow - y sails, O'er

1st time p, 2d time f and joyfully.

dis - tant re - gions blow - ing From dis - tant re - gions blow - ing. Fall soft - ly o'er the thirst - y earth, O gen - tle sum - mer

hill and val - ley fly - ing, O'er hill and val - ley fly - ing. Tat, tat, tat, tat, tat, tat, tat, tat, tat, tat, tat, tat, tat,

"RAINDROP CHORUS." Concluded.

In the repeat the Tenor and Soprano may change parts.

Cres.

rain! Till grain - clad hills and fer - - tile vales, In beau - ty smile a - gain.

tat, tat, tat, Pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, In beau - ty smile a - gain.

No. 136. "THE WORLD IS BRIGHT BEFORE THEE.

Words by HALLECK. E. VOSSELLER. *Fine.*

D. C. 1. The world is bright be - fore thee, The sum - mer flow'rs are thine, Its calm blue sky is o'er thee, Thy bo - som pleasure's shrine;

2. There is a song of sor - row, The death-dirge of the gay, That tells, ere dawn to - mor - row, These charms may melt a - way;

3. Be - lieve it not, though lone - ly Thy eve - ning home may be, Though beau - ty's bark can on - ly Float on a sum - mer sea;

D. C.

And thine the sunbeam giv - en To na - ture's morning hour, Pure, warm, as when from heav - en It burst on E - den's bower.

The sun's bright beam be sha - ded, The sky be blue no more, The summer flowers be fad - ed, And youth's warm prom - ise o'er.

Though time thy bloom is steal - ing, There's still be - yond his art, The wildflower wreath of feel - ing, The sun - beam of the heart.

No. 137. F MINOR. ROUND. "NEVER MURM'RING."

Andante.

1 2 3 4

Nev - er murm'ring, nev - er griev-ing, Meek and kind and pa - tient be.

No. 138. ROUND.

1 2 3 4

Ban-ish eve-ry e - vil feel - ing, On - ly love and faith re-veal - ing.

No. 139. PITY THE ORPHAN.

1. { Fa - ther-less, moth - er-less, Cheer-less in grief, She is an or - phan one, Ask - ing re - lief,
Look in those tear - ful eyes, Hag-gard and wild, Pass her not heed - less by, Pi - ty the child. } Down in some cel - lar dark, Sad - ly she

2. { List to her pleading tones; Cheer by a smile; "Let Christian char - i - ty, Sor - row be - guile;"
Christ sends his "lit - tle one," Say - ing to thee, "All you can do for her, Is done to me." } Deep in her hol - low cheeks, Pale anguish

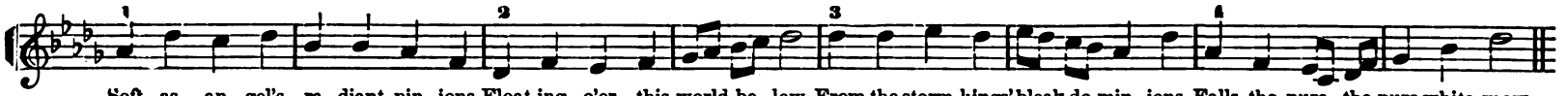
3. { Spurn her not, grieve her not, Grudge not her dole; An - gel of char - i - ty Smile on thy soul,
Rea - dy to bear the news Up to yon sphere, What thou hast done for Christ's "Little one" here. } Pi - ty the or - phan one, Care for her

sits; Smiles of af - fec - tion there She nev - er gets, Na- ked and starv - ing there, Hard is her lot, Do, for the Sav - ior's sake, Deeds ne'er forgot.

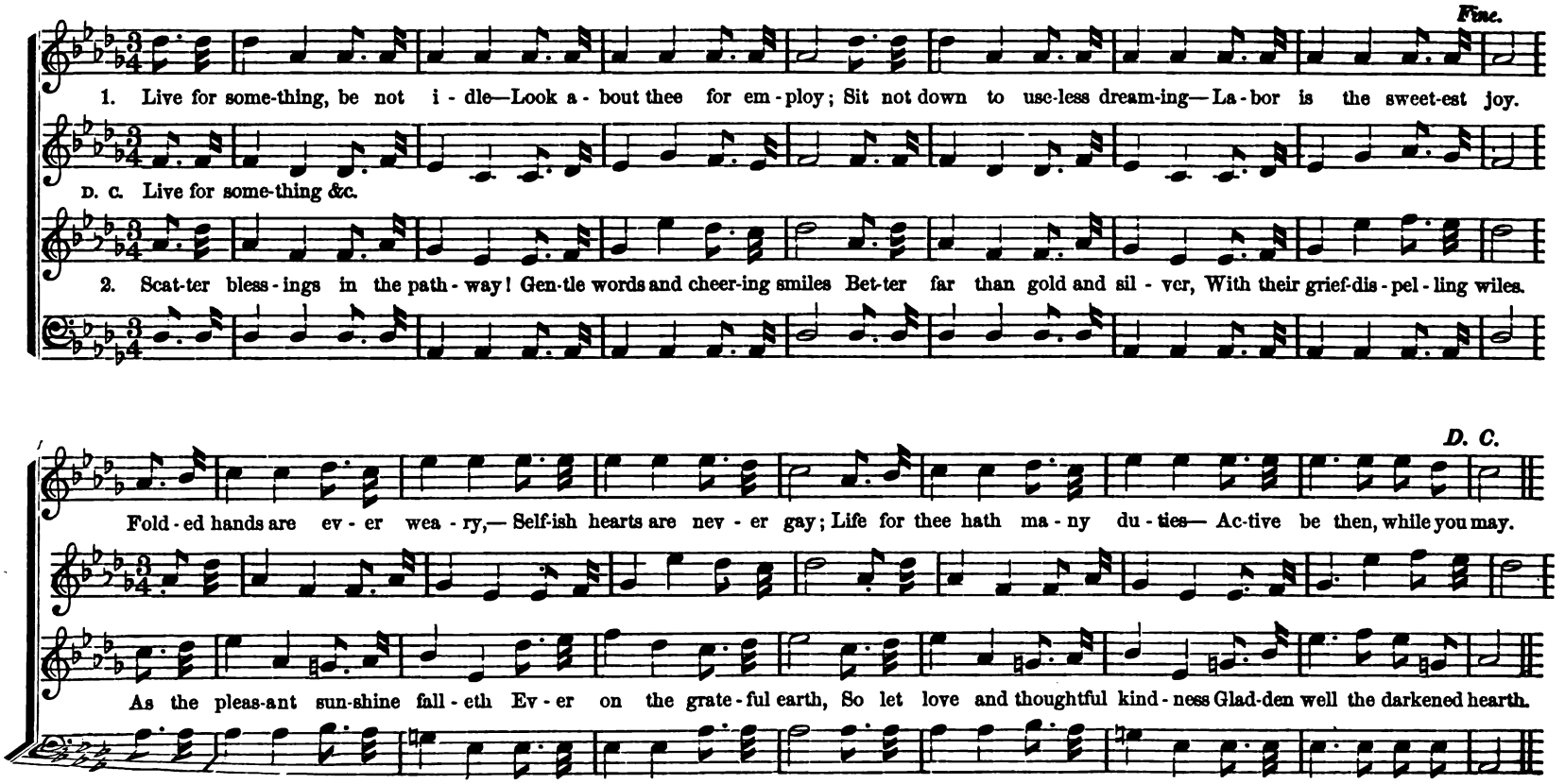
lies; How from each pain - ful look, Pov - er - ty cries! All the dark waves of woe O - ver her roll, "None," has she oft - en said, "Care for my soul."

now; Dash eve - ry pang from her Care-shadowed brow, Bind up the bro-ken heart, Sor-row hath riven, Life is a - wait -ing thee, Endless in heaven.

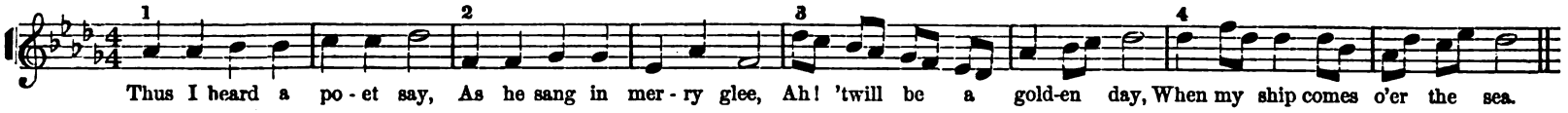
No. 140. KEY of D FLAT. ROUND. "THE SNOW"



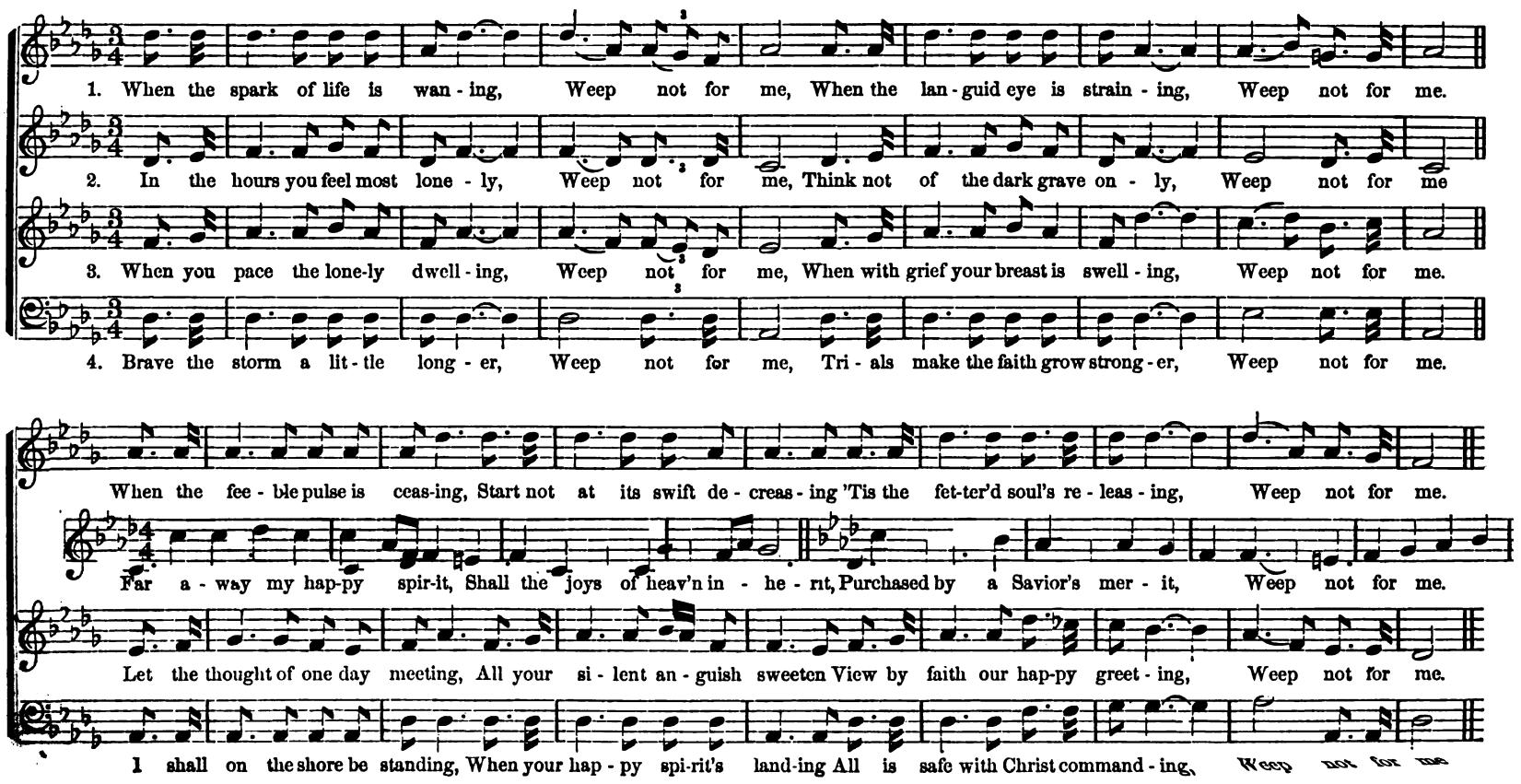
No. 141. "LIVE FOR SOMETHING."



No. 142. ROUND. "THUS I HEARD A POET SAY."



No. 143. "WEEP NOT FOR ME." GUILFORD A. SMITH.



CIRCUIT OF THE KEYS.

An Exercise for the practice of the Scale in all the Keys, Transposed by Fifths.

By Wm. B. BRADBURY

C.

Sing the scale of C, the scale of C, and pre - pare for

G.

G, with its *one* sharp; sing the scale of

G, the scale of G, and pre - pare for

D.

D, with its *two* sharps; sing the scale of D, the scale of

D, and pre-pare for

A.

A, with its *three* sharps; sing the scale of A, the scale of A, and pre - pare for

E.

E, with its *four* sharps; sing the scale of E, the scale of E, and pre - pare for

B.

B, with its *five* sharps,

sing the scale of B, the scale of B, and pre - pare for

F♯.

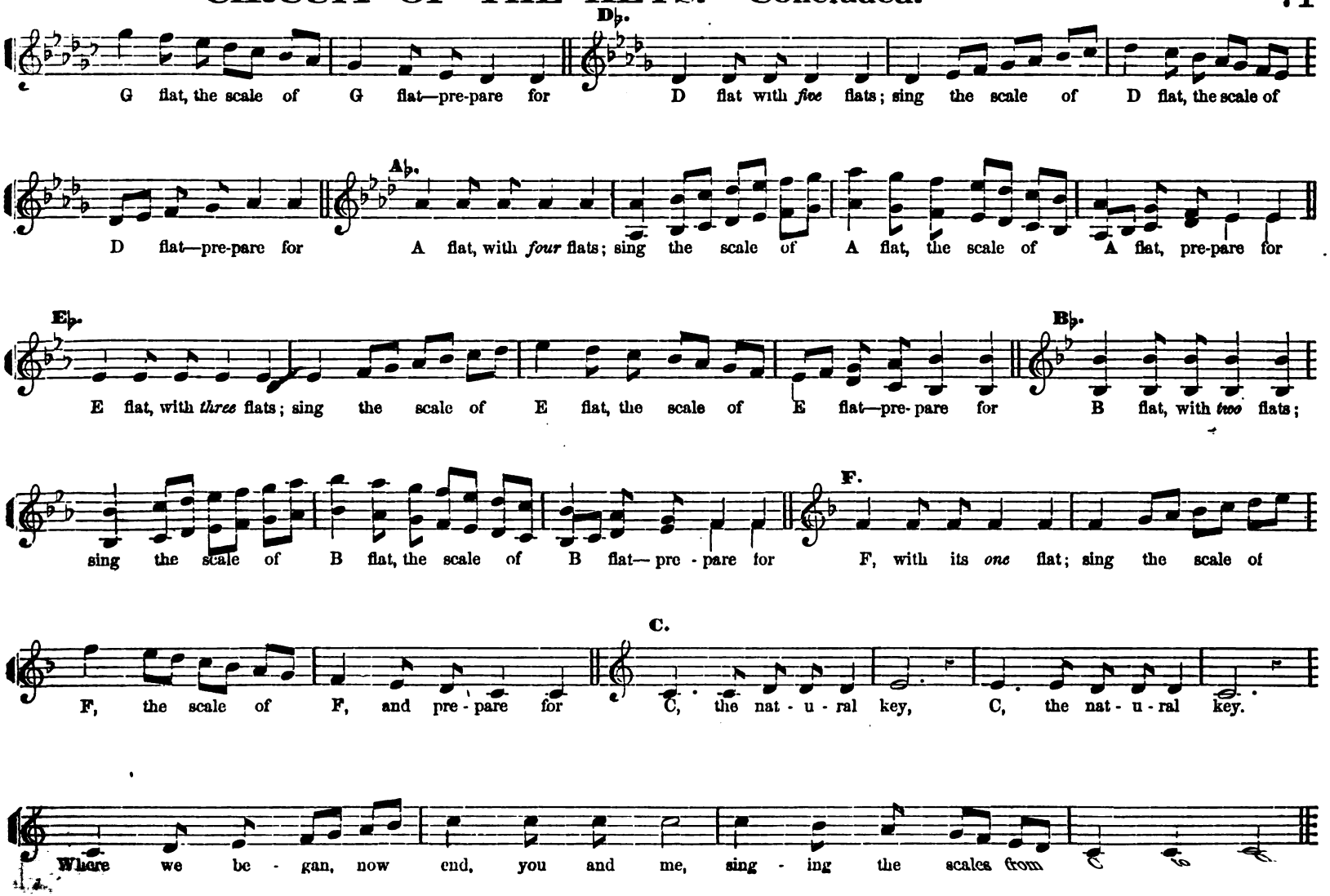
F sharp *six* sharps; sing the scale of

F sharp, the scale of F sharp.

G♭. *Enharmonic change.*

Now the En - har - mon - ic change and sing the scale of

CIRCUIT OF THE KEYS. Concluded.



THE CHURCH WITHIN THE VALE.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. A stream came burst - ing from a rock, Its bank with li - lies spread, I watched it as it murmured by, And wondered where it led; It wandered down a slop - ing hill, And through a val - ley fair, Then rip-pled 'neath an a - ged oak, A lit - tle church was there, Then rip - pled 'neath an a - ged oak, A lit - tle church was there.

2. And hap - py chil - dren gath - cred round Their pas - tor old and gray, He taught them in their ear - ly youth, To find that bet - ter way; His brow was like an even - ing sky, Where not a cloud is seen, His eye looked upwards, and its glance Was gent - tle and se - rene, His eye looked up - wards, and its glance Was gen - tle and se - rene.

3. He told them of a Sav - ior's love, And how his gra - cious arm, Would fold the ten - der lambs to rest, And keep them safe from harm. My heart was full, and still re - calls, When-e'er its strength would fail, The stream, the pas - tor and his flock, The church with - in the vale, The stream, the pas - tor and his flock, The church with - in the vale.

SLEIGHING SONG.

1. A - way, a-way! o'er the glistening snow, With mer-ry glee and with song we go; With laugh and shout, While bells ring out, Hur-rah, hurrah! for the
2. Our steeds are fleet, and they light - ly spring, And countless gems from their pathway fling; With mer - ry song, We glide a - long, With speed of bird is our
3. Hur - rah, hur-rah! for a steed that flies, For ro - sy cheeks and for spark-ling eyes, For ring - ing bells, And sing-ing belles; For health and joy our

winter's night, The snow so white, And the moon so bright, Hurrah, hur-rah! For the win- ter's night, The snow so white, And the moon so bright, Ring, ring, ring,
rap-id flight, With hearts as light, And with eyes as bright; With speed of bird is our rap - id flight, With hearts as light, And with eyes as bright, Ring, ring,
ride doth bring, With bells that ring, And with belles that sing; For health and joy our ride doth bring, With bells that ring, And with belles that sing, Ring, ring,
Ring ring, ring,

| *Ending of 1st and 2d verses.* | *Ending of last verse.*

ring, the bells ring out, Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, the bells ring out, the bells ring out.
Ritard.

ring, ring. we glide a - long, Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, we glide..... a - long, we glide a - long.
ring, ring, with belles that sing, Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, with belles that sing, with belles that sing.

ring. Ring, ring, ring, ring, the bells ring out, the bells ring out.

SKATING GLEE.*

T. F. SEWARD.

1. When win - ter comes and freez - es o'er, Our crys - tal lakes from shore to shore, We vote the in - gle side a bore, And all go out a
2. And when the bit - ing north-ern wind, Its way to muf - fled ears will find, We don't a con - ti - nen - tal mind, But all go out a
3. And if perchance the ice is thin, Some reck-less chap will tum - ble in, And there a - ris - es quite a din, When we go out a

ska - ting: And then we have such jol - ly fun, And such fan - tas - tic tricks are done Up - on the ice, that ev - 'ry one Thinks
ska - ting; And, may - hap, if the ice be all A - glare, and bumps of cau - tion small, A gent may out an awk-ward sprawl, Or
ska - ting; The la - dies scream and faint with fright, And com-rades work with all their might, To save their chum from drown-ing quite, While

noth - ing like it 'neath the sun. } Fros - ty whis - kers, I - cy nose, chattering teeth, and fro - zen toes, All for pleas - ure,
la - dy lose her wa - ter - fall. }
ur - chins laugh to see the plight. Fros - ty whis - kers, I - cy nose, chattering teeth, and fro - zen toes, All for pleas - ure,

* From the Sunnyside Glee Book. By permission.

SKATING GLEE. Concluded.

so it goes, When we go out a ska - ting, When we go out a ska - ting, Oh!

so it goes, When we go out a ska - ting, When we go out a ska - ting, Oh!

BE CONTENTED.

C. P. HOFFMAN.

Allegro.

1. The world grows old, and men grow cold To each while seeking treasure; And what with want, and care, and toil, We scarce find time for plea - sure.

2. If adverse storms break o'er your head, And fortune show re - sent - ment, A trust in God will light the way, And with it teach con - tent-ment;

But never mind, Not much to be,

But nev - er mind, that is a loss Not much to be la - ment - ed, Life rolls on gai - ly, if we will But smile and be con - tent- ed.

Then nev - er mind, press on your way, And give no room to sor - row; To-day may cloud your path in shade, But gives you joy to mor-row.

"STAND BY THE FLAG." National Anthem.

HENRY TUCKER.

Maestoso e marcato.

BY PERMISSION OF W. A. POND & CO.

1. Stand by the flag; its folds have stream'd in glo - ry, To foes a fear, To friends a fes - tal robe, And spread in rhyth - mic

2. Stand by the flag; though death-shots round it rat - tle, And un - der - neath, As wav - ing folds have met, In all the dread ar -

lines the sa - cred sto - ry, Of Free - dom's tri - umphs o - ver all the globe. Stand by the flag on land and o - cean bil - low;

- ray of sanguine bat - tle, The guid - ing lance and glit-t'ring bay - o - net. Stand by the flag, all doubt and trea - son scorn - ing,

By it your Fathers stood, unmoved and true; Liv - ing, de - fend - ed, dy - ing, from their pil - low, With their last blessing passed it on to you.

Be - lieve, with courage firm, and faith sub-lime, That it will float un - til th'e - tern - al morning, Pales in its glo - ries all the light of time.

RING! RING! RING! A New Year's Song. XXX

T. F. SEWARD.

1. Ring! ring! ring! How sweet the chime of mer - ry bells, Ring! ring! ring! The cheer - ful mu - sic swells. Ring
2. Ring! ring! ring! Re - sound - ing ech - oes fill the air, Ring! ring! ring! And ban - ish · ev - ery care. With
3. Ring! ring! ring! How sweet the chime of mer - ry bells, Ring! ring! ring! The cheer - ful mu - sic swells. May

out our joy - ful greet - ing, To hap - py hours so fleet - ing, The old and new year meet - ing, With
friend - ly gift and to - ken, Are kind - est wish - es spo - ken, That cir - cles all un - bro - ken May
rich - est bless - ings ev - er, From grief and sor - row sev - er, And still go on for ev - er, The

mer - ry chime of bells. Ring! ring! ring! How sweet the chime of mer - ry bells, Ring! ring! ring! The cheer-ful mu - sic swells.
fu - ture bless-ings share. Ring! ring! ring! Re - sounding ech - oes fill the air, Ring! ring! ring! And ban - ish ev - ery care.
mer - ry peal of bells. Ring! ring! ring! How sweet the chime of mer - ry bells, Ring! ring! ring! The cheer-ful mu - sic swells.

THE WINDS ARE ALL HUSHED. Serenade.

(Quartette for Male Voices.)

SOLON WILDER.

1. The winds are all hushed, and the moon is high, Like a queen on her sil - ver throne Tran - quil and dark the deep woods lie, Scarce - ly a cloud sails o'er the sky, None are a - wake save the stars and I. Sleep - est thou still, mine own, mine own, Sleep - est thou still, mine own?

2. The song of the night - in - gale stirs the air, And the bri - ers sweet breath is blown; Come in thy bloom, be - yond com - pare, I'll clasp thee close, and call thee fair, Kiss off the dew from thy gold - en hair. Sleep - est thou still, mine own, mine own, Sleep - est thou still, mine own?

O SHOUT, MEN OF STRENGTH.

(For Male Voices.)

J. H. TENNEY.

1. O shout, men of strength, your massive hammers wielding, Come, hammer out the des - ti - ny, of all here be - low: For gleaming axe, and hol - low gun, And ar - mor flash - ing in the sun, The sol - dier comes to you, ere meet - ing the foe.

2 And lords of the soil, for all their tools of labor,
Must come to you, and enter at the smith's swarthy door;
Then soon he guides the shining share
Through loamy fields, and everywhere,
He strews the scattered seed for glad Autumn's store.

3 O shout, men of strength! behold your iron courseers,
That yonder rush, with fiery breath, away o'er the lea;
And o'er the surging sea and main,
Your engines track the watery main,
And yours the honor be, on land and sea.

SPARKLING WATER. Temperance Glee. XXX

1. Come, let us sing of fount and spring, Of brook - let, stream and riv - er, And tune our praise to Him al - ways The great and gra - cious Giv - er. What drink with wa - ter can com - pare, That na - ture loves so dear - ly? The sweet - est draught that can be quaffed, wa - ter wa - ter, wa - ter that spar - kles so clearly.

2. Down fall the showers to feed the flowers, And in the sum - mer, night - ly, The blos - soms sip with ro - sy lip The dew - drops gleam - ing bright - ly.

3. Each lit - tle bird, whose song is heard Thro' grove, and mead - ow ring - ing, At stream-let's brink, will blithe - ly drink, To tune its voice to sing - ing. What drink with wa - ter can com - pare, That na - ture loves so dear - ly? The sweet - est draught that can be quaffed, Is wa - ter. wa - ter, wa - ter, wa - ter, wa - ter that spar - kles so clearly.

"CALL JOHN."

W. B. B. From the "Shawm."

John! John! John!.... John! John! O John! O John, O
Call John! John! Louder, louder, louder, louder, louder! John! John! John! John! O John!

John! John! John! John! John!..... O John!

Call John! John! John! John! John!..... Well, well, what d'ye want of John, O John!

John, can you tell us! O John! O John! Can you tell us! Can you tell us! Can you

O John! Can you tell us! Can you tell us! Can you

Tell you what! Well, John! John! John! Tell you what! Tell you what!

tell us! Tell us how, how to sing this song!

tell us! Tell us how, how to sing this song!

Tell you what! How to what! sing what! How to sing this song! Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes. *Mi, re, do, mi, re,*

No, no, no, No, no, no, no, no, no; No, no, no,

No, no, no, No, no, no, no, no, no; No, no, no,

do, sol mi, do, re. Sol, fa, mi, re, do, mi, re, do, sol, mi, do, re, mi, re,

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, John-ny, can you tell us, Tell us how to sing this

No, no, no, no, no, John - - ny, John - - ny, can you tell us, Tell us how to sing this

do. No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, nev - er will I

song! John, John, John, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, John, John, John, John, John, we have learned this song.

song! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, John, John, John, John, we have learned this song.

teach you how to sing, no! no! Such a set of blunder heads, such a set of blunder heads, never'll learn to sing.

QUARTETTE FOR MALE VOICES. "Am I Dreaming?"

Composed by GEO. T. EVANS.

Dedicated to M.

1st Tenor. *Moderato.*

2d Tenor.

1st Bass.

2d Bass.

1. Am I dream-ing, beau - ty, dreaming? For a spi - rit in thine eyes To my fan - cy is re - veal - ing A dis - solv - ing, par - a - dise, Am I dream - - ing, Am I dream - - - ing, Am I dream-ing, beau - ty, sha - dows,—noth - ing more,

2. Am I wak - ing, beau - ty, wak - ing? For a spi - rit as be - fore, To my sens - es is be - tray - ing, Fleet-ing sha - dows,—noth - ing more, Am I wak - - ing, Am I wak - - - ing, Am I wak - ing, beau - ty, Am I dreaming, Am I dreaming, dream-ing beau - ty, Am I wak - ing, Am I wak - ing, wak - ing beau - ty,

Cres. *ff* *p* *Rallent.* *After 2d Verse.*

dream - ing, Let it last, oh! let it last, Am I dream-ing, beau - ty, dream-ing? Dream - - - ing.

wak - ing—It is past, oh! it is past, Am I wak - ing, beau - ty, wak - ing? Dream - - - ing.

PARTING SONG. For the Closing of School-term.

Words by FANNIE CROSBY. FOR THREE EQUAL VOICES. T. F. S.

1. Lo! an-oth-er term com-plet - ed, Brings our an-ni-versary day, Hope her ro-sy wreath is twin - ing, While we sing our parting lay;

2. Happy schooldays, bright with promise, Have we prized them as we ought, Have we found the pearl of wis - dom, Won by toil and earnest thought?

Rit.

Time has borne us sweetly on-ward, With our books and teachers dear, While we drank the stream of knowledge Flowing like a fountain clear.

While unbid-den tears are fall-ing, Like the gen-tle A-pril rain, Friendship whispers, soft-ly whispers, Schoolmates, shall we meet a-gain?

Rit.

Lo! an-other term com-plet - ed, Brings our an-ni-versary day, Hope her ro-sy wreath is twin - ing, While we sing our parting lay.

Lo! an-oth-er term com-plet - ed, Brings our an-ni-versary day, Hope her ro-sy wreath is twin - ing, While we sing our parting lay.

LAUGH AND GROW FAT.

T. F. SEWARD.

1. The doc - tors have been fight-ing long, On this pre - tence and that, But on this point they all a - gree, To laugh, to laugh will make us

2. Then ban - ish all long fa - ces now, Complain - ing and all that, And ev - er keep in mind this truth, To laugh, to laugh will make us

fat. Then laugh, and we'll grow fat, Ha! ha! ha! Then laugh, and we'll grow fat, Ha! ha! ha! Let doc - tors fight with all their might, We'll

fat, Then laugh, and we'll grow fat, Ha! ha! ha! Then laugh, and we'll grow fat, Ha! ha! ha! Let doc - tors fight with all their might, We'll

laugh, Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! He! he! he! Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! What a

laugh, Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Now laugh once more, Now all to - geth - er once a - gain. What a

LAUGH AND GROW FAT. Concluded.

1st time. 2d time. ff

mer-ry, merry time, With our laughing all in rhyme, With our laughing, Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! What a ha! Ha! ha! ha!

mer-ry, merry time, With our laughing all in rhyme, With our laughing, Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! What a ha! Ha! ha! ha!

THE WATCHMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Past twelve o' - clock! Good night, good night, my dear - est, How fast the moments fly! 'Tis time to part, Thou hear - est That
2. Past one o' - clock! Yet stay a moment long - er, A - las! why is it so? The wish to stay grows strong - er, The
3. Past two o' - clock! Now wrap thy cloak a - bout thee, The hours must sure go wrong, For when they're passed without thee, They're
4. Past three o' - clock! A - gain that dreadful warn - ing, Had ev - er time such flight, And see the sky! 'tis morn - ing, So

hate - ful watchman's cry: Past twelve o' - clock, Past twelve o' - clock, Past twelve o' - clock,—good night!
more 'tis time to go! Past one o' - clock, Past one o' - clock, Past one o' - clock,—good night!

p f

O! ten times as long. Past two o' - clock, Past two o' - clock, Past two o' - clock,—good night!
now in - deed, good night! Past three o' - clock, Past three o' - clock, Past three o' - clock,—good night!

Past twelve o' - clock, Past twelve o' - clock, Past twelve o' - clock, twelve o' - clock,—good night!

"WHEN THE MORN AWAKING."

WORDS BY FANNY CROSBY. MUSIC BY S. MAIN. BY PERMISSION.

1. When the morn a - wak - ing, O'er the earth is break-ing, Light - ing the for - est with her gold-en ray, Danc - ing o'er the mountain,
2. When the day is brightest, When our hearts are light - est, When summer ros - es blos-som where we tread; Still the gen - tle cho - rus
3. When the light is dy - ing, When the wind is sigh - ing, From the leaf - y branches of the greenwood tree; Strains of mus - ic fall ing,

Chorus.

Blush - ing in the foun - tain, Trip-ping like a fair - y where the shad-ows play; Ten - der - ly steal - ing, plea - sure re - veal - ing,
Float - ing sweet-ly o'er us, Leaves a charm that lin - gers when their shade has fled:
Pur - er thoughts re - call - ing, Whis - per of a brighter land from sor - row free: Ten - der - ly steal - ing, plea - sure re - veal - ing,

List to the ech - o glid - ing a - long, Mu-sic's ai - ry numbers, Call - ing from their slumbers, Ev - ery bird to join her hap-py, hap-py song.
List to the ech - o glid - ing a - long, Mu-sic's ai - ry numbers, Call - ing from their slumbers, Ev - ery bird to join her hap-py, hap-py song.

WORDS BY "RISTA." **SONG OR DUETT. "We loved Her."** T. F. SEWARD.

With accompaniment for Piano Forte or Cabinet Organ.

1. We loved her, but she left us, Like some sweet vis - ion nigh,.... That ear - ly came and blest us, Then pass'd for - ev - er by;
2. We loved her, yes! we loved her, But an - gels loved her more;... And they have sweetly called her To yon - der "shining shore."
3. We know she now re - joi - ces, With an - gel bands a - bove;... And joins the ser - aph voi - ces In rapturous strains of love.

But in yon mys - tic bow - ers, Un - shad-ed by a care; She's resting 'mid the flow - ers, That bloometh ev - er there. She's rest-ing 'mid the
The gol-den gates were o - pened, A gen - tle voice said "Come;" And with farewells unspok - en She calm-ly entered home— And with farewells un-
Ah, earth! so dark and drea - ry, Seems all that's here be - low, That fain our spirits wea - ry, Her bliss—her Heav'n would know, That fain our spi - rits

rit. *A tempo.*

flow - ers, That bloometh ev - er there. We loved her, oh! we loved her, But love could not de-tain,
- spok - en She calm-ly entered home. We loved her, oh! we loved her, But love could not de-tain, } Her spirit's si - lent messenger, Nor call her back a - gain.
weary, Her bliss—her Heav'n would know. We loved her, oh! we loved her, Yet we would ne'er detain,

OH! HOW SWEET THE MORN. XXX

WORDS BY AGNES BURNEY. T. F. S.

1. Oh, how sweet the morn, At the ear - ly dawn, When the sun breaks forth so bright, When so pure the air, Fragrance
D. C. Oh, how sweet, &c.

2. Sounds of bee and bird Ev - ery - where are heard, At the first beam of the sun; Ev - ery liv - ing thing, On the
D. C. Oh, how sweet, &c.

FINE.

ev - ery where; Oh, what joy brings morn - ing light. Then the zeph - yrs sweet, Ev - ery flow - ret greet, Sweetest
earth or wing, Wakes to life then one by one. Welcome, then, bright morn, Welcome, ear - ly dawn, With your

D. C.

bird - songs fill the air; And the spark - ling dew, All the flow'rs re - new, Love - ly morn so fresh and fair.
treas - ures fresh and free, O - dors sweet a - bound, Blossoms all a - round, Oh, how sweet the morn to me.

TENNYSON'S SONG OF THE BROOK.

T. F. SEWARD.

1. I chat - ter o - ver ston - y ways, In lit - tle sharps and trebles, I bub - ble in - to eddying bays, I bab - ble on the pebbles.
2. I wind a-bout, and in and out, With here a blossom sailing, And here and there a lust - y trout, And here and there a grayling.
3. I steal by lawns and grass-y plots, I slide by ha - zel covers, I move the sweet for - get - me - nots That grow for hap-py lovers.

With many a curve my banks I fret, By many a field and fal-low, And many a fai - ry fore-land set With wil - low-weed and mal - low.
And here and there a foam - y flake Up - on me, as I trav-el, With many a sil - very wa - ter-break A - bove the gold - en grav - el:

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance, A - mong my skimming swallows, I make the net - ted sunbeam dance A-gainst my sand - y shal - lows.

I chat - ter, chat-ter as I flow, To join the brimming riv - er, For men may come, and men may go, but I go on for - ev - er.
I draw them all a - long, and flow, To join the brimming riv - er, For men may come, and men may go, but I go on for - ev - er.

And out and in I curve and flow, To join the brimming riv - er, For men may come, and men may go, but I go on for - ev - er.

A HOME ON THE RUSHING SEA.

T. F. S.

Air

1. A home..... a home..... on the rush - - - ing sea,..... Where the waves are wild..... and the
2. There bright .... at eve..... is each kind - - - ling star, ... Where the ves - pers sweet. ... ech - o

Alto.

1. A home, a home on the rush - ing sea, A home, a home on the rush - ing sea, Where the waves are wild and the winds are free, Where the
2. There bright at eve is each kind - ling star, There bright at eve is each kind - ling star, Where the ves - pers sweet ech - o from a - far, Where the

Tenor.

Bass.

winds..... are free;..... Where the dash - - - ing spray..... is tossed..... in glee,..... And the
from ..... a - far, ... Where the o - - - - cean mur - - - murs lie..... and dream ..... In the

waves are wild and the winds are free, Where the dash - ing spray is tossed in glee, Where the dash - ing spray is tossed in glee, And the
ves - pers sweet ech - o from a - far, Where the o - cean mur - murs lie and dream, Where the o - cean mur - murs lie and dream, In the

foam is as light..... as foam can be. } Tra la la..... A
depths where now sleeps..... ... the pearl's pale beam. } *Slower ad lib.*

foam is light as foam can be, As light as foam can be. } Tra la la..... A
depths where sleeps the pearl - y beam, Where sleeps the pearl - y beam. } *A tempo.*

Oh! a home,

A HOME ON THE RUSHING SEA. Concluded.

home on the rush - - - - ing sea,..... A home,..... a home on the rush - ing sea.

A home, a home on the rush - ing sea, A home, a home, a home on the rush - ing sea.

I'M A SHEPHERD OF THE VALLEY.

German Melody. From "Song Garden, No. 2."

mp *mf*

1. { I'm a shep - herd of the val - ley, La la la la la La la la la la; } Where the ten - der grass is growing, Where the laugh - ing wa - ters
{ With my sheep I wan - der dai - ly, La la la La la la la la. }

2. { In the fresh and dew - y morning, La la la la la La la la la la; } Wak - ing from my peaceful slumber, Loud re - sounds my cheerful
{ When the first grey light is dawning, La la la la la La la la la la. }

mp *f*

play; Where the ver - nal winds are blowing, With my flock I love to stray, La la La la la, la la la la la With my flock I love to stray.

song; Up the mountain then I clam - ber With my sheep a hap - py throng, La la la, la la la, With my sheep a happy throng.

"ONCE MORE I SHARE THE JOYS OF HOME."

SOLO. WORDS BY GEO. W. BURDETTE. *SOLO WITH VOCAL ACCOMPANIMENT.* T. F. S.

SOPRANO.

1. Once more I share the joys of home, The lov - ing heart, the smil - ing face; And, hap - ly nev - er - more to roam, I hail the old fa - mil - iar place. When smil - ing face; And, hap - ly nev - er - more to roam, I hail the old fa - mil - iar place. When dwell - ing on a for - eign shore, Or home-ward speed-ing o'er the sea, The dis - tance made me dwell - ing on a for - eign shore, Or home-ward speed - ing o'er the sea, The dis - tance made me

2. Once more my fa - ther's gladdened eyes Look on me with their old - en pride; And moth - er, as joy - tears a - rise, Now draws me si - lent to her side; And old - en pride; And moth - er, as joy - tears a - rise, Now draws me si - lent to her side; And sis - ters, broth - ers, 'round me stand, And warm and heart - felt wel - come give, While I for - get each sis - ters, broth - ers, 'round me stand. And warm and heart - felt wel - come give, While I for - get each

ALTO.

1. Once more I share the joys of home, Once more I share the joys of home, The lov - ing heart, the

2. Once more my fa - ther's glad - dened eyes, Once more my fa - ther's glad - dened eyes Look on me with their

TENOR.

BASE.

* *For the Pianoforte, Flute or other instrument.* These accompaniments should be played an octave higher.

TENOR.

love it more; Home was the dear - est word to me. Once more I share the joys of home, The

SOPRANO.

oth - er land But this, where home and loved - ones live. Once more I share the joys of home, The

ALTO.

BASE.

rit. e cres.

lov - ing heart, the smil - ing face; And hap - ly nev - er - more to roam, I hail the old fa - mil - iar place.

lov - ing heart, the smil - ing face; And hap - ly nev - er - more to roam, I hail the old fa - mil - iar place.

CRADLE SONG.

WORDS BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD."

1. O, lit-tle child, lie still and sleep, Jesus is near, Thou needst not fear; { No one need fear whom God doth keep, By day or night,
{ Then lay thee down in slumber deep, [OMIT.....] Till morning light.

2. O, lit-tle child, lie still and rest: He sweetly sleeps whom Jesus keeps, { And in the morning wake so blest His child to be;
{ Love every one but love Him best, [OMIT.....] He first loved thee.

ONCE MORE A SONG, GOOD NIGHT. W. B. BRADBURY.

Allegro. Alla Barcarolli.

1. Once more a song, a song, a song, The day is past and gone, Soon parts our hap - - py throng, our throng, When evening's com - ing

1. Once more a song, a song, The day is past and gone, Soon parts our hap - py throng, When evening's com - ing

2. Sound now the mer - ry strain, the strain, Let all our voi - ces swell, For now we part a - gain, a - gain, All hap - py, gay and

3. So a good night to all, to all, Good night, good night, good night! To all, both large and small, and small; Good night, good night to

on, coming on, When evening's coming on, And thus a - round us far, Drops all her cur - tains down, curtains down, Jewelled with many a

on, When evening's coming on, And thus a - round us far, Drops all her curtains down, Jewelled with many a

well, gay and well, Let none of us be sad—Let part-ing cause no pain; But let us all be glad, all be glad, For we shall meet a -

all, large and small, We part, but not in pain; Good night, good night, good night, We hope to meet a - gain, meet again; Good night, good night, good

HOLD FAST TO TRUTH.

MUSIC FROM THE GERMAN.

Hold fast to truth In age and youth, Shar-ing its lot cheerful-ly, Brav-ing its foes fear-less-ly, In age and youth, Hold fast to truth.

star; Good night, good night, We hope to meet a - gain, Good night, good night, good night, good night, We hope to meet again.

star; Good night, good night, We hope to meet again, Good night, good night, good night, We hope to meet a - gain.

- gain; Good night, good night, good night, good night, We hope to meet again, Good night, good night, We hope to meet a - gain.

. night, We meet a-gain, Good night,..... We hope to meet a - gain,..... We hope to meet a - gain.

"HEARTS AND HOMES."

J. M. PELTON.

Sop. *Cres.*

Hearts and homes, ... sweet words of plea - sure, Mu-sic breath - - ing as they fall;..... Making each..... the oth - ers

mp

Hearts and homes, sweet words of pleasure, Mu-sic breathing as they fall, as they fall; Making each the oth - ers

mp

mf *mp*

treas - ure, Once di - vi - - ded los - ing all,..... Homes, ye may..... be high or low - ly; Hearts a -

mp

treas - ure, Once di - vi - ded, di - vi - ded los - ing all, los - ing all, Homes, ye may be high or low - ly;

mf *mp*

"HEARTS AND HOMES." Continued.

- lone..... .... can make you ho - ly; Hav - ing love it boasteth all.

Hearts a - lone can make you ho - ly; Be the dwelling e'er so small, Hav - ing love it boasteth all. Be the dwelling e'er so small,

Be the dwelling e'er so small, Hav - ing love it boast - eth all, Be the dwelling e'er so small,

Hav - ing love it boast - eth all, Be the dwelling e'er so small, Hav - ing love it boast - eth all, Be the dwelling e'er so small,

Hav - ing love it boast - eth all ..... *mp* Hearts and homes,..... sweet words of plea - sure, Mu - sic

Hav - ing love it boast - eth all..... *mp* Hearts and homes, sweet words of plea - sure,

mp

"HEARTS AND HOMES." Concluded.

Cres. *mf*

breath - - ing as they fall;..... Mak - ing each..... the oth - ers' treas - ure, Once di - vi - ded los - ing

Mu-sic breathing as they fall, as they fall; Making each the oth - ers' treas - ure, Once di - vi - ded, los - ing

mf

mf

all,..... Words of pleasure, Mu - sic breathing as they fall, Mu - sic breathing as they fall,

mf

all, los - ing all, Hearts and homes, Hearts and homes, Words of pleasure, Mu - sic breathing as they fall, Mu - sic breathing as they fall,

mf

Cres. *ff* *Lento*

Hearts and homes, Words of treasure, Mu - sic breath - ing as they fall.....

Cres.

Hearts and homes, Words of treasure, Mu - sic breath - ing as they fall.....

Cres. *ff*

SONG OF SPRING. "The winter storms are over."

Allegro Vivace.

T. F. SEWARD.

How sweet, the birds
A - wake, A - wake

1. The win-ter storms are o - ver, Be-hold the gen-tle Spring, How sweetly now the wood-land birds, Their cho ral anthems sing. To God, the great Cre-

2. The sun-ny days are com - ing, The fields are green and fair, A - wake, let ev - ery heart a - wake, There's music ev - ery-where. To God, the great Cre-

How sweet, the birds,
A - wake, A - wake,

- a - tor Of earth and sea and skies, Who decks the world in beau - ty, Let hymns of praise a - rise. The win - ter storms are o - ver, Be-

- a - tor Of earth and sea and skies, Who decks the world in beau - ty, Let hymns of praise a - rise. The win - ter storms are o - ver, Be-

Of earth and sea and skies, Let hymns of praise a - rise,

- hold the gen-tle Spring, How sweetly now the wood-land-birds Their cho-ral an-thems sing. O hap-py, hap-py Spring - time, Thy

- hold the gen-tle Spring, How sweetly now the wood-land-birds Their cho-ral an-thems sing. O hap-py, hap-py Spring - time, Thy cheerful smile be-

How sweet, the birds. O hap - - py Spring, thy cheer - - ful

SONG OF SPRING. Concluded.

cheerful smile be - stow - ing, Thy pearly showers de - scend - ing, Thy crys-tal fountains flow, Oh how we love to see, Thy blos-soms on the

- stow - ing, Thy pear-ly showers de - scend - ing, Thy crys-tal fountains flow - ing, We love, Oh how we love to see, Thy blos-soms on the

smile be - stow, Thy crys - - tal foun - tains flow, We love, Oh how we love to see, Thy blos-soms on the

dew - y lea, And hear the ech - oes ring, Of na-ture's voi - ces blend - ing, Oh gen - tle, gen - tle spring, Thy wel-come now we sing.

dew - y lea, And hear the ech - oes ring, Of na-ture's voi - ces blend - ing, Oh gen - tle, gen - tle spring, Thy wel-come now we sing.

The win - ter storms are o - ver, Be - hold the gen - tle Spring, How sweet - ly now the wood-land birds, Their cho - ral an-thems sing.

The win - ter storms are o - ver, Be - hold the gen - tle Spring, How sweet - ly now the wood-land birds, Their cho - ral an-thems sing.

How sweet the birds.

FAREWELL, FAREWELL.

*

Cres.

1. Fare - well, fare - well, for now the greet - ing Of eve - ning bids us part; But love, which gave us meet - - ing, Shall

2. Fare - well, fare - well, Oh, joy - ful mea - sures, Oh, house, where blis - ses reign— In new and sweet - er plea - - sures, Ah,

f *Cres.* *f*

lin - ger in the heart, But love, which gave us meet - - ing, Shall lin - ger in the heart,

soon we meet a - gain, In new and sweet - er plea - - sures, Ah, soon we meet a - gain,

rit. *f* *p* *dim.*

Shall lin - - ger in the heart, We meet a - gain, We meet a - gain.

Ah, soon we meet a - gain, We meet..... a - gain, We meet a - gain.

"THE SUNBEAMS ARE GLANCING." XXX

Waltz Movement

1. The sun - beams are glanc - ing o'er for - est, and moun - tain, The hill - tops are tinged with the last fee - ble ray;
Let's dip in the stream of the bright flow - ing foun - tain, And steal its sweet vio - lets and li - lies a - way;

2. Let's go to the peak where the last sun - beam lin - gers, And gaze on the day - god as calm - ly he sinks;
The lau - rel we'll wreath with our own fai - ry . fin - gers, And rob the night - shade of the dew that it drinks;

The wild rose and myr - tle their soft leaves are clos - ing, The cow - slip is catch - ing the dew in its bell;
The ring - dove and thrush in their nests are re - pos - ing, And young leaves are sigh - ing to day - light fare-well; Fare - well; fare-

Let's go to the val - ley where dark - ness is wreath - ing, And mock the cool stream as it mur - murs a - long;
Let's count the wild flow - ers whose o - dors are breath - ing, And make hill and val - ley re - ech - o our song; Fare - well; fare-

well, To day - light fare-well; Fare-well, fare-well, to day-light fare-well; And young leaves are sigh - ing to day - light fare - well.

pp

well, To day - light fare-well; Fare-well, fare-well, to day-light fare-well; And young leaves are sigh - ing to day-light fare - well.

THE SLEIGH RIDE. XXX

FROM "SUNNYSIDE GLEE BOOK." BY PERMISSION.

Jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, Jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling,

1. How bright and clear, The moon-beams sparkle far and near, With hearts, so light, We greet this joy-ful night.

2. How swift, we go, So light-ly o'er the fros-ty snow, With friends beside, How mer-ri-ly we ride,

Jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, Jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling,

Bril-liant stars so bright-ly shin-ing, Snow-drifts up the hill-sides climb-ing, Hoofs that dance with mu-sic's chim-ing,

Bril-liant stars so bright-ly shin-ing, Snow-drifts up the hill-sides climb-ing, Hoofs that dance with mu-sic's chim-ing,

Jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, Jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling,

What a scene of gay de-light! Jin-gle go the bells so mer-ri-ly, Hap-py hearts and fa-ces beam-ing,

What a scene of gay de-light! Jin-gle go the bells so mer-ri-ly, Hap-py hearts and fa-ces beam-ing,

Jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling,

Jing - a - ling, jing - a - ling, jing - a - ling, jing - a - ling, Jing - a - ling, jing - a - ling,
Voi - ces sing - ing out so cheer - i - ly, What a joy - ful, joy - ful night. Jing - le go the

pp

Voi - ces sing - ing, out so cheer - i - ly, What a joy - ful, joy - ful night. Jing - le go the

Jing - a - ling, jing - a - ling, jing - a - ling, jing - a - ling, Jing - a - ling, jing - a - ling,

jing - a - ling, jing - a - ling, Jing - a - ling, jing - a - ling, jing - a - ling, jing - a - ling,
bells so mer - ri - ly, Hap - py hearts and fa - ces beam - ing, Voi - ces ring - ing out so cheer - i - ly,

cresc. *f*

bells so mer - ri - ly, Hap - py hearts and fa - ces beam - ing, Voi - ces ring - ing out so cheer - i - ly,

jing - a - ling, jing - a - ling, jing - a - ling, jing - a - ling, jing - a - ling, jing - a - ling,

Jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, jing, jing, jing.
What a joy - ful, joy - ful night! With hearts so light We greet this joy - ful night.

ff *ff*

What a joy - ful, joy - ful night! With hearts so light We greet this joy - ful night.

Jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, jing, jing, jing.

"O'ER CRESTED WAVES."

T. F. S.

1st time — 2nd time

1. O'er crested waves we're sail-ing, With courage still unfail-ing, As on we go, now swift now slow, Across the wondrous deep.

2. Still on with joy we're gliding, All gloomy care de - rid-ing, With fav'ring gale and trusty sail (OMIT.....) Our steady way we keep.

Inst.

Oh! what care we for rag - ing sea, Or wind that howls a - long! O'er foam - ing tide we gai - ly glide, And raise our cheer-ful song, and still pro-

Fine.

Still on with joy we're gliding, All gloom - y care de - rid - ing, With fav'ring gale and trust - y sail Our stead-y way we keep.

long our chorus strong. Still on with joy we're gliding, All gloom - y care de - rid - ing, With fav'ring gale and trust - y sail Our stead-y way we keep.

"O'ER CRESTED WAVES." Concluded.

But Hark! Hark! Hark! 'Tis the hur-ri-cane dash-ing so wild o'er the main, And dark, dark, dark Are the clouds with their fierce driving rain.

But Hark! Hark! Hark! 'Tis the hur - ri-cane dash-ing so wild o'er the main, And dark, dark, dark Are the clouds with their fierce driving rain.

Our gal - lant ves - sel la - bors cheer-i - ly, Rides unharmed through wind and through wave, While all on board are singing merrily, "Health to the sailor so

Our gal - lant ves - sel la - bors cheer-i - ly, Rides unharmed through wind and through wave, While all on board are singing, merrily, "Health to the sailor so

sfz

Now our ves - sel la - bors on While all on board sing, "Health to the sail-or so

brave." But Hark! Hark! Hark! 'Tis the hur - ri-cane dashing so wild o'er the main, And dark, dark, dark Are the clouds with their fierce driving rain.

D.C.

brave." But Hark! Hark! Hark! 'Tis the hur - ri-cane dashing so wild o'er the main, And dark, dark, dark Are the clouds with their fierce driving rain.

SAD MEMORIES.

Words by Carrie Covington. AGNES BURNEY.

1. Fai - ry like, fai - ry like o - ver my spir - it, Steal-eth re - membrance of hap - pi - er hours; Ten-der - ly, Ten - der - ly
Fai - ry like, fai - ry like

2. Graceful - ly, grace-ful - ly, down in yon mea - dow, Bend-eth the wil - low bough o - ver each grave; Blight - ed and with - ered lie

Cres.

e'en as the fra-grance, Of sweet scent - ed, fad - ed, au - tum - nal flowers; Beau- ti - ful, beau-ti - ful, all were my loved ones, Pur - er than

all the fair flow - ers, All that I most cher-ished, but could not save; Des - o - late, des - o - late, now is the hearth-stone, Drear are the

Cres. *Dim.*

lil - ies my blos - soms now sleep; Si - lent-ly, si - lent - ly, like fall - ing snow-flakes, They left me in sor - row a - lone to weep.

halls which re - ech - oed with glee, Wea - ri - ly, wea - ri - ly, pass - eth the lone hours Of wait-ing, be - lov - ed, to come to thee.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

WORDS BY JAMES MC'INTOSH. E. VOSSELLER.

1. I am think - ing, sad - ly think - ing, With a heart by care op - pressed, As the gold - en hues of sun - set slow are fad - ing in the west; As the hu - mid shades of even - ing Dark - er, close - er, gath - er round, Hid - ing all the glo - rious land - scape With a si - lent gloom pro - found.

2. Think - ing of the days of child - hood, When I lived, a hap - py boy, 'Mong the scenes a - round our home - stead, Quaff - ing draughts of pur - est joy; Ne - ver dream - ing that the fu - ture Would be - hold my plea - sures die, As the gold - en hues of sun - set Fade up - on the west - ern sky.

3. But I'll stay my sad re - pin - ing, What though sor - row's drea - ry pall Ga - ther round the drea - ry pre - sent, As the shades of eve - ning fall; Soon the day will dawn up - on me, When life's dark - some night is o'er; Whose bright sun, for - ev - er shin - ing, Bring - eth joy for - ev - er more.

Fine.

D. C.

SONG OF THE GIPSIES.

T. F. SEWARD.

Con spirito.

Sing-ing mer-ri-ly, sing-ing mer-ri-ly, Dancing in the sha-dy grove so glad and free, Naught can trouble us, Naught can trouble us,

Sing-ing mer-ri-ly, sing-ing mer-ri-ly, Dancing in the sha-dy grove so glad and free, Naught can trouble us, Naught can trouble us,

Oh! a gip-sy's life for me, for me. Not a care, free as air, Not a fear have we here, Now a-gain strike the mer-ry tam-bo-rine.

Oh! a gip-sy's life for me, for me. Not a care, free as air, Not a fear have we here, Now a-gain strike the mer-ry tam-bo-rine.

Staccato.

Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la. Sing-ing mer-ri-ly, sing-ing mer-ri-ly,

Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la. Sing-ing mer-ri-ly, sing-ing mer-ri-ly,

1st time. * 2d time.

Dancing in the sha - dy grove so glad and free, Naught can trouble us, naught can trouble us, Oh! a gipsy's life for me, for me, me, for me.

Dancing in the sha - dy grove so glad and free, Naught can trouble us, naught can trouble us, Oh! a gipsy's life for me, for me, me, for me. Tra la

Tra la la, Tra la la, Oh, a gip - sy's life for me, Tra la la, Tra la la, Oh, a

la, Tra la la, Oh, a gip - sy's life for me, Tra la la, Tra la la, Oh, a

FINE. *Do not change the time.*

gip - sy's life for me, Oh, a gip - sy's life for me. Hark! from haunts of men come sounds of

gip - sy's life for me, Oh, a gip - sy's life for me. Hark! from the haunts of men come the sounds of

Hark! from haunts of men come sounds of

* Go from here to the word "Hark," middle of the lower brace. The second ending and the next six measures are to be sung only in the Da Capo.

SONG OF THE GIPSIES. Continued.

pain - ful toil of grief and care. Sweet our life has been, as here we

sor - row, pain-ful toil, of grief and care, of grief and care. Here, sweet our life has been, Children of the

Inst.

pain - ful toil of grief and care. Sweet our life has been, as here we

wan - der, free as air. As free as air, A - way all care, O,

Sforzando.

for - est here we wan-der, free as air. As free as air, A - way all care, O,

wan - der, free as air.

here we will wan - der, ev - er free from care. Hark! from haunts of men come sounds of

here we will wan - der, ev - er free from care. Hark! from the haunts of men come the sounds of

Hark! from haunts of men come sounds of

pain - ful toil of grief and care. Sweet our life has been, as here we

Inst.

sor - row, pain-ful toil, of grief and care, of grief and care. Here, sweet our life has been, Children of the

pain - ful toil of grief and care Sweet our life has been, as here we

D. C.

wan - der free as air, As free as air, with ne'er a care, As free as air, with ne'er a care.

for - est here we wan - der free as air, As free as air, with ne'er a care, As free as air, with ne'er a care.

wan - der free as air.

"IN A NOOK SO STILL AND GREEN."

MELODY BY DONIZETTI.
FROM "SONG GARDEN, No. 3."

Finc.

D. C.

In a nook so still and green, Lovelier ham-let ne'er was seen;
O - ver - head on ridg - es high, Loft - y pines that hide the sky; Down be - low the stream flows near, And the air is mild and clear;

D. C. Earthly cares may ne'er mo - lest, In this vale, my peace - ful rest.

THE LAND WE LOVE. Chorus for the 4th of July.

WRITTEN BY GEORGE W. BIRDSEYE. T. F. SEWARD

D. C. 1. To thee be glo - ry in the com - ing years, Land we love, Land we love! By fa-thers' blood, and by our mo-thers' tears, We'll

2. Low un - to thee shall all the na - tions bow, Land we love, Land we love! Co - lum -bia's sons shall tru - ly keep their vow; All

Fine.

stand by thee, Oh! land we love! ..... When we shat - ter'd the sword of England's might, Freedom called this dear

lands shall praise thee, Land we love! Oh! land we love. Now the Heav'ns kind - ly bend to thy embrace, While the starr'd skies thy

D. C.

land her own; And the darkness gave place to gold - en light, For through the clouds, oh! land we love, The stars of glo - ry shone!

banners are; May the God of our na - tion show His grace, And spread His all - pro - tect - ing arm A - bove each State and Star!

THE TEMPLE CHOIR.

AINCOURT. L. M. XX

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. The praise of Zi - on waits for thee, Great God! and praise becomes thy house; There shall thy saints thy glo - ry see, And there perform their public vows.

2. O thou whose mercy bends the skies, To save when humble sinners pray, All lands to thee shall lift their eyes, And grate-ful isles of ev - ery sea.

3. Soon shall the flocking nations run To Zi - on's hill, and own their Lord; The ris - ing and the set - ting sun Shall see the Savior's name a-dored.

AMERICAN CHANT. L. M. XX

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. God of my life! through all my days My grateful powers shall sound thy praise; The song shall wake with opening light, And warble to the si - lent night.

2. When anxious care would break my rest, And grief would tear my throbbing breast, The tuneful prai-ses raised on high, Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

ALLING. L. M. X

T. F. SEWARD.

With firmness and dignity.

1. Kingdoms and thrones to God be - long; Crown him ye na - tions, in your song; His wondrous name and power re-hearse, His hon-ors shall en - rich your verse.

2. God is our shield, our joy, our rest; God is our King, pro - claim him blest; When terrors rise, when na - tions faint, He is the strength of eve - ry saint.

ASHWELL. L. M. XX

DR. L. MASON.

Rather slow.

1. When we, our wearied limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream, We wept, with doleful tho' ts oppress'd, And Zi - on was our mournful theme.
2. Our harps that, when with joy we sung, Were wont their tuneful parts to bear, With silent strings neglect - ed hung On wil-low trees that withered there.

ASHTON. L. M. XXX

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Come, let us sing with glad ac-cord, The goodness of our gracious Lord: Come, bless his name and joyful raise, Loud hal-le - lu-jahs to his praise, Loud hal-le - lu - jahs to his praise.

2. O Lord, descend from heav'n, thy throne, And claim this building as thine own; Our joy and glory let it be, That we have reared it here for thee, That we have reared it here for thee.

AIKMAN. L. M. 6 lines. XXX

In steady time, but not too mechanically.

1. And art thou, gracious Master gone, A man-sion to pre-pare for me? Shall I be-hold thee on thy throne, And there for-ev-er, sit with thee?
2. Should I, to gain the world's applause, Or to es-cape its harm-less frown, Re-fuse to love and plead thy cause, And make thy peo-ple's lot my own—
3. No, let the world cast out my name, And vile account me, if they will; If to con-fess the Lord be shame, I pur-pose to be vil-er still;

Then let the world approve or blame, I'll tri-umph in thy glo-rious name.
What shame would fill me in that day, When thou thy glo-ry wilt dis-play.

For thee, my God, I all re-sign, Con-tent, if I can call thee mine.

ANSONIA. L. M. XX *

1. Dear is the spot where Chris-tians sleep, And sweet the strains their spir-its pour, O why should we in anguish weep? They are not lost, but gone be-fore, They are not lost, but gone be-fore.
2. Safe now from eve-ry mor-tal care, By sin and sor-row vexed no more, E-ter-nal hap-pi-ness they share, They are not lost, but gone be-fore, They are not lost, but gone be-fore.

ALDERWAY. L. M. ×

GEO. F. ROOT. FROM THE "DIAPASON."

1. Re - turn, my soul, and sweet-ly rest On thy almight - y Father's breast; The bounties of his grace a - dore, And count his wondrous mercies o'er.

2. Thy mercy, Lord, preserved my breath, And snatched my fainting soul from death; Removed my sorrows, dried my tears, And saved me from sur-round-ing snares.

AMES. L. M. ××

FROM "CARMINA SACRA."

1. God in his earth-ly tem-ple, lays Foun-da-tion for his heavenly praise; He likes the tents of Ja-cob well, But still in Zi-on loves....to dwell.

ALVAR. L. M. ××

NAOMI.

Bold and spirited.

1. Wake, O my soul, and hail the morn, For un-to us a Sav-ior's born; See how the an-gels wing their way, To ush-er in the joy-ful day.

2. Hark! what sweet music, what a song, Sounds from the bright celestial throng. Sweet song, whose melting sounds impart, Joy to each raptured, list-'ning heart.

AUSTINBURG. L. M. XX

1. Stand up, my soul! shake off thy fears, And gird the gos - pel ar - mor on; March to the gates of endless joy, Where Je - sus, thy great Cap - tain's gone.

2. Hell and thy sin re - sist thy course, But hell and sin are vanquished foes; Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross, And sung the tri - umph when he rose.

ARCHDALE. L. M. XX

GEO. M. MONROE.

I spread my sins be-fore the Lord, And all my se - cret faults con-fess; Thy gospel speaks a pardoning word, Thy Ho-ly Spi - rit seals the grace.

AYRTOUN. L. M. XX

1. Come, O my soul! in sacred lays, Attempt thy great Cre - a - tor's praise. But O what tongue can speak his fame! What mortal verse can reach the theme!

2. Raised on devotion's lof - ty wing, Do thou, my soul, his glo - ries sing; And let his praise employ thy tongue, The listening worlds shall join the song.

BARNARD. L. M. ×× —

J. H. TENNEY.

Moderato Maestoso.

2. Let loft-y songs, let boundlest joy, Our noblest powers of praise employ, Let art her high-est skill as-sign, To swell the har-mo-ny di-vine.

2. Loud let the peal-ing organ's lays, Pour forth the burst-ing song of praise; Tim-brel and harp may best ac-cord Triumph and hon-or to the Lord.

3. Let nature's voice a-loud proclaim, The greatness of Je-ho-vah's name; From earth let high ho-san-nas rise; Let hal-le-lu-jahs fill the skies.

BELDEN. L. M. ×

T. F. S.

1. O that I could for-ev-er dwell, De-light-ed, at the Sav-ior's feet, Be-hold the form I love so well, And all his ten-der words re-peat.

2. Thus would I live till na-ture fail, And all my for-mer sins for-sake; Then rise to God with-in the vail, And of e-ter-nal joys par-take.

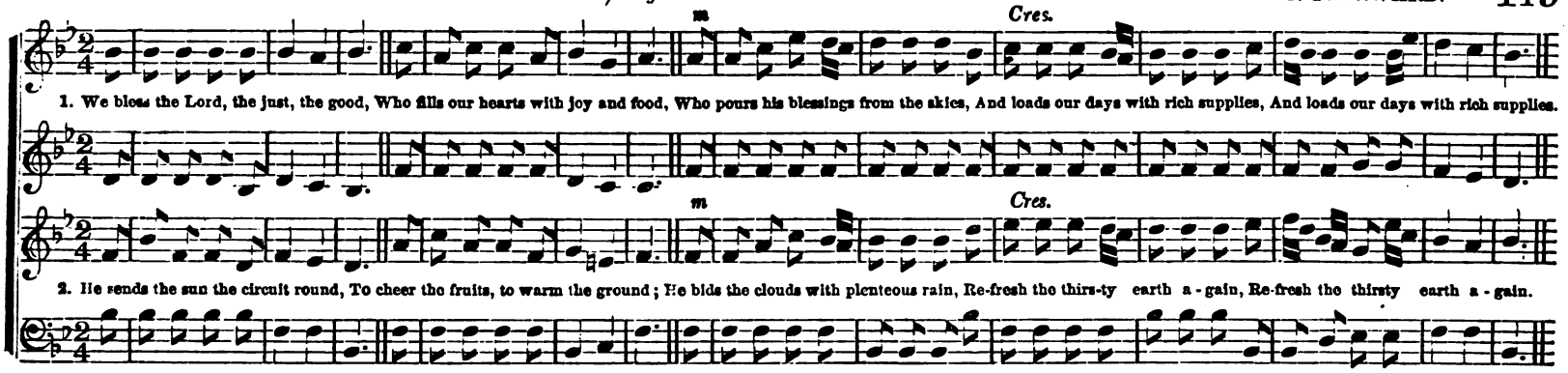
BECKFORD. L. M. ××

A BEAUTIFUL GERMAN MELODY.

Legato.

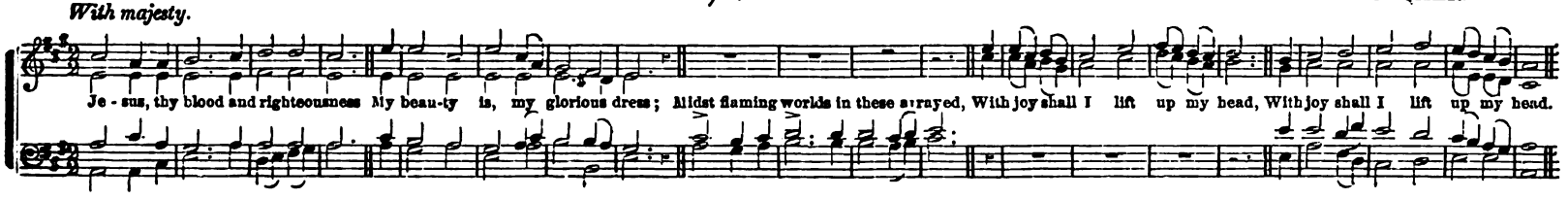
1. How vain is all be-neath the skies! How transient ev-ery earth-ly bliss! How slen-der all the fond-est ties That bind us to a world like this.

BOLAND. L. M. ××



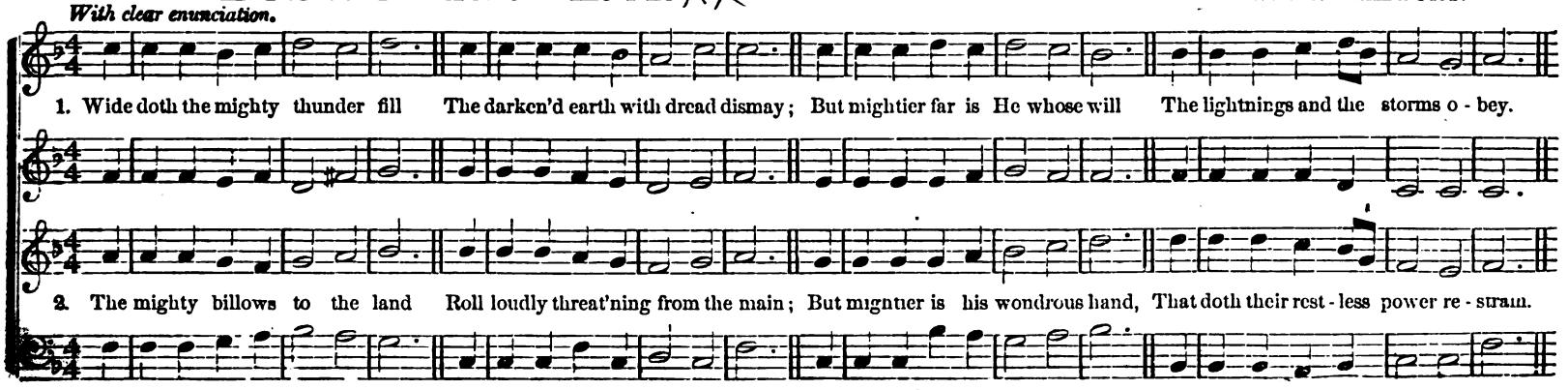
BRANTFORD. L. M. ××

WM. U. BUTCHER.



BOSWORTH. L. M. ××

WM. B. BRADBURY.



RAYTON. L. M. XX

1. Dear is the spot where Christians sleep, And sweet the strains their spirits pour; Oh, why should we in an-guish weep? They are not lost, but gone be-fore.

2. To Zi-on's peaceful courts a-bove, In faith tri-umphant may we soar, Em-brac-ing, in the arms of love, The friends not lost, but gone be-fore.

BURNHAM. L. M. XX

S. A. BANCROFT.
From "HALLELUJAH."

1. Up to the fields where an-gels lie, And liv-ing wa-ters gent-ly roll, Fain would my thoughts ascend on high, But sin hangs heav-y on my soul.

BILSER. L. M. XX

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Why should we weep for those who die, Those blessed ones who weep no more? Je-sus hath called them to the sky, And glad-ly have they gone be-fore.

2. But still with borrowed lus-tre glow, Sav-ior, the beams are on-ly thine, Of saints a-bove or saints be-low.

BLOOMFIELD CHANT. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From the "KEYNOTE."

Staccato.

1. Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim Salvation in Immanuel's name; To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the rose of Sharon there, And plant the rose of, &c.

2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With holy zeal your hearts inspire; Bid raging winds their fury cease, And calm the savage breast to peace, And calm the savage, &c.

BOWEN. L. M.

HAYDN.

Legato.

Come, weary souls, with sin distressed, Come, and accept the prom-ised rest; The Sav-iors gra-cious call o-bey, And cast your gloomy fears a-way.

BURNEY. L. M.

T. F. SEWARD. From the "PSALM KING," by permission.

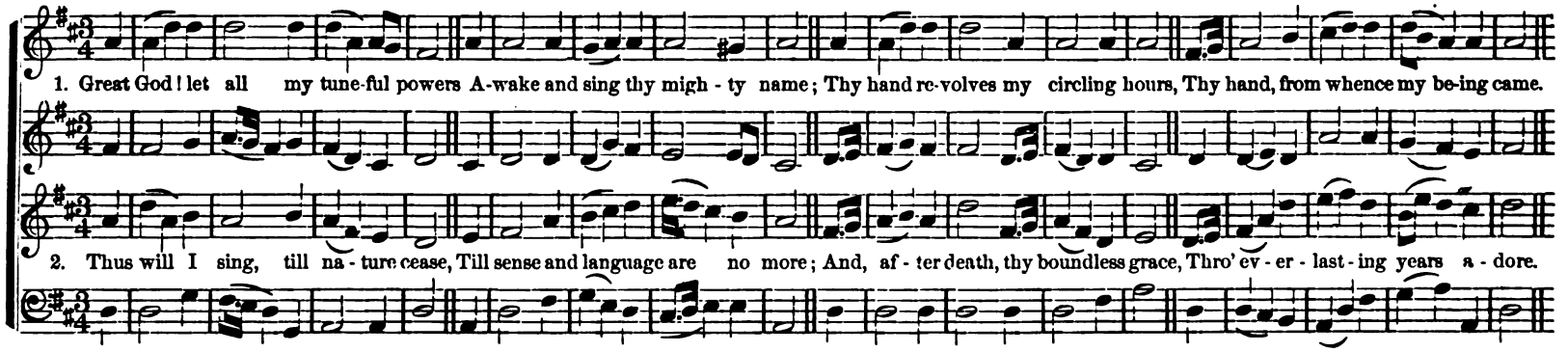
With energy.

1. Give thanks to God, he reigns above, Kind are his thoughts, his word is love; His mercy a-ges past have known, And ages long to come shall own.

2. Oh, let the saints with joy re-cord The truth and goodness of the Lord; How great his works, how kind his ways, Let eve-ry tongue pronounce his praise.

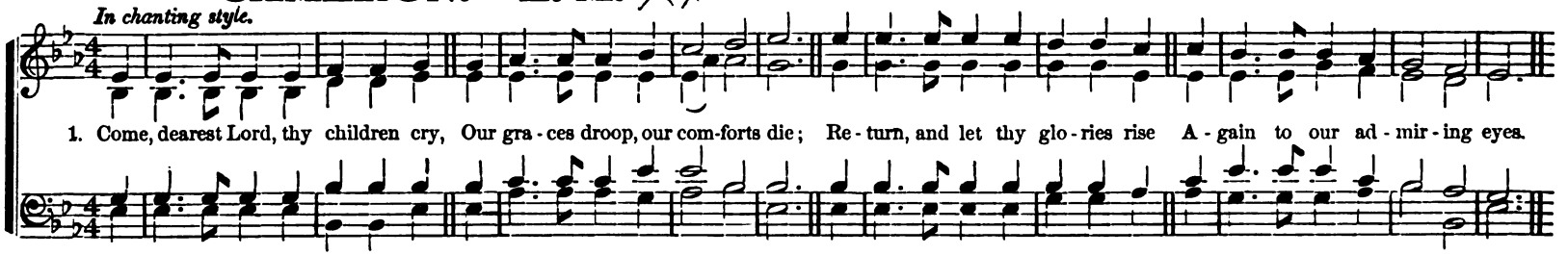
COURT STREET. L. M. XX

T. J. COOK. By permission.



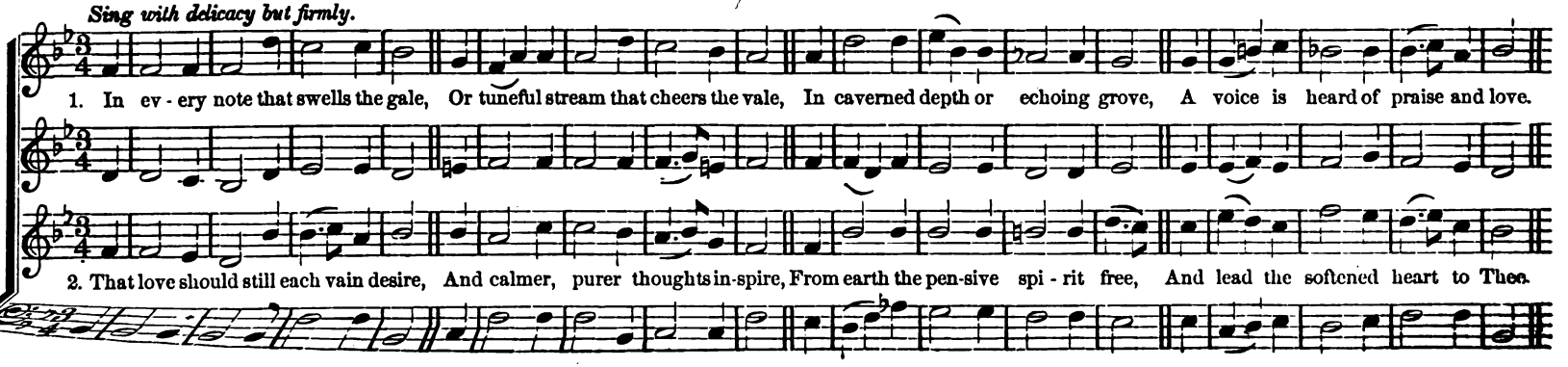
CAMERON. L. M. XX

In chanting style.



CONSTANTINE. L. M. XX

Sing with delicacy but firmly.



CANASTOGA. L. M. No. 1.

With great energy. *These two tunes may be rung in connection as one descriptive piece.*

1. Now for a tune of loft-y praise, To great Je-ho - vah's e - qual Son; A - wake, my voice, in heavenly lays; Sing all the wonders he has done.

2. Among a thousand harps and songs, Jesus the God ex-alt - ed reigns, His sa - cred name fills all their tongues, And echoes thro' the heavenly plains.

CANASTOGA. L. M. No. 2.

Slowly and softly. *a tempo. ff*

3. Deep in the shades of gloomy death, Th' almighty cap-tive prisoner lay; Th'almigh-ty cap-tive left the earth, And rose to ev - er-last-ing day.

3. Deep in the shades of gloom - y death, Th'almighty cap-tive prisoner lay; Th' almighty cap-tive left the earth, And rose to ev - er-last-ing day.

COPERNICUS. L. M.

1. I love the Lord who died for me, I love his grace di-vine and free; I love his word, for there I read, That He loved me, and for me bled.
2. I love his peo-ple and their ways, I love with them to pray and praise; I love the Fa-ther and the Son; I love the Spir-it he sent down.

CINTRA. L. M. XX

WM. B. BRADBURY.
MONT CLAIR. June 3d 1867.

With Dignity.

1. Our Lord is ris - en from the dead, Our Je - sus is gone up on high, The powers of hell are cap-tive led, Dragged to the por-tals of the sky.

2. There his tri-umph-al chariot waits, And an-gels chant the sol - emn lay; Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates, Ye ev - er - last-ing doors give way.

CELESTIS. L. M. XX

J. D. VINTON.

1. What va-rious hin-dran - ces we meet, In com-ing to a mer-cy seat; Yet who that knows the want of prayer, But wish-es to be of - ten there.

CEDAR-VALE. L. M. 6 lines. XX

FROM THE "DIAPASON."

Fine. *D. C.*

My Sav - ior, thou thy love to me, In want, in pain, in shame, hast shown, For me up - on th' ac-curs-ed tree, Didst by thy precious death a - tone;
D. C. Thy death up - on my heart im-press, That noth - ing may it thence e - rase.

CONFIDENCE. L. M. XXX

Con brio.

1. As when the weary traveller gains, The height of some commanding hill, His heart re - vives if o'er the plains He sees his home, tho' dis - tant still.

Cres. *Cres.*

2. So when the Christian pil-grim views By faith his man-sion in the skies, The sight his strength a - gain re-news, And wings his speed to reach the prize.

CALLICOON. L. M. XXX

DR. LOWELL MASON.

p *f*

1. Ah! hap - py hours, whene'er up-springs My soul to yon e - ter - nal source; And whence the riv - er down-ward sings, And fills with good - ness all my course.
2. Our faith shall rise to sight ere long; Soon will that hour of trans-port come, When we shall join the an - gel's song Of praise to him who brought us home.

CARSON. L. M. XX—

J. H. T.

With energy.

1 Servants of God! in joy - ful lays, Sing ye the Lord Je - hovah's praise; His glorious name let all a - dore, From age to age for - ev - er - more, From age to age for - ev - er - more.

2. Blest be that name, supremely blest, From the sun's ris-ing to its rest; Above the heavens its pow'r is known, Thro' all the earth his goodness shone, Thro' all the earth its goodness shone.

DIGHTON. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Gracefully

1. While foes are strong and danger near, A voice falls gen-tly on my ear; My Saviour speaks, he says to me, That "as my days my strength shall be."

2. With such a prom - ise need I fear, For all that now I hold most dear? No: I will nev - er anxious be, For "as my days my strength shall be."

3. And when at last I'm called to die, Still on this promise I'll re - ly; Yes, Lord, I then will trust in thee, That "as my days my strength shall be."

DUNDAFF. L. M.

ARR. FROM SCHUMANN.

rit.

O thou, who hast at thy command The hearts of all men in thy hand! Our wayward, err - ing hearts in - cline, To know no oth - er will but thine.

DETMOLD. L. M.

*

1. How vain is all beneath the skies! How transient ev - ery earthly bliss! How slender all the fondest ties, That bind us to a world like this.

2. But tho' earth's fairest blossoms die, And all be - neath the skies is vain; There is a land, whose confines lie, Be-yond the reach of care and pain.

3. Then let the hope of joys to come, Dis - pel our cares, and chase our fears: If God be ours, we're traveling home, Tho' passing through a vale of tears.

DARMER. L. M. Double. X

1. Oh, hallowed is the land, and blest Where Christ the rul - er is con - fess'd; Oh, hap-py hearts, and happy homes, To which the great Redeem- er comes.

2. Fling wide the portals of your heart: Make it a tem - ple set a - part From earthly use, for heaven's employ, Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy.

Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates! Behold, the King of glo - ry waits: The King of kings is drawing near; The Savior of the world is here.

Re - deemer, come! I open wide My soul to thee; here, Lord, abide! Thankful and glad my soul I raise, And give to thee a life of praise.

DILL. L. M. XX

With great firmness.

Lord, I will bless thee all my days; Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue: My soul shall glory in thy grace, While saints re - joice to hear the song.

DINSMORE. L.M. XX

1. Oh, sweet-ly breathe the lyres a-bove, When angels touch the quiv'ring strings, And wake to chant Immanuel's love, Such strains as angel-lips can sing.

2. And sweet, on earth, the cho - ral swell, From mortal tongues, of glad-some lays; When pardoned souls their raptures tell, And, grateful, hymn Immanuel praise.

DOUBLEDAY. L. M. XX

The Lord the lone - ly cap-tive cheers; The Lord dries up the mourner's tears, Binds eve-ry wound, bursts eve-ry chain, And helps when oth-er help is vain.

Smoothly.

DARLING. L M. XX

WM. B. BRADBURY. FROM "ECLECTIC TUNE BOOK."

1. Fa-ther! I would not seek to know The num-ber of my earth-ly hours, Nor if the path that I must go Be paved with thorns, or strown with flowers.

2. It is e-nough for me to see My all is governed by thy will, And that which I re - ceive from thee Has been, and will be kind - ness still.

3. But this I would for ev - er pray, And this I can - not be de-nied, That whether dark or bright the way, Thy Spi-rit would my spi - rit guide.

DUDLEY CHANT. L. M. XX

1. Let me be with thee where thou art, My Savior, my e - ter - nal rest; Then on - ly will this longing heart Be ful - ly and for - ev - er blest.

2. Let me be with thee where thou art, Where none can die, where none remove: There neither death nor life will part Me from thy presence and thy love.

DEWITT. L. M. XX

F. H. SMITH.

Oh! hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Savior and my God, Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its raptures all a - broad.

DURRIGAN. L. M. XX

1. The Lord is King! Lift up thy voice, O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice! From world to world the joy shall ring; "The Lord omnip-o - tent is King."

2. The Lord is King! who then shall dare Resist his will, distrust his care? Ho - ly and true are all his ways, Let eve - ry creature speak his praise.

DOYLE. L. M.

H. HARDING.

Smoothly.

1. Come, weary souls, with sin distressed, Come, and ac - cept the promised rest, The Sa - vior's gracious call o - bey, And cast your gloomy fears a-way.

2. Oppressed with guilt, a pain - ful load, Oh, come and bow be - fore your God! Di - vine com-pas-sion, migh-ty love Will all the painful load remove.

DORCAS. L. M.

No more, my God, I boast no more, Of all the du - ties I have done; I quit the hopes I held be-fore, To trust the mer-its of thy Son.

DAWES. L. M.

J. M. PELTON.

With cheerful expression.

1. Hasten, O Lord, that hap-py time, That dear, ex - pec-ted, blessed day! When men of eve - ry race and clime, The Savior's precepts shall o - bey.

2. From east to west, from north to south, Im-manu-el's kingdom shall ex - tend; And eve-ry man, in every face, Shall see a bro-ther and a friend.

DOLBEAR. L. M. XX

1. Go to his grave, but not to weep, Nor bathe with tears his ear - ly tomb; That precious seed will an-gels keep, Till thence the immortal flow'r shall bloom.

2. Go to his grave, but not to mourn That he was once so fair, so bright; A form far lov - lier shall be borne, From that low bed to bless thy sight.

3. Go to his grave, to of - fer there, As laid on thy Re-deem -er's shrine, That love-ly flow'r, thy first born fair, And say, "He was not ours, but thine."

DRISTAN. L. M. XXX

J. H. TENNEY

Dear is the spot where Christians sleep, And sweet the strain which angels pour; O! why should we in an-guish weep? They are not lost but gone be - fore.

DEVOTION. L. M. XXX

T. E. PERKINS. By permission.

1. Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone, Let my re - li-gious hours a - lone; Fain would mine eyes a Sav - ior see; I wait a vis - it, Lord, from thee.

2. O warm my heart with ho - ly fire, And kin-dle there a pure de - sire; Come, sa-cred Spir - it from a - bove, And fill my soul with heaven-ly love.

3. Blest Sav-ior, what de - li - cious fare; How sweet thy en-ter - tainments are; Nev - er did an - gels taste a - bove, Redeem-ing grace and dy - ing love.

EICHBERG. L. M.

1. From age to age exalt his name, Whose love and grace are still the same; The hungry souls he fills with food, And feeds the poor with every good, And feeds the poor with ev - ery good.

2. May all the sons of men record, The wondrous goodness of the Lord! How great his works, how kind his ways! Let every tongue pronounce his praise, Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

EVENING HYMN. L. M.

TALLIS.

Chanting style.

Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light; Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Beneath the sha-dow of thy wings.

ELMENDORF. L. M.

T. F. S. By permission of F. J. Huntington & Co.

With feeling.

1. Ah! wretched, vile, un-grate - ful heart, That can from Je - sus thus de - part; Thus fond of tri - fles, vain - ly rove, For-get - ful of a Sa - vior's love.

2. O let thy love, with sweet con-trol, Bind ev - ery pas - sion of my soul; Bid ev - ery vain de - sire de - part, And dwell for - ev - er in my heart.

ELDERKIN. L. M. X

1. What sinners va - lue I re - sign; Lord, 'tis en-ough that thou art mine; I shall be-hold thy blissful face, And stand complete in right-eous-ness.

2. This life's a dream, an emp-ty show; But the bright world to which I go, Hath joys sub-stan - tial and sincere; When shall I wake and find me there.

ERNAN. L. M. XX

DR. L. MASON.

Breathe, Holy Spirit, from a - bove, Un-til our hearts with fer - vor glow: O kindle there a Savior's love, True sympathy with hu - man woe.

EVEREST. L. M. or 8s & 4s. XX

AGNES BURNEY.

1. Come, dearest Lord! descend and dwell, By faith and love in eve-ry breast; Then shall we know and taste and feel, The joys that can not be expressed.

2. Now to the God, whose power can do More than our thought, and wishes know, Be e-ver-last - ing honors done, By all the church through Christ his Son.

3 & 4. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for wea - ry pilgrims found; They softly lie and sweetly sleep, ... Low in the ground.

FORMOSA. L. M. XX

With vigor.

T. F. S.

1 Arise! arise! with joy survey, The glory of..... the lat-ter day;..... Already is the dawn began Which marks at hand a rising sun.

2 Behold the way! ye heralds cry: Spare not, but lift.....your voices high,..... Convey the sound from place to place; Glad tidings, to the captive race.

FOLSOM. L. M. X

*

My drooping soul, with grief op-pres'd, Whence those wild tumults in my breast? Is there no balm to heal my wound? No kind physician to be found?

FONDA. L. M. XX

*

1. While foes are strong, and danger near, A voice falls gently on my ear, My Savior speaks, he says to me, That "as my days my strength shall be."

2. With such a prom-ise need I fear For all that now I hold most dear? No: I will nev-er anxious be, For "as my days my strength shall be."

3. And when at last I'm called to die, Still on this promise I'll re-ly; Yes, Lord, I then will trust in thee, That "as my days my strength shall be."

GRANVILLE. L. M. XX—

With animation.

1. Awake, my soul! lift up thine eyes; See where thy foes a-gainst thee rise, In long ar - ray a numerous host; A-wake, my soul, or thou art lost.

2. Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground; Per-ils and snares be-set thee round; Beware of all; guard ev-ery part; But most, the trai-tor in thy heart.

GERMANY. L. M. XXX

From Beethoven.

O where is now that glow-ing love That marked our union with the Lord? Our hearts were fix'd on things a-bove, Nor could the world a joy af - ford.

GILMAN. L. M. XX

From "Asaph."

Adagio. mp — *mp* — *m. Cres.* — *Dim. mp*

1. There is a stream, whose gentle flow Supplies the ci - ty of our God; Life, love, and joy, still glid-ing thro', And watering our di - vine a - bode.

2. That sa-cred stream, thine holy word, Our grief al - lays, our fear con - trols; Sweet peace thy prom-ises af - ford, And give new strength to fainting souls.

3. Zi - on en - joys her mon-arch's love, Se-cure a - gainst a threatening hour; Nor can her firm found - a-tion move, Built on his truth and armed with power.

HARMONY CHANT. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY. FROM "JUBILEE."

[Commence with tones slightly aspirated, increasing in clearness and intensity to the end.]

1. Behold th'expected time draw near, The shades disperse, the dawn appear! Behold the wilderness assume The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom, The beauteous tints, &c.

2. Events with prophecies conspire To raise our faith, our zeal to fire: The ripening fields, already white, Present a harvest to the sight, Present a harvest to the sight.

HARMONY GROVE. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

Slow.

My God, how end - less is thy love; Thy gifts are ev - ery eve - ning new; And morning mer - cies from a - bove, Gen-tly des-cend like ear - ly dew.

HARRINGTON. L. M.

T. F. S. FROM THE "NEW YORK MUSICAL GAZETTE."

Maestoso.

1. Praise ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise Your hearts and voi - ces in his praise; His nature and his works in - vite, To make this du - ty our de - light.

2. Sing to the Lord; ex - alt him high, Who spreads the clouds a - long the sky; There he prepares the fruit-ful rain, Nor lets the drops des-cend in vain.

HERALD. L. M. X

T. C. COOK.

FROM THE "OLIVE BRANCH." BY PERMISSION.

With spirit.

1. Ye Christian heralds, go pro - claim Sal - va - tion in Im - manuel's name; To distant climes the ti - dings bear, And plant the rose of Sha - ron there.

2. Triumphant Zi - on, lift thy head From dust, and darkness, and the dead! Tho' humbled long, a - wake at length, And gird thee with thy Savior's strength.

3. Put all thy beauteous garments on, And let thy ex - cel-lence be known; Deck'd in the robes of righteous - ness, Thy glories shall the world con - fess.

HARTEL. L. M. XX

DR. L. MASON. FROM "THE HALLELUJAH."

Slowly.

Be - hold, a stranger at the door: He gently knocks, has knock'd before; Has waited long, is wait-ing still: You treat no oth - er friend so ill.

HOLLISTER. L. M. XX

T. F. SEWARD.

Animato.

1. Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav - ior and my God! Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad.

2. Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows To him, who mer - its all my love? Let cheerful an - thems fill his house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.

[illegible]MAN. L. M. 6 lines. XX

GEO. J. [illegible]

1. A - wake the trumpet's lof - ty sound, To spread your sacred pleasures round; Awake each voice, and strike each string, And his eter - nal praises

2. Let all whom life and breath inspire, Attend and join the bliss-ful choir; But chiefly ye, who know his word, Adore, and love and praise the

HAMWORTH. L. M. XXX

T. F. SEWARD.

Unison.

sing, Awake each voice, and strike each string, And his e - ter - nal prais-es sing.

Lord, But chiefly ye, who know his word, Adore, and love and praise the Lord.

f With vigor.

1. Now let our faith with joy..... sur - vey The

2. Be - hold the way! ye her - alds cry; Spare

Cres *m* *Cres.*

glo - ries of the lat - - ter day; Its dawn alread - y is be-gun, Its dawn al- rea- dy is be - gun, Sure ear - nest of a ris - ing sun.

[illegible] sound from shore to shore, Convey the sound from shore to shore, And bid the cap - tive sigh no mo[illegible]

INIGO. L. M. XXX

WM. MASON.

1. When soft the dews of kind - ly sleep, My wea-ried eye-lids gent - ly steep, Be my last thought, how sweet to rest, For - ev - er on my Sa - vior's breast.

2. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out thee I can-not live; A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out thee I dare not die.

ISLINGTON. L. M. XX—

DR. L. MASON.

1. "We've no a - bid - ing cit - y here," Sad truth were this to be our home, But let this thought our spirits cheer, "We seek a cit - y yet to come."
2. "We've no a - bid - ing cit - y here," We seek a cit - y out of sight; Zi - on its name, the Lord is there, It shines with ev - er - last -ing light.

ISABEL. L. M. XXX

DARIUS E. JONES.

1. Awake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Redeem-er's praise; He justly claims a song from me: His lov - ing kind-ness, O! how free! His lov - ing kind-ness, O! how free.

2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not-withstanding all: He saved me from my lost estate: His lov - ing kind - ness, O! how great! His lov - ing kind - ness, O! how great!

3. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale, Soon all my mor- tal powers must fail; O may my last ex - piring breath, His lov - ing kind-ness sing in death, His lov - ing kind -ness sing in death.

LAURUS. L. M. XXX

G. F. R. From the DIAPASON.

1. Still evening comes, with gentle shade, Sweet har - bin - ger of balm - y rest From toilsome hours and anxious thoughts Re-volv - ing in the pen-sive breast.

2. Re - ful - gent day in dark - ness sets; The nois - y crowds are hushed in sleep; Harsh sounds to gentle murmurs turn, As o'er the fields the zephyrs sweep.

LISTA. L. M. XX

From "ASAPH.".

With energy, but not too fast.

Praise ye the Lord—let praise employ, In his own courts, your songs of joy; The spacious firmament around Shall echo back the joyful sound, Shall echo back the joyful sound.

LOW. L. M. X

WM. B. BRADBURY. From the KEY NOTE.

Allegro. Bold and spirited.

1. Bless, O my soul! the living God, Call home thy thoughts that rove a-broad, Let all thy powr's with-in me join, In work and worship so di - vine.

2. Bless, O my soul! the God of grace; His fa-vors claim thy high-est praise; Why should the wonders he hath wrought, Be lost in silence and for - got?

LINDHURST. L. M. XX

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. My heart is fixed on thee, my God, Thy sacred truth I'll spread a-broad; My soul shall rest on thee a-lone, And make thy lov - ing kind-ness known.

2. With those who in thy grace a-bound, I'll spread thy fame the earth a-round; Till ev-ery land, with thankful voice, Shall in thy ho - ly name re-joice.

LEWISBURG. L. M. XX

W. U. BUTCHER.

Gently.

From ev-ery storm-y wind that blows, From ev-ery swell-ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re-treat— 'Tis found beneath the mer-cy seat.

LEOMINSTER. L. M. Double. XX

Fine. *D. C.*

1. { How vain is all be-neath the skies! How transient ev-ery earth-ly bliss! }
{ How slend-er all the fond-est ties, That bind us to a world like this! } The evening cloud, the morning dew, The withering grass, the fad-ing flower,
D. C. Of earth-ly hopes are emblems true—The glo-ry of a pass-ing hour.

2. { But though earth's fairest blossoms die, And all be-neath the skies is vain; }
{ There is a land whose con-fines lie, Be-yond the reach of care and pain. } Then let the hope of joys to come, Dis-pel our cares and chase our fears:
D. C. If God be ours, we're traveling home, Tho' passing through a vale of tears.

MARGUEDOC. L. M. XXX

T. F. SEWARD.
FROM THE "PSALM KING." BY PERMISSION.

SOLO.

1. O that I could for-ev - er dwell, De-light-ed at the Sav - ior's feet; Be-hold the form I love so well, And all his ten - der words re-peat.

1. O that I could for-ev-er dwell, Delighted at the Savior's feet; Behold the form I love so well, And all his ten - der words re - peat.

2. The world shut out from all my soul, And heav'n brought in with all its bliss; Oh! is there aught from pole to pole, One moment to com-pare with this?

MOSIER. L. M. XXX

J. H. TENNEY.

Legato.

There is a stream whose gen - tle flow, Sup-plies the cit - y of our God; Life, love, and joy still glid - ing thro', And wa - tering our di - vine a - bode.

MINONA. L. M. XXX

T. F. S.
FROM THE "OLIVE BRANCH." BY PERMISSION.

Gently.

1. O, that my load of sin were gone, O, that I could at last sub-mit At Jesus' feet to lay it down, To lay my soul at Je - sus' feet.

2. Rest for my soul I long to find: Sav-ior of all, if mine thou art, Give me thy meek and low-ly mind, And stamp thine im-age on my heart.

OLA. L. M. XX–

WM. MASON. From ASAPH.

1. From every stormy wind that blows, From ev - ery swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure retreat, T'is found beneath the mer - cy seat.

2. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend, Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet, Around one common mer - cy seat!

3. O! let my hand for-get her skill, My tongue be silent cold, and still, This throbbing heart for-get to beat, If I forget the mer - cy seat.

ORIEL. L. M. XXX

Slow and gentle. *Rit. ad lib.*

1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for wea-ry pil-grims found: They soft-ly lie, and sweet-ly sleep, Low in the ground, Low in the ground.

ORINDA. L. M. XX–

J. H. T.

1. Be still, my heart! these anxious cares To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares; They cast dishon-or on thy Lord, And con-tra - dict his gracious word.

2. Brought safely by his hand thus far, Why wilt thou now give place to fear? How canst thou want if he pro - vide, Or lose thy way with such a guide?

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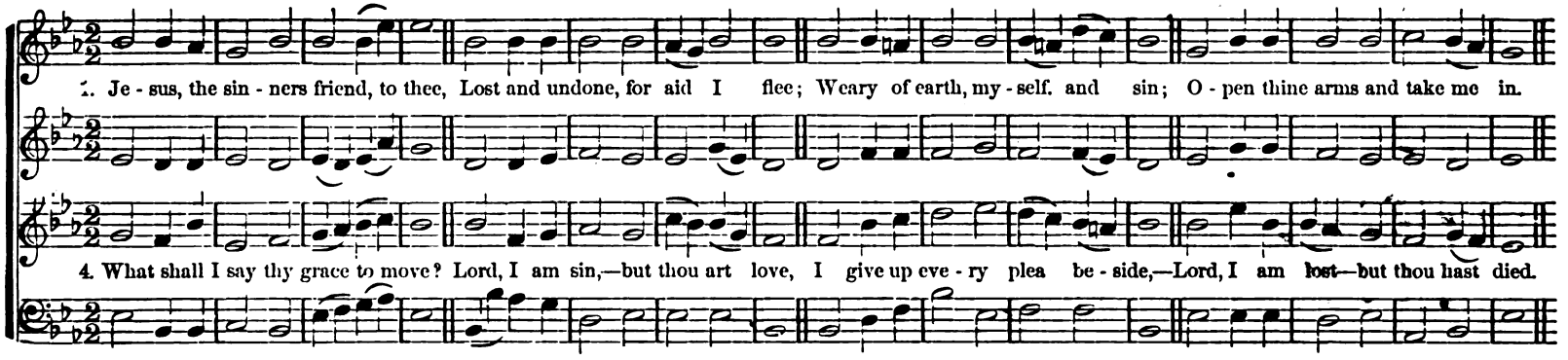
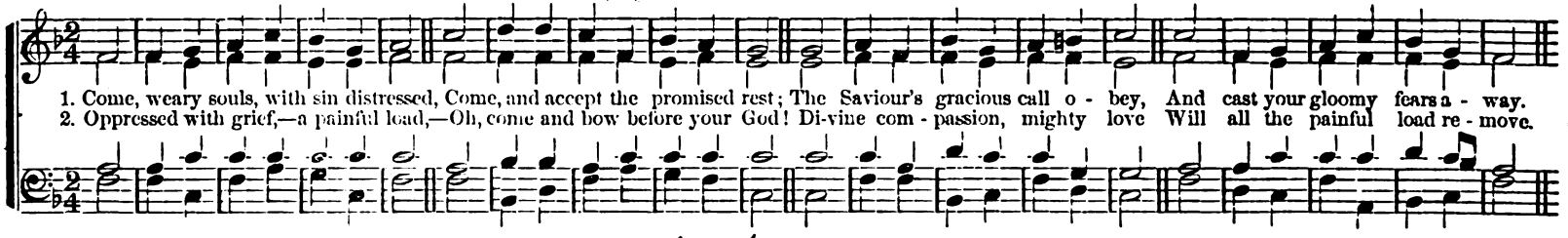
PACKER. L. M. X/

HUBERT P. MAIN.



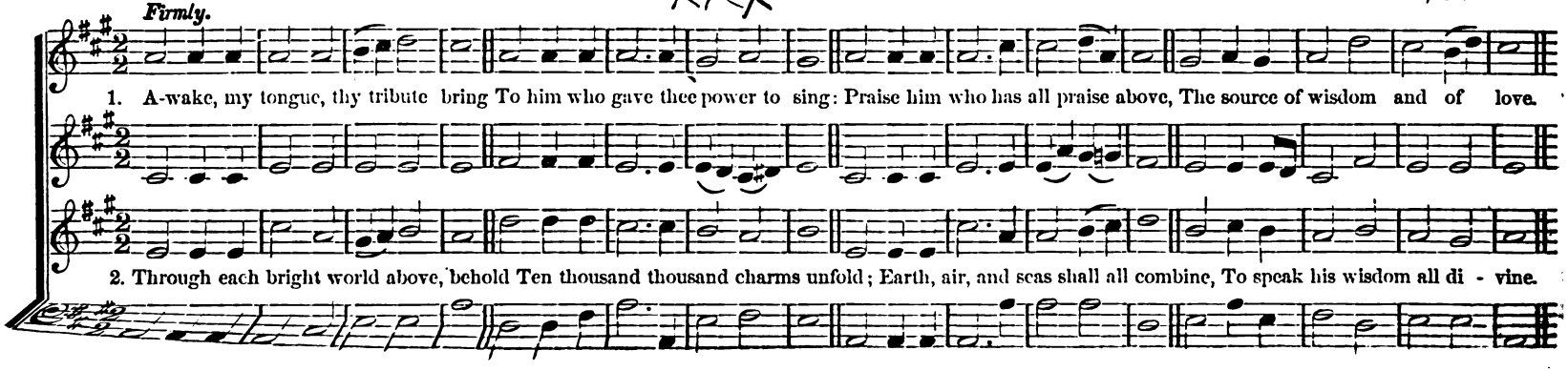
PAYSON. L. M. XX

F. H. SMITH.



PITTSFORD. L. M. XXX

H. HUNTLY, Jr.



SOUTHINGTON. L. M.

WM. MASON.

1. Thro' ev - ery age, e - ter - nal God, Thou art our rest, our safe..... a - bode; High was thy throne ere heav'n was made, Or earth thy hum - ble footstool laid.

2. Long hadst thou reign'd ere time began, Or dust was fashioned in - to man: And long thy kingdom shall en - dure, When earth and time shall be no more.

SHEPHERD. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Thou! whom my soul admires a-bove All earthly joy, and earthly love,—Tell me, dear Shepherd! let me know, Where do thy sweet-est pastures grow?

SEARSPORT. L. M.

E. D. FAULKNER.

1. How sweet the hour of closing day, When all is peaceful and se - rene, And when the sun, with cloudless ray, Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene.

Alto Solo. *Solo.*

2. Such is the Christian's parting hour; So peaceful - ly he sinks to rest; When faith endued from heav'n with power, Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

STOLBERG. L. M.

WM. MASON.

1. From deep distress and troub-led tho'ts, To thee, my God, I raise my cries; If thou severely mark our faults, No flesh can stand be-fore thine eyes.

2. But thou hast built thy throne of grace, Free to dis-pense thy pardons there; That sin-ners may approach thy face, And hope and love, as well as fear.

SUNNYSIDE. L. M. Double.

GEO. F. ROOT. FROM THE "DIAPASON."

1. Wake, O my soul, and hail the morn, For un - to us a Sa-vior's born; See, how the an-gels wing their way, To ush - er in the joy - ful day

3. Come, join the an - gels in the sky, Glo - ry to God who reigns on high; Let peace and love on earth a - bound, While time revolves, and years roll round.

2. Hark! what sweet music,—what a song—Sounds from the bright, ce-les-tial throng! Sweet song, whose melting sounds impart Joy to each rap-tured, list-ening heart.

Come, join the an gels in the sky, Glo - ry to God, who reigns on high; Let peace and love on earth a-bound, While time re-volves, and years roll round.

THORPE. L. M. XX

WM. MASON.

1. Come, dear-est Lord! des-cend and dwell By faith and love in eve-ry breast; Then shall we know, and taste, and feel The joys that can-not be exp

2. Now to the God whose power can do More than our tho'ts and wishes know, Be ev - er - last - ing hon-ors done By all the church, thro' Christ

THORLEY, or SEYMOUR. L. M. X

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Tenderly. *Ritard.*

With broken heart and con-trite sigh, A trembling sin-ner, Lord, I cry; Thy pardoning grace is rich and free; O God, be mer-ci-ful to

TERRY. L. M. XXX

DARIUS E. JONES.

With Expression.

1. From ev'-ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev' - ry swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re-treat, 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy-

2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads; A place than all be-sides more sweet, It is the blood-bought mer-c

3. There is a place where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Though sundered far, by faith, they meet A-round one common mer - cy

WESTFIELD. L. M.

AGNES BURNEY.

Affettuoso.

1. Wea-ry with sin, I lift mine eyes, To him, who toiled and died for me; My struggling spir - it longs to rise, And reign, my Sav - ior, one with thee.

2. For thee I count all things but loss; So let me gain thy promised throne; For me, why didst thou bear thy cross, If not to make me share thy crown?

WIMBORNE. L. M.

WHITTAKER.

Dear is the spot where Christians sleep, And sweet the strains their spir-its pour: Oh, why should we in anguish weep?—They are not lost, but gone be - fore.

YEOMANS. L. M.

W. B. B.

Soft and gentle.

1. How blest the righteous when he dies! When sinks a weary soul to rest! How mild - ly beam the clos - ing eyes! How gen - tly heaves th'ex-pir - ing breast.

2. So fades a summer cloud a - way; So sinks the gale when storms are o'er; So gen - tly shuts the eye of day; So dies a wave a - long the shore.

WADSWORTH. L. M. X

DR. L. MASON.

1. Zi - on a - wake! thy strength renew, Put on thy robes of beauteous hue; Church of our God, a - rise and shine, Bright with the beams of truth di - vine.

2. Soon shall thy radiance stream a - far, Wide as the heathen na - tions are; Gentiles and kings thy light shall view, All shall ad - mire and love thee too.

WARNER. L. M. XX

ARR. FROM BEETHOVEN.

1. In sleep's se - rene ob - liv - ion laid, I safe - ly pass'd the si - lent night; A - gain I see the break - ing shade—I drink a - gain the morning light.
2. O guide me thro' the va - rious maze, My doubtful feet are doomed to tread; And spread thy shield's protect - ing blaze, When dan-gers press a-round my head.

Flowingly.

WOLCOTT. L. M. XX

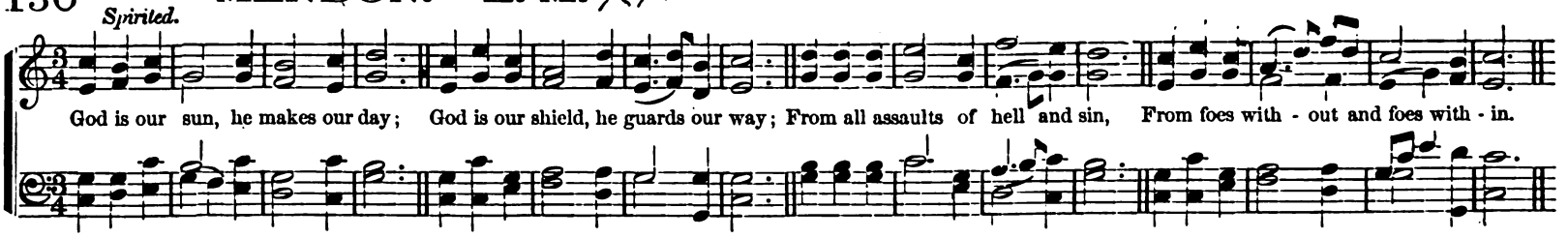
E. ROBERTS.

1. Dear is the spot where Christians sleep, And sweet the strains their spirits pour; Oh! why shall we in anguish weep, They are not lost, but gone be - fore.

2. Se - cure from ev - ery mor - tal care, By sin and sor-row vexed no more; E - ter - nal hap - pi - ness they share, Who are not lost, but gone be - fore.

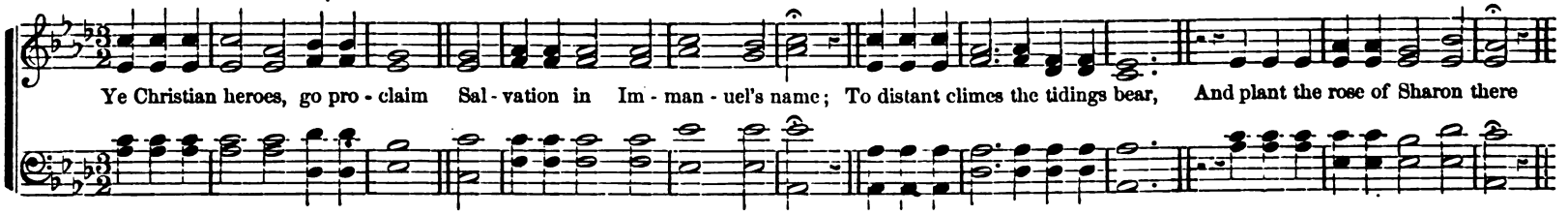
MENDON. L. M.

Spirited.



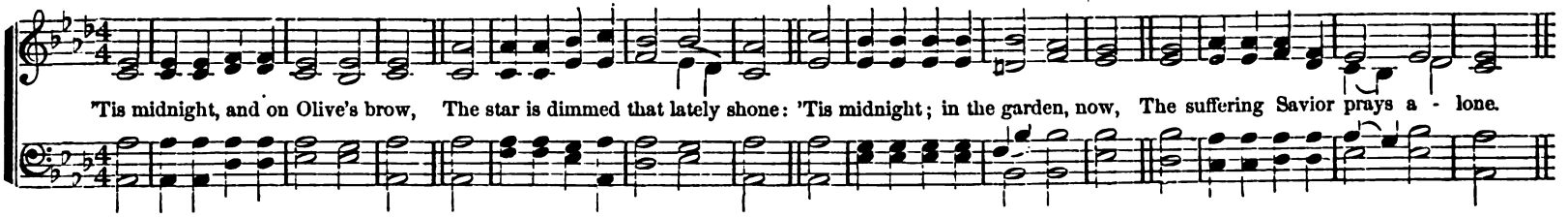
MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

CH. ZEUNER, by Permission.



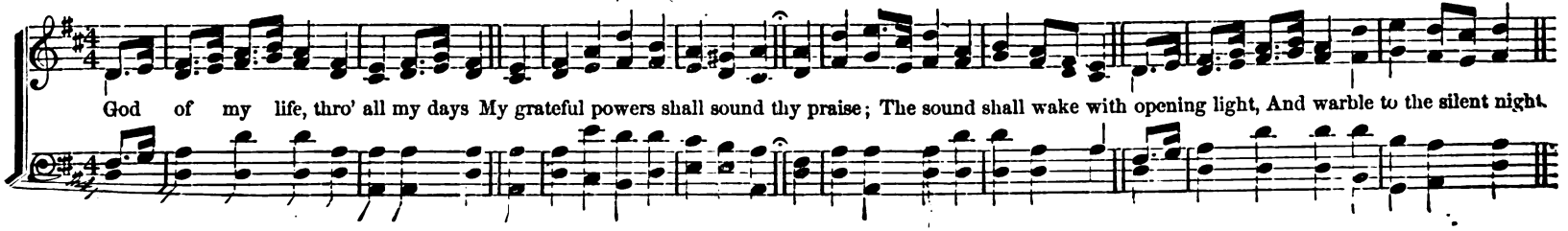
OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

W. B. B.

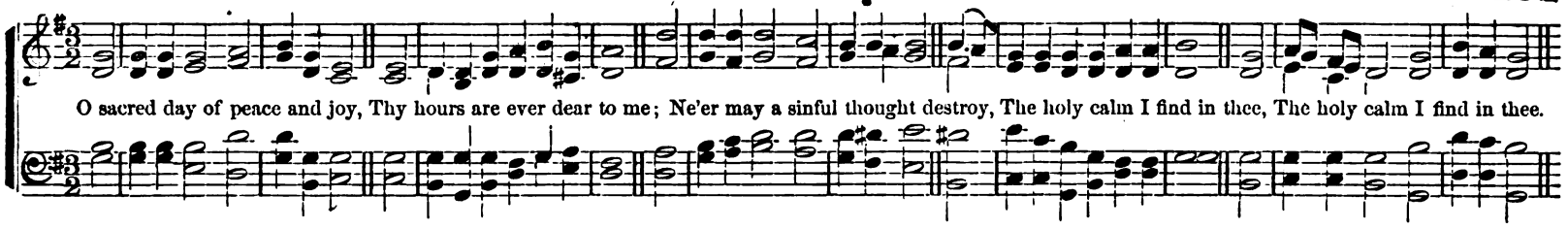


ILLINOIS. L. M.

WESTERN MELODY

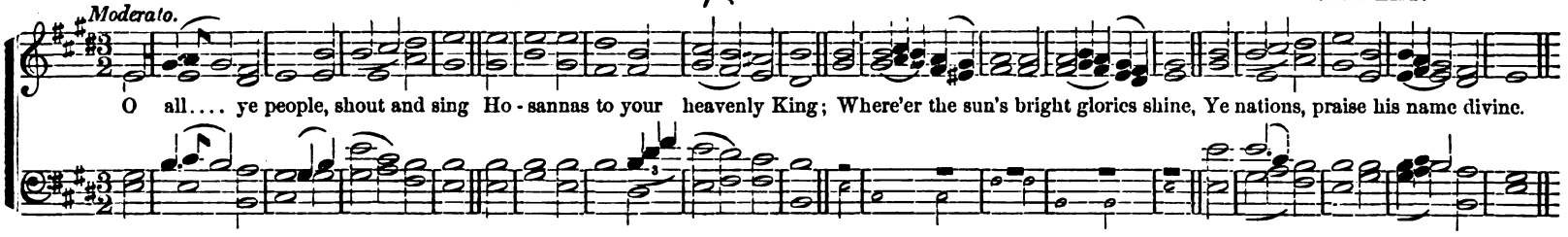


ROLLAND. L. M. ✕✕



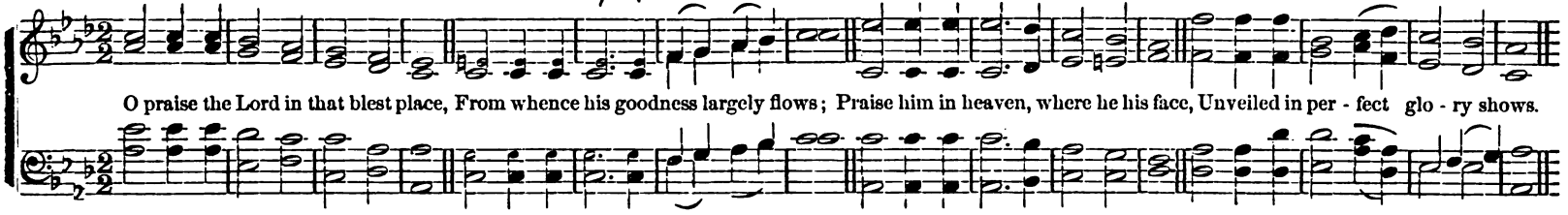
STONEFIELD. L. M. ✕ Or 6 L. by repeating the first two lines.

STANLEY.



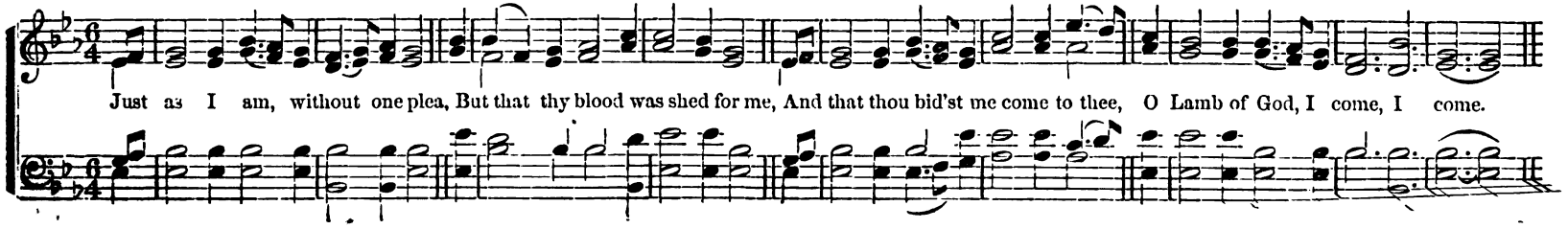
SAFALA. L. M. ✕

H. W. GREATOREX. By permission.



WOODWORTH. L. M. ✕✕

Wm. B. BRADBURY.



DUKE STREET. L. M.

Un - to the Lord, un - to the Lord, Oh, sing a new and joy - ful song! Declare his gl

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

Arr. from a Gregorian Chant by Dr. L. Mason.

God in his tem - ple let us meet; Low on our knees be - fore him bend; Here he hath fixed his mer - cy - seat, Here on his Sab - bath we

HAMBURG. L. M.

Dr. L. Mason.

Thou great Instruct - or, lest I stray, Oh, teach my err - ing feet thy way! Thy truth, with ev - er fresh de - light, Shall guide my doubtful steps aright.

HEBRON. L. M.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

From "Carmina Sacra."

on; Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days; And ev' - ry even-ing shall make known Some fresh me-mo-rial of his grace.

calm and un - disturbed re - pose, Unbrok - en by the last of foe

in the blu

ROSEDALE. L. M. — G. F. Root, 1843.

Great God, to thee my evening song With humble grat - i - tude I raise; Oh, let thy mer - cy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with live-ly praise.

THE OLD HUNDRETH. L. M. — From Marot and Beza's Psalms. Geneva, 1543.

With one consent, let all the earth To God their cheerful voic - es raise; Glad homage pay, with aw - ful mirth, And sing be - fore him songs of praise.

UXBRIDGE. L. M. — Dr. L. Mason.

Who shall the Lord's e - lect condemn? 'Tis God who jus - ti - fies their souls; And mer - cy, like a might-y stream, O'er all their sins di - vine - ly rolls.

WARD. L. M. — Arr. from a Scotch tune by Dr. L. Mason.

There is a stream, whose gentle flow Supplies the ci - ty of our God; Life, love and joy still glid - ing thro', And watering our di - vine a-bode.

WINDHAM. L. M. — Daniel Read.

Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to-geth - er there; But wisdom shows a nar-row path, With here and there a trav - el - er.

ZEPHYR. L. M. — W. B. Bradbury, 1843.

Je - sus can make a dy - ing bed Feel soft as down - y pil - lows are; While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweetly there.

[illegible] C. M. XX

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Go where I may, from home re-mote, The Lord is ev-er near: No se-cret thought but he can note, No word but he can hear.

2. When all a-round are lost in sleep, His presence still I find: To me he ev-er walks the deep, Or speaketh in the wind.

3. I look up-on the star-ry sky, And read his glo-ries there: I look with-in my-self, and sigh, Can I be still his care?

Moderato.

ARLINGTON. C. M. XX

DR. ARNE.

Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-l'wer of the Lamb, And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?

ARBUTHNOT. C. M. XX

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Hap-py the heart where graces reign, Where love in-spires the breast; Love is the bright-est of the train, And strengthens all the rest.

[illegible] faith and hope shall cease; 'Tis this shall strike.... our joy-ful strings, In realms of end-less peac

AVELIN. C. M. Double. XX–

T. F. SEWARD.

With great animation.

Fine. *D.*

1. { Ho - san - na! be our cheer-ful song To Christ, our Sa - vior King; }
{ His praise, to whom we all be-long, Let all u - [OMIT.....] } nite and sing; Ho - san - na! here in joy - ful bands, Let old and young pro-claim
D. C. And hail, with voices, hearts, and hands, The Son of [OMIT .....] Da-vid's name.

Fine. *D.*

2. { Ho - san - na! sound from hill to hill, And spread from plain to plain; }
{ While lou - der, sweeter, clear-er still, Woods e - cho [OMIT.....] } to the strain; Ho - san - na! on the wings of light, O'er earth and o - cean fly,
D. C. Till morn to eve, and noon to night, And heaven to [OMIT.....] earth re - ply.

AVON. C. M. XX

SCOTTISH.

O, Thou! whose ten - der mer - cy hears Con - tri - tion's hum - ble sigh; Whose hand, in - dul - gent, wipes the tears From sor - row's weep - ing eye.

ARNOLD. C. M. X–

D. E. JONES.

1. A - maz- ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind but now I see.

2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved: How precious did that grace ap-pear, The hour I first be - lieved

ALEDO. C. M. XX

O. R. B.

1. Sweet was the time when first I felt, The Savior's pard'ning blood, Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

2. Soon as the morn the light revealed, His prais-es tuned my tongue, And when the eve-ning shade prevailed, His love was all my song.

ARMENIA. C. M. XX

S. B. POND.

How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds, In a be-liev-ers ear; It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a-way his fears.

ASHBEY. C. M. XXX

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess; Thy goodness we a-dore; A spring whose blessings nev-er fail, A sea without a shore.

2. Sun, moon, and stars, thy love declare, In ev-ery gold-en ray; Love draws the curtain of the night, And love brings back the day.

BALL. C. M. Double.

1. When verdure clothes the fertile vale; And blossoms deck the spray; And fragance breathes in every gale, How sweet the vernal day! Hark! how the feathered warblers

p *cres.* *dim.* *p* *cres.* *dim.* *f*

3. O God of nature, and of grace, Thy heavenly gifts im-part; Then shall my med-i-ta-tion trace Spring blooming in my heart. Inspired to praise, I then shall

sing! 'T is nature's cheerful voice; Soft mu - sic hails the love - ly spring, And woods and fields re - joice, And woods and fields re - joice.

f *pp* *cres.* *cres.* *f*

join Glad nature's cheerful song; And love and grat - i - tude di - vine At - tune my joy - ful tongue, At - tune my joy - ful tongue.

BOND. C. M.

G. F. ROOT. From "Sabbath Bell."

There is a glo - rious world of light, A - bove the star - ry sky, Where saints de - part - ed, clothed in white, A - dore the Lord most high.

BRAHAM. C. M. XX–

1. Let all the just to God with joy, Their cheer-ful voic-es raise; For well the right-eous it becomes To sing glad songs of praise.

2. For, faith-ful is the word of God; His works with truth a-bound, He just-ice loves, and all the earth Is with his goodness crowned.

3. The rich-es of thy mer-cy, Lord, Do thou to us ex-tend, Since we, for all we want or wish, On thee a-lone de-pend.

Allegretto.

BROWN. C. M. XX

W. B. B.

1. I love to steal a-while a-way From ev-ery cumb'ring care, And spend the hours of set-ting day, In hum-ble, grate-ful prayer.

Legato.

BIRDSEYE. C. M. XX

T. F. S.

2. Come, O my soul, with all thy care, And cast it on thy God; He knows thy weakness and thy fear, And will sus-tain the load.

2. His gracious word in-vites thee nigh, With all thy migh-ty grief, He will at-tend thy mourn-ful cry, And send thee sure re-lief.

3. Weak as thou art, ap-proach his throne, Nor doubt of aid di-vine; He makes thy sor-rows all his own, And all his blessings thine.

BELIEF. C. M. Double. XX

Fine. *D.C.*

1. { Lord, I believe: thy power I own, Thy truth I would o - bey: }
{ I wan - der com - fort - less and lone, When from thy paths I stray, } Lord, I be-lieve: but gloomy fears Some-times be - dim my night;
D. C. I look to thee with prayers and tears, And cry for strength and light. D. C.

BURLING. C. M. XXX

GEO. M. MONROE.

Thou blest Re-deem - er, dy - ing Lamb! We love to hear of thee; No mu - sic like thy charming name, Nor half so dear can be.

BYRD. C. M. Double. XX—

From ASAPH.

1st Time — 2d Time — *Fine.* — *D.C.*

1. { Oh for a - clos - er walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame,— } 2
{ A light to shine up - on the road [OMIT .....] That leads me to the lamb! } Where is the bless-ed-ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord?
D. C. Where is the soul - refreshing view, [OMIT .....] Of Je - sus and his word. D. C.

COLEBROOK. C. M. Double.

C. P. HOFFMAN.

With expression.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to thee, No oth - er help I know; If thou with-draw thy - self from me, Ah! whith - er shall I go?

2. O Je - sus could I this be-lieve, I now should feel thy power; Now my poor soul thou wouldst re-trieve, Nor let me wait one hour.

What did thine on - ly Son en - dure, Be-fore I drew my breath, What pain, what la - bor to se - cure My soul from end - less death.

Au - thor of faith to thee I lift My wea - ry long - ing eyes; O let me now re - ceive that gift; My soul with-out it dies.

CRANSTON. C. M.

1. The God of na - ture, and of grace, In all his works ap - pears; His good-ness through the earth we trace, His grand-eur in the spheres.

2. In eve - ry stream his boun - ty flows, Dif - fus - ing joy and wealth; In eve - ry breeze his Spir - it blows, The breath of life and health.

CONANT. C. M.

WM. MASON.

1. Oh! could our thoughts and wish - es fly, A - bove these gloom - y shades, To those bright worlds beyond the sky, Which sor - row ne'er in - vades!

2. There joys un - seen by mor - tal eyes, Or rea - son's fee - ble ray, In ev - er bloom-ing pros-pect rise, Un-con-scious of de - cay.

3. Lord! send a beam of light di - vine To guide our up - ward aim; With one re - vi - ving touch of thine Our long-ing hearts in-flame.

CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all.

CLEMSON. C. M.

T. J. RIGGS.

Gently.

1. When mus - ing sor-row weeps the past, And mourns the pres-ent pain, ... 'Tis sweet to think of peace at last, And feel that death is gain.

2. 'Tis not that murmur-ing thoughts arise, And dread a Fa - ther's will; .... 'Tis not that weak sub - mission flies, And would not suf - fer still

CANAAN. C. M. Double. XXX

Joyful.

1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign; E - ter - nal day ex - cludes the night, A

5. O, could we make our doubts re - move, Those gloomy doubts that rise, And see the Ca - naan that we love, With un - be - cloud - ed eyes:

2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er fail - ing flowers; Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heavenly land from ours.

6. Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And view the land - scape o'er, Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the sho

G. F. R.

GE. C. M. XX

come; thy will be done, In earth and heaven

[redacted]

CALABRIA. C. M. Minor

WM. MASON.

1. To God I made my sorrows known; From God I sought re - lief; In long complaints be - fore his throne I poured out all my grief.

2. On ev - ery side I cast mine eye, And found my help - ers gone; While friends and strangers passed me by, Neg - lect - ed or un - known.

3. Then did I raise a loud - er cry, And called thy mer - cy near: "Thou art my Por - tion when I die,— Be thou my Re - fuge here!"

CHAMPLAIN. C. M. XX

GEO. M. MONROE.

There is an eye that never sleeps, Beneath the wing of night; There is an ear that never shuts, When sink the beams of light.

CHALCOL. C. M. XX

*

1. In vain we build un - less the Lord, The fa - bric will sus - tain; Un - less the Lord the ci - ty keep, The watchman wakes in vain.

2. In vain we rise be - fore the day, And late to rest re - pair; Al - low no res - pite to our toil, And eat the bread of care.

3. But, if we trust our Father's love, And in his ways de - light, He gives us need - ful food by day, And qui - et sleep by night.

DANNEMARA. C. M. XX

1. Long have I sat be-neath the sound Of thy sal - va - tion, Lord; Yet still how weak my

2. Show my for - get - ful feet the way That leads to joys on high; Where knowledge grows with-out de - cay, And love shall nev

Wm. B. BRADBURY.

DODD. C. M. X –

1. Thou art the Way: to thee a - lone From sin and death we flee! And he who would the Fa - ther seek, Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
Thou art the Truth: thy word a - lone True wis - dom can im - part; Thou on - ly canst in - struct the mind, And pu - ri - fy the heart.

NAOMI.

C. M. XX

d The angel of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone around, And glo-ry shone a

ney-er cease, Be-gin and

ELSINORE. C. M. D. XX

1. Yes, I will bless thee, O my God! Thro' all my earth-ly days; And to e-ter-ni-ty pro-long Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2. Not death it-self shall stop my song, Though it will close my eyes; My thoughts shall then to no-bler heights, And sweet-er rap-tures rise.

In ev-ery smil-ing, hap-py hour, Be this my sweet em-ploy: Thy praise re-fines my earth-ly bliss, And dou-bles all my joy.

There shall my lips in end-less praise Their grate-ful trib-ute pay; The theme de-mands an an-gel's tongue, And an e-ter-nal day.

EDEN. C. M. XXX

G. F. ROOT. FROM "DIAPASON."

Tones reverent, but not too sombre.

My God! the covenant of thy love A-bides for ev-er sure; And in its matchless grace I feel My hap-pi-ness se-cure.

ERNE, C. M. XX

Gently, softly.

1. God of my life, look gently down, Be-hold the pains I feel; But I am dumb be-fore thy throne, No

2. I'm but a stranger here below, As all my fathers were; May I be well pre-par'd to go, When I the summons hear, When I.... the s

O. B. CORNWELL.

EBBOLI. C. M. XX

Lord, at thy feet we sin - ners lie, And knock at mer - cy's door; With heavy heart and down-cast eye Thy fa - vor we im - plore.

T. F. S.

LLE. C. M. X

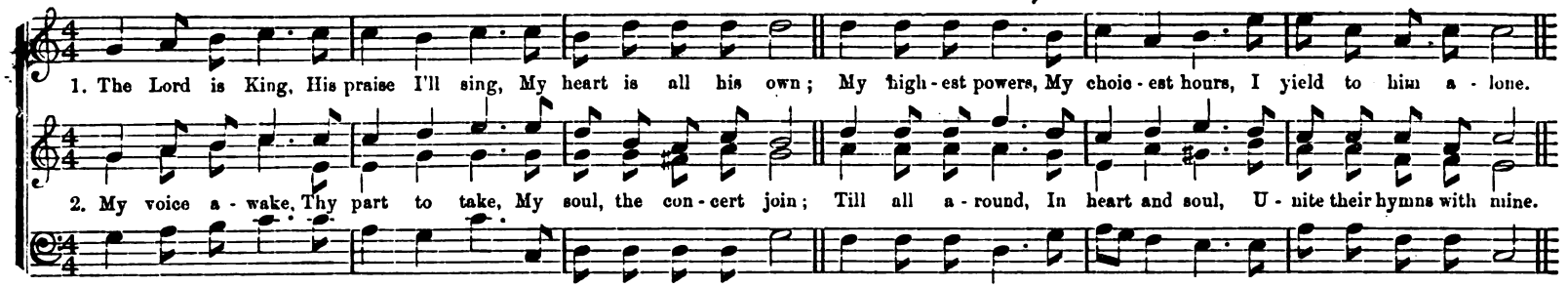
now! Ev'n while with us thy footsteps trod, His seal was on thy brow.

look in death, No more may fear to die.

is now thine

Maestoso.

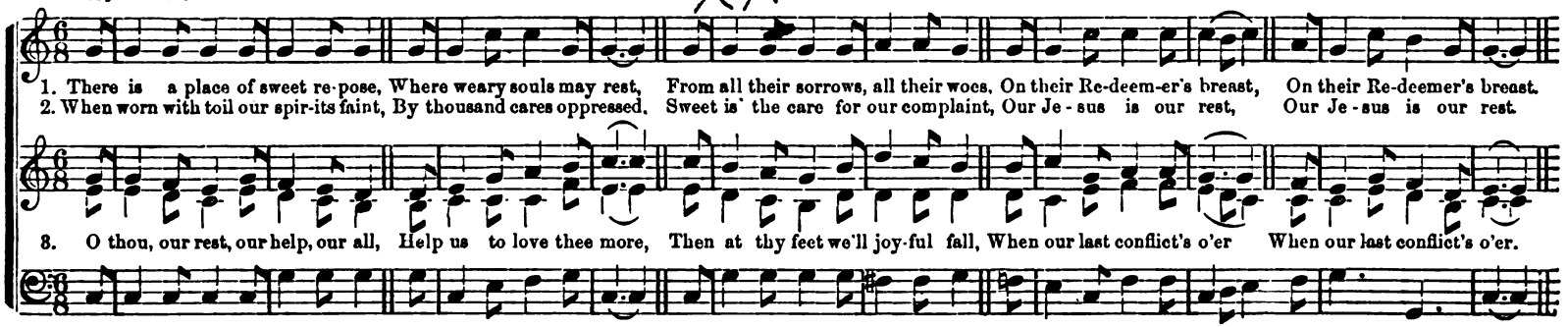
GARNAVILLE. C. M. Or 4s & 6s. X



Very Gentle.

GARNETT. C. M. XX

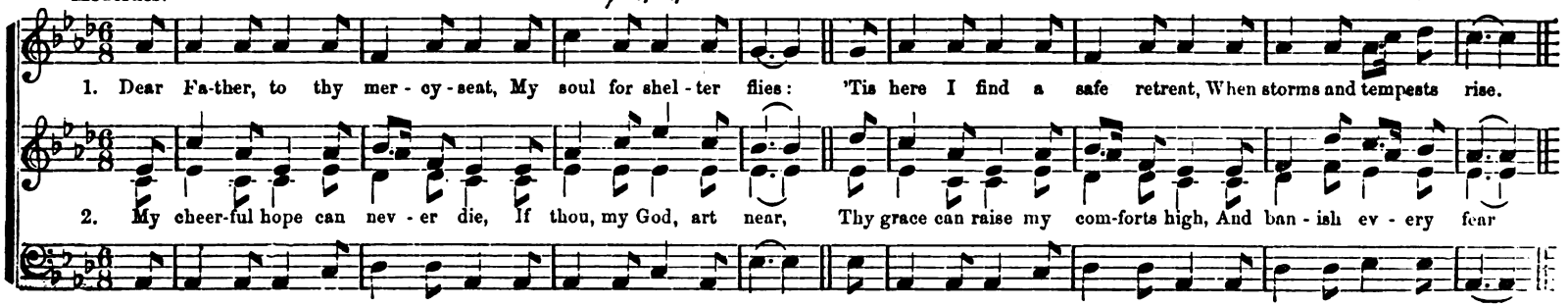
J. H. TENNEY.



Moderate.

GATES. C. M. XXX—

T. J. RIGGS.



HILBERT. C. M.

With emphasis.

1. O how I love thy ho - ly law! 'Tis dai - ly my de - light; And thence my med - i - ta - tions draw Di - vine ad - vice by night.

2. No treas-ures so en - rich the mind; Nor shall thy word be sold, For loads of sil - ver well re-fined, Or heaps of choic - est gold.

HENRY. C. M.

S. B. POND. By permission.

When shall I see the wel - come hour That plants my God in me? Spir - it of health, and life, and power, And per - fect lib - er - ty.

HANFORD. C. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Give me the wings of faith, to rise With - in the vail, and see The saints above, how great their joys, How bright their glories be, How bright their glories be.

2. Once they were wand'ring here below, And wet their couch with tears; They wrestled hard as we do now, With sins and doubts and fears, With sins, and doubts, &c.

HELMER. C. M. XXX—

1. Thou must go forth a - lone, my soul! Thou must go forth a - lone, To oth - er scenes, to oth - er worlds, That mortal hath not known.

2. Thou must go forth a - lone, my soul, To tread the nar - row vale, But he, whose word is sure, hath said His mercy shall not fail.

HOWARD. C. M. XX

MRS. CUTHBERT.

Lord, hear the voice of my complaint; Ac - cept my se - cret prayer; To thee a - lone, my King, my God, Will I.... for help.... re - pair.

HARVEY'S CHANT. C. M. XX—

May end here. Coda. W. B. B.

1. With rev'rence let the saints appear, And bow before the Lord; His high commands with rev'rence hear, And tremble at his word, And tremble at his word.

2. How ter - ri - ble thy glo - ries be! How bright thy armies shine! Where is the pow'r that vies with thee? Or truth compared with thine? Or truth compared, &c.

3. The northern pole, and southern, rest On thy sup - porting hand; Darkness and day, from east to west, Move round at thy command, Move round at thy command.

HURLBURT. C. M.

T. F. S.

1, My God, my Fa - ther, bliss - ful name! Oh, may I call thee mine? May I with sweet as - su-rance claim A por-tion so di - vine?

2. What-e'er thy sa - cred will ob - tains, Oh, give me strength to bear! And let me know my Fa-ther reigns, And trust his ten - der care.

3. Thy sovereign ways are all un-known To my weak, err - ing sight; Yet let my soul a - dor-ing own That all thy ways are right.

HERMON. C. M.

FROM THE "HALLELUJAH."

mf

O, praise the Lord, for he is good, In him we rest..... ob - tain; His mer - cy has through a - ges stood, And ev - er shall re - main.

HAYNE. C. M.

2. Loud roars the wind, and wild the tide, The ship her course de - layed; When to their help he came, who cried, "'Tis I! be not a - fraid!"

2. Who walks the waves in wondrous guise, By na-ture's laws un - staid? A well-known voice in love re-plies, "'Tis I! be not a - fraid!"

3. Thus when the storm of life is high, Let me in - voke his aid, And hear the bless - ed Sav - ior say, "'Tis I! be not a - fraid!"

IMBERT. C. M. Double. XX

T. F. SEWARD.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds, In a be - liev - er's ear! It soothes his sorrows, heal his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.

2. By thee, my prayers ac - cept - ance gain, Although with sin de - filed: Sa - tan ac - cu - ses me in vain, And I am owned a child.

It makes the wounded spir - it whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.

Je - sus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend, My Prophet, Priest and King; My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Ac - cept the praise I bring.

ILYD. C. M. XXX

FROM THE "OLIVE BRANCH." BY PERMISSION.

There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers given; There is a tear for souls distress'd, A balm for every wounded breast, 'Tis found alone in heaven.

172

JASPER. C. M. Double. XXX

mp *Allegretto.*

1. There is a ci - ty fair and bright, That eye hath nev - er seen, Where ev - er dwell - eth pure de-light, An

Dim. *mp*

3. There liv - ing wa - ters cease - less flow From out the heaven-ly throne: There fair - est fruits per - en - nial grow, And want is nev - er

mp *Dim.*

5. Nor sin nor sor - row com - eth there, Nor ev - er death nor pain, In love a - bid - ing, free from care, The saints for ev - er reign.

mf *mp* *f*

2. High walls of pre - cious gems and gold Se - cure from ev' - ry ill..... Un-heard of bliss and joys un-told With - in its bor - ders dwell

mf *mp* *f*

4. Nor sun by day, nor moon by night, This heaven-ly ci - ty needs..... But glo - ry sheds a crys - tal light That nev - er wanes nor fad

mf *mp* *f*

ma - ny man-sions there, Oh! is there one for me!.... Dear Lord, an hum - ble place pre-pare, That I may dwell with

ISAAC GOODF

C. M. XXX

my soul, Oh, God! for thee, And thy re - ire

KATINKA. C. M. XX

DR. M. F. PRICE.

1. Lord, when to - geth - er here we meet, And taste thy heav'n - ly grace, Thy smiles are so di - vine - ly sweet, We're loth to leave the place.

2. Yet, Fa-ther, since it is thy will.. That we must part a - gain,.. O, let thy gra-cious pre-sence still.. With ev'-ry one re - main.

3. Thus let us all in Christ be one, Bound with the cords of love,.. Till we a - round thy glo-rious throne, Shall joy-ous meet a - bove.

KENDRICK. C. M. XX

F. H. SMITH.

Lord, in the morn-ing thou shall hear My voice as - cend - ing high, To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye.

KIRKE WHITE. C. M. XX

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. The Lord our God is full of might, The winds o - bey his will; He speaks, and, in his hea-venly height, The roll-ing sun stands still.

2. Ye na-tions bend—in reve-rence bend; Ye mon - archs, wait his nod, And bid the cho - ral song as - cend To cel - e - brate our God.

LAKESIDE. C. M. XX—

J. M. NORTH.

1. My God, my Fa - ther, bliss - ful name, Oh may I call thee mine? May I with sweet as - sur - ance claim A por - tion so di - vine?

2. Thy sovereign ways are all un - known To my weak, err - ing sight; Yet let my soul a - dor - ing own That all thy ways are right.

LA MIRA. C. M. XX

WM. B. BRADBURY. FROM "THE SHAWM."

How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, When those who love the Lord In one an - oth - er's peace de - light, And so ful - fil his word.

LANGDON. C. M. XXX

A. GROSS.

1. When lan - guor and di - sease in - vade This trembling house of clay, 'Tis sweet to look by faith a - broad, And long to fly a - way.

2. Sweet on his faith - ful - ness to rest, Whose love can nev - er end; Sweet on his cov - en - ant of grace And on his grace de - pend.

3. If such the sweetness of the streams, What must the foun - tains be, Where saints and an - gels draw their bliss From Thee, O God, from Thee.

MORIAH. C. M.

1. Be - hold the sure founda - tion stone, Which God in Zi - on lays, To build our heavenly hopes up - on, And his e - ter - nal praise.

2. Chos - en of God, to sin - ners dear, The saints a - dore his name! They trust their whole sal-va - tion here, Nor shall they suf - fer shame.

MANOAH. C. M.

From ROSSINI.

O, gra-cious God, in whom I live, My fee - ble ef - forts aid; Help me to watch and pray and strive, Though trembling and a - fraid.

MERRILL. C. M.

T. F. S.

Moderato.

1. Whom have we, Lord, in heaven, but thee, And whom on earth be - side? Where else for com-fort can we flee, Or in whose strength confide?

2. Thou art our por - tion here be - low, Our pro-mised bliss a - bove; Ne'er may our souls an ob - ject know, So pre - cious as thy love.

3. When heart and flesh, O Lord, shall fail, Thou wilt our spi - rit cheer; Sup - port us thro' life's thorny vale, And calm each anx - ious fear.

MARSH. C. M. XXX

THEO. MOSHER

Moderato con espressione.

1. As pants the hart for cool - ing springs, When wearied in the chase, So longs my soul, O God, for thee, And thy re - fresh-ing grace.

2. For thee, my God, the liv - ing God, My thirst - y soul doth pine: Oh! when shall I be - hold thy face, Thou ma - jes - ty di - vine?

MASON'S CHANT. XXX

Oh! for a thou-sand tongues to sing My dear Re - deem-er's praise! The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of his grace!

MORRIS' CHANT. C. M. XXX

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Gentle and Expressive.

1. Searcher of hearts—from mine erase All thoughts that should not be; And in its deep recesses trace, And in its deep re-cess-es trace My grati-tude to thee.

2. Hearer of prayer! O guide aright Each word and deed of mine; Life's battle teach me how to fight, Life's battle teach me how to fight, And be the vic - t'ry thine.

3. Giver of all! for every good In the Re-deemer came, For raiment, shelter, and for food, For raiment, shelter, and for food, I thank thee in his name.

MURCHISON. C. M. Double. XX

1. The Lord himself, the might - y Lord, Vouchsafes to be my guide; The Shepherd by whose con - stant care My wants are all supplied.

2. I pass the gloom - y vale of death, From fear and dan - ger free, For there his aid - ing rod and staff De - fend and comfort me.

In ten - der grass he makes me feed, And gent - ly there re - pose, Then leads me to cool shades, and where Re - fresh - ing wa - ter flows.

Since God doth thus his wondrous love Through all my life ex - tend, That life to him I will de - vote, And in his tem - ple spend.

MELDOR. C. M. XX

Wm. B. BRADBURY.

By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill How sweet the li - ly grows! How sweet the breath be - neath the hill, Of Sha - ron's dew - y rose!

NORTHWOOD. C. M.

GEO. M. MONROE.

1. To our re - deem - er's glo - rious name, A - wake the sa - cred song! O, may his love, im - mor - tal flame! Tune ev - 'ry heart and tongue.

2. His love, what mor - tal thought can reach! What mor-tal tongue dis - play! Im - a - gi - na - tion's ut - most stretch In won-der dies a - way.

3. O, may the sweet, the bliss - ful theme, Fill ev - 'ry heart and tongue, Till strangers love thy charming name, And join the sa - cred song.

NEW YORK TUNE. C. M.

ARR. BY DR. MASON. FROM THE "SAB. HY. & TUNE BOOK."

Thy goodness, Lord, our souls con - fess; Thy goodness we a - dore: A spring, whose blessings nev - er fail; A sea with - out a shore!

NORA. C. M.

W. B. B.

Staccato.

1. Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord! Your great Deliverer sing: Ye pilgrims! now, for Zi - on bound, Be joy-ful in your King, Be joy-ful in your King.

2. See the fair way his hand hath made; How peaceful, and how plain! The simplest traveler need not err, Nor seek the path in vain, Nor seek the path in vain.

3. A hand di - vine shall lead you on, Thro' all the bliss-ful road; Till to the sa-cred mount you rise, And see your smiling God, And see your smiling God.

OAKHURST. C. M. XXX

1. The storm is laid, the winds re - tire, O - be - dient to thy will; The sea that roars at thy com-mand; The sea that
2. In midst of dan - gers, fears and death, Thy good-ness we'll a - dore; We'll praise thee for thy mer - cies past, We'll praise thee

roars at thy com - mand, At thy com-mand is still, At thy com-mand is still.

for thy mer - cies past, And hum - bly hope for more, And hum - bly hope for more.

OMAHA. C. M. XX-

Gently, flowingly.

1. God of the sun-light hours, how sad
2. How mourn-ful - ly that gol - den gleam,
3. But though the gathering gloom may hide

Would even-ing shad-ows be, Or night in deep - er sa - bles clad, If aught were dark to thee, If aught were dark to thee.
Would touch the thoughtful heart, If with its soft, re - tir - ing beam, We saw thy love de - part, We saw thy love de - part.

Those gen tle rays a - while, Yet they who in thy house a - bide, Shall ev - er share thy smile, Shall ev - er share thy smile.

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OORAL. C. M.

Wm. MASON.

Slowly.

1. How calm the even-ing falls a-round, Each breath of air is still, Save where are wav'd, with gen-tle sound, The leaves on yon-der hill.

2. The stars from out their tent of blue, Look down with qui-et eyes, Till bursts, in splen-dor on the view, The em-press of the skies.

3. While up to heaven our tho'ts we raise, All earth-ly pas-sions cease; The heart is filled with love and praise, And all is hushed to peace.

OTTO. C. M.

From the "Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book."

I love to steal a-while a-way From ev-ery cumbering care, And spend the hours of set-ting day In humble, grate-ful prayer.

OLIVIA. C. M.

Dr. M. F. PRICE.

Andante con moto.

1. Did'st thou, Lord Je-sus, suf-fer shame, And bear the cross for me? And shall I fear to own thy name, Or thy dis-ci-ple be?

2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should dread, To suf-fer shame or loss; O, let me in thy foot-steps tread, And glo-ry in thy cross.

PERCY. C. M. XXX

E. ROBERTS.

1. Oh, for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise, The glo - ries of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace!
2. My gracious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro-claim, And spread through all the earth a-broad, The hon - ors of thy name.
3. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease; 'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears; 'Tis life and health and peace.

PIEDMONT. C. M. XX

1. Now to the ha - ven of thy breast, O Son of man, I fly, Be thou my ref - uge, and my rest, For O! the storm is high.
2. Pro - tect me from the fu - rious blast; My shield and shel - ter be; Hide me, my Sav - ior, till o'er - past, The storm of sin I see.

PROTECTION. C. M. XX

E. H. BAILEY.

Moderato.

1. When eve-ning slum - bers press my eyes, With thy pro - tec - tion blest, In peace and safe - ly I com - mit My wea - ry limbs to rest.
2. My spi - rit in thy hands se - cure, Fears no ap-proach-ing ill; For wheth - er wak - ing or a - sleep, Thou, Lord, art with me still.

PRAYER. C. M. XX

T. J. COOK.

1. Hear, gracious God, my hum - ble moan, To thee I breathe my sighs: When will the mournful night be gone? When shall my joys a - rise?

2. Yet, tho' my soul in darkness mourns, Thy prom - ise is my stay; Here would I rest till light re - turns—Thy presence makes my day.

PARADISE. C. M. Double. XX

H. A. POND.

Moderato.

When verdure clothes the fer - tile vale, And blossoms deck the spray, And fragrance breathes in ev - ry gale, How sweet the ver - nal day.

PINNEO. C. M. Double. XX

W. B. B.

Fine. *D.C.*

{ How sweet and heavenly is the sight, When those who love the Lord, In one an - oth - er's peace delight, And so ful - fil his word! } Oh! may we feel each brother's sigh, And with him bear a part;

Fine. *D.C.*

D. C. May sorrows flow from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.

PATRIA. C. M. XX–

1. Shine on our land, Je-ho-vah, shine, With beams of heavenly grace; Reveal thy power thro' all our courts, And show thy smiling face, And show thy smiling face.

2. Earth shall confess her Maker's hand, And yield a full in-crease; Our God will crown his chosen land With fruitfulness and peace, With fruitfulness and peace.

PROCTOR. C. M. XX

T. F. SEWARD.

1. Let world-ly minds the world pur-sue, It has no charms for me; Once I ad-mired its tri-fles too, But grace hath set me free.

2. Its pleas-ures can no long-er please, Nor hap-pi-ness af-ford: Far from my heart be joys like these, Now I have seen.... the Lord.

POLAND. C. M. XX–

1. Ye heavenly choirs pour forth to God, A chant so loud and strong, That all the sons of men may hear, And join your ho-ly song, And join your ho-ly song.

2. Awake, ye winds awake, and bear A-far the notes of praise, From North to South, from East to West, A glorious an-them raise, A glorious an-them raise.

ROSBOROUGH. C. M. X

Wm B BRADBURY.

Firmly.

1. Begin, my soul, some heav'nly theme, And speak some boundless thing, The mighty works of mightier name, The mighty works of mightier name, Of our eternal King

2. His ve-ry word of grace is strong, As that which built the skies; The voice that rolls the stars along, The voice that rolls the stars along, Speaks all the promises.

RAWLINSON. C. M. XXX

*

Moderato.

How calm the evening falls a - round, Each breath of air is still, Save where are wav'd with gen - tle sound, The leaves on yon - der hill.

ROBBINS. C. M. XX-

D. E. JONES.
Grinnell, Iowa, May 14, 1867.

1. Thy home is with the hum - ble, Lord, The sim-plest and the best; Thy lodg - ing is in child-like hearts; Thou mak-est there thy rest.

2. Dear Com - fort - er! e - ter - nal Love! If thou wilt stay with me, Of low - ly thoughts and sim - ple ways, I'll build a house for thee.

3. Who made this beat - ing heart of mine, But thou, my heav'nly Guest? Let no one have it then but thee, And let it be thy rest.

SEWARD. C. M. XXX

J. H. MOREY.

Lento. *Cres.* *dim.*

1. Thou blest Re - deem - er, dy - ing Lamb, We love to hear of thee; No mu - sic like the charm-ing name, Nor half so dear can be.

2. O, may I ev - er hear thy voice In kind - est mer - cy speak; In thee, my Priest, will I re - joice, And thy sal - va - tion seek.

SAMARIA. C. M. X

1. For mer - cies count - less as the sands, Which daí - ly I re-ceive From Je - sus my Re-deem-er's hands, My soul, what canst thou give?

SHAYLER. C. M. XX

DARIUS E. JONES.

1. When all thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys, Trans-port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love and praise.

2. Un - num-bered comforts to my soul, Thy ten - der care be-stowed, Be - fore my heart had e'er con - ceived, From whom those com - forts flowed.

TRENHOLM. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

Coda for 2nd. Stanza.

1. In mer-cy Lord remember me, Thro' all the hours of night; And grant to me, most graciously, The safeguard of thy might.

2. With cheerful heart I close my eyes, Since thou wilt not remove; Oh, in the morning let me rise, Rejoic-ing in thy love, Rejoic - ing in thy love.

TRIUMPH. C. M.

J. B. CARPENTER.

1 A host of spi - rits round the throne, In hum- ble postures stand; On eve - ry hand a star - ry crown, A palm in eve - ry hand.

TURLAY. C. M.

HENRY HARDING.

1. Th' - eter - nal gates lift up their heads, The doors are opened wide; The King of glo - ry is gone up Un - to the Fa-ther's side.

2. Thou art gone in be - fore us, Lord, Thou hast prepared the place, That we may be where now thou art, And look up - on thy face.

TUNBRIDGE. C. M. XX

WILLIAM MASON.

1. Let all the just to God, with joy Their cheer-ful voi-ces raise, For well the righteous it be-comes To sing glad songs of praise.

2. For faith-ful is the word of God, His works with truth a-bound; He jus-tice loves, and all the earth Is with his good-ness crowned.

2. What-e'er the migh-ty Lord de-crees, Shall stand for-ev-er sure; The set-tled pur-pose of his heart To a-ges shall en-dure.

TROLAN. C. M. X

DR. LOWELL MASON.

God is our re-fuge, tried and proved, A-midst a storm-y world; We will not fear, though earth be moved, And hills in o-cean hurled.

TOPEKA. C. M. Mino

Slowly.

1. That sol-emn hour will come for me, When, though their charms I own, All hu-man ties re-signed must be; For I must die a-lone.

2. All earth-ly pleasures will be o'er, All earth-ly la-bors done, And I shall tread th'e-ter-nal shore, And I must die a-lone.

3. But, oh, I will not view with dread That shadowy vail un-known: I see a light with-in it shed; I shall not die a-lone.

TACORA. C. M. Double. XX

Wm. B. BRADRURY.

D.C.

1. { Ye wretch - ed. hun - gry, starving poor, Be - hold a roy - al feast; }
{ Where mer - cy spreads her bounteous store, For eve - ry hum - ble guest, } See, Je - sus stands with o - pen arms, He calls, he bids you come;
D.C. Guilt holds you back, and fear a - larms; But see, there yet is room?

D.C.

2. { Room in the Sav - ior's bleed-ing heart; There love and pi - ty meet; }
{ Nor will he bid the soul de - part, That trem - bles at his feet. } O come, and with his chil - dren taste The bless-ings of his love;
D.C. While hope at-tends the sweet re - past, Of no - bler joys a - bove.

TOBOLSK. C. M. XX

C. A. G. DREIST.

O for a shout of sa - cred joy, To God, the sovereign King! Let every land their tongues employ, And hymns of triumph sing, And hymns of triumph sing

Flowingly.

TALAVERO. C. M. XX

T. F. SEWARD.

1. Thou dear Re-deem - er, dy - ing Lamb, I love to hear of thee; No mu - sic's like thy charming name, Nor half so sweet can be.

2. My Je - sus shall be still my theme, While on this earth I stay; I'll sing my Je - sus' love - ly name, When all things else de - cay.

URANIA. C. M. XX

AGNES BURNEY.

1. My bless - ed Sa - vior, is thy love So great, so full, so free? Be - hold! I give my love, my heart, My life, my all to thee.

2. I love thee for thy glo- rious worth In thy great self I see; I love thee for that shameful cross Thou hast en - dured for me.

UPSAL. C. M. XXX

*

There is a stream whose waters flow All wondrous bright and clear; Her floods are floods of righteousness, The fainting soul to cheer, The fainting soul to cheer.

URBAN. C. M. XXX

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Gently.

1. All that I was, my sin, my guilt, My death, was all my own: All that I am I am to thee, My gracious God, a - lone.

2. The ev - il of my for - mer state Was mine, and on - ly mine: The good in which I now re - joice Is mine, and on - ly thine.

3. All that I am e'en here on earth, All that I hope to be, When Je - sus comes, and glo - ry dawns, I owe it, Lord, to thee.

190 **VALENTIA. C. M.** XX

ARRANGED FROM HANDEL.

Bold, vigorous, animated.

1. O all ye lands, re - joice in God, Sing prais-es to his name, Let all the earth with one ac - cord His wondrous acts pro-claim.
2. And let his faith - ful ser - vants tell, How by re - deem - ing love, Their souls are saved from death and hell, To share the joys a - bove.
3. O, then, re - joice, and shout for joy, Ye ran-somed of the Lord; Be grate - ful praise your sweet em-ploy. His presence your re-ward.

VARINA. C. M. Double. XX

GEO. F. ROOT.

Not to fast.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints im-mor - tal reign; In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain.
3. Sweet fields beyond the swell - ing flood, Stand dress'd in liv - ing green; So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jor - dan rolled be - tween.
2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a-bides, And nev - er-wither-ing flowers; Death like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heavenly land from ours.
4. But timor-ous mor-tals start and shrink To cross this nar - row sea; And lin - ger, shivering, on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.

WARDWELL. C. M. XXX

Moderato.

HANDEL POND.

1. O weep not for the joys that fade, Like even - ing light a - way, For hopes that like the stars de - cayed, Have left thy mor-tal day.

2. The clouds of sor - row will de-part, And brill-iant skies be given, For bliss a-waits the ho - ly heart, A - mid the bowers of heaven.

WIRTH. C. M. XXX

W. B. BRADBURY. From "THE JUBILEE."

How sweet and heavenly is the sight, When those that love the Lord, In one an-oth-er's peace de - light,.... And thus ful - fill his word.

WEYBRIDGE. C. M. Double. XX

* D.C.

1. { Try us, O God, and search the ground, Of eve - ry sin-ful heart; What - e'er of sin in us is found, O bid it all de- part! } Help us to help each oth - er, Lord, Each oth- er's cross to bear;
D.C. Let each this friend-ly aid af - ford, And feel his brother's care.

2. { Help us to build each oth - er up, Our heart and life improve; In - crease our faith, con- firm our hope, And per - fect us in love. } Up in - to thee, our liv - ing head, Let us in all things grow;
D.C. Till thou hast made us free in - deed, And spot - less here be - low.

WILFORD. C. M. Double. XXX

Fine.

When brighter sun and mild - er skies / What various sounds of joy a - rise! / And all that by his mer-cy live, / Pro - claim the opening year, / What prospects bright ap - pear! / To God their of-f'ring raise! } Earth and her thousand voi - ces give Their thousand notes of praise;

D.C.

2. Thus, like the morn-ing, calm and clear, / The spring of heaven's e - ter - nal year, / Where in the hap - py fields of light, / That saw the Savior rise, / Shall dawn on earth and skies; / The wea - ry are at rest. } No win-ter there, no shades of night, Ob-scure those mansions blest,

D.C.

WINDSOR. C. M. Minor

O God, our help in - a - ges past, Our hope for years to come, Our shelter from the storm-y blast, And our e - ter - nal home.

SOLON WILDER. From "Praises of Zion." By permission.

WATKINS. C. M. XXX

1. Why should our tears in sor - row flow, When God recalls his own, And bids them leave a world of woe; For an im - mor - tal crow

- ly blest: They fought the fight, the vic - t'ry won, And en - tered in - to

WOODFORD. C. M. XXX

Slow and Plaintive.

1. Oh! for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame,— A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!

2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul - re-fresh - ing view Of Je - sus, and his word?

3. What peace-ful hours I once en - joyed! How sweet their mem'-ry still! But they have left an ach - ing void, The world can nev - er fill.

WOODLAND. C. M. XXX

N. D. GOULD.

1. There is an hour of peace-ful rest, To mourning wanderers given: There is a joy for souls distressed, A balm for ev - ery wounded breast, 'Tis found above in heaven.

WYMAN. C. M. XXX—

J. M. NORTH.

1. Dear Fa - ther, to thy mer - cy - seat My soul for shel - ter flies; 'Tis here I find a safe re - treat When storms and tem - pests rise.

2. My cheer - ful hope can nev - er die, If thou, my God, art near; Thy grace can raise my com - forts high, And ban - ish ev - ery fear.

WOODGATE. C. M.

G. F. ROOT. By permission.

1. To whom, my Sa - vior, shall I go If I de - part from thee? My guide thro' all this vale of woe, And more than all to me.

2. Lord, I have felt thy dy - ing love Breathe gen - tly thro' my heart, To whis-per hope of joys a - bove—And can we ev - er part?

WEYMOUTH. C. M.

Sweet is the memory of thy grace, My God, my heavenly King! Let age to age thy righteousness, In sounds of glo - ry sing.

WESTBOURNE. C. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

Smoothly.

1. There is an eye that nev - er sleeps, Beneath the wing of night, There is an ear that nev - er shuts, When sink the beams of light.

2. There is an arm that nev - er tires, When hu-man strength gives way; There is a love that nev - er fails, When earthly loves de - cay.

3 That eye is fixed on ser-aph throngs; That arm upholds the sky: That ear is filled with an - gel's songs, That love is throned on high,

WRENTHAM. C. M. XXX—

1. Oh, could I find, from day to day, A nearness to my God, Then should my hours glide sweet a - way, While leaning on his word.
2. Lord, I de - sire with thee to live A - new from day to day, In joys the world can nev - er give, Nor ev - er take a - way.

WHITNEY. C. M. XX

T. F. S.

1. Oh, hap-py soul that lives on high, While men lie groveling here! His hopes are fixed a - bove the sky, And faith for - bids his fear.
2. His pleasures rise from things un - seen, Be - yond this world of time, Where nei - ther eyes nor ears have been, Nor thoughts of mor - tals climb.

WOBURN. C. M. XXX—

T. F. SEWARD

Affettuoso.

1. Dear re - fuge of my wea - ry soul, On thee, when sor-rows rise, On thee, when waves of trou - ble roll, My faint - ing hopes re - lies.
2. But O, when gloomy doubts pre - vail, I fear to call thee mine; The springs of com - fort seem to fail, And all my hopes de - cline.

ZELIA. C. M. XX

Dr. LOWELL MASON

1. O sing ye now un - to the Lord A new and pleas-ant song; The marvels of His power re - cord, His deeds and prowess strong.

2. Be glad in Him with cheer-ful voice, Ye peo - ple of the earth: Praise Him with harp, and e'er re - joice, With songs of ho - ly mirth.

ZOAR. C. M. XX

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Oh! could I find from day to day, A near - ness to my God, Then should my hours glide sweetly by While lean-ing on His word.

ZALAMEA. C. M. X/

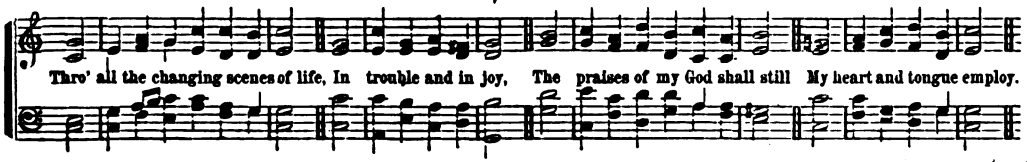
J. M. PELTON.

1. Lord, when we bend be - fore thy throne, And our con - fess - ions pour, O may we feel the sins we own, And hate what we de - plore.

2. Our con - trite spir - its, pity - ing, see; True pen - i - tence im - part; And let a heal - ing ray frem thee Beam hope on ev - ery heart.

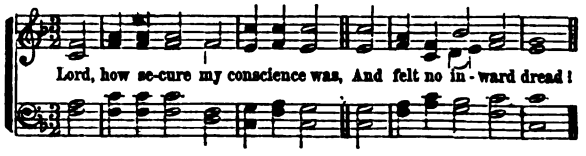
ST. ANN'S. C. M.

Dr. WM. CROFT.



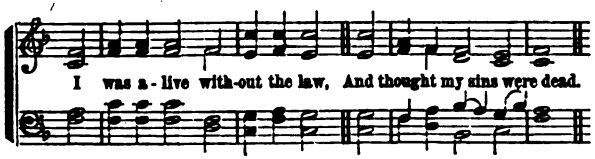
MARLOW. C. M.

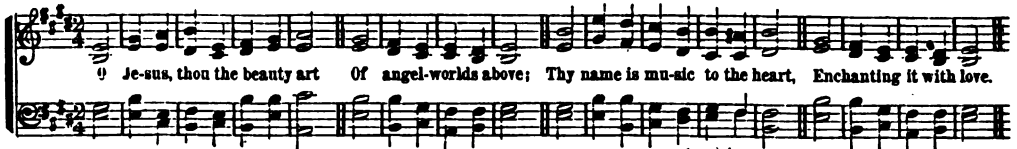
Arr. L. MASON.



DUNDEE. C. M.

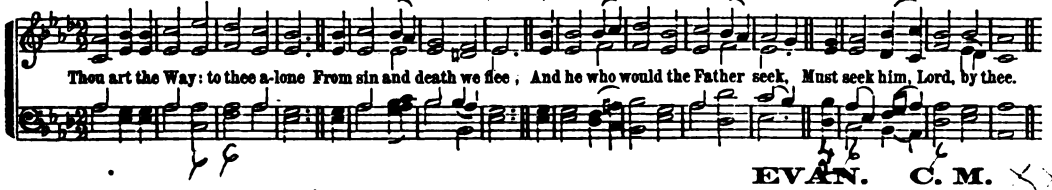
"Scotch Psalter."





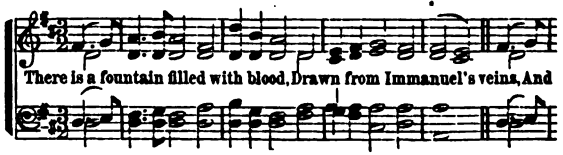
DEDHAM. C. M.

Arranged by Dr. L. MASON.



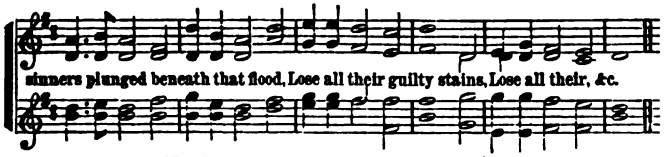
COWPER. C. M.

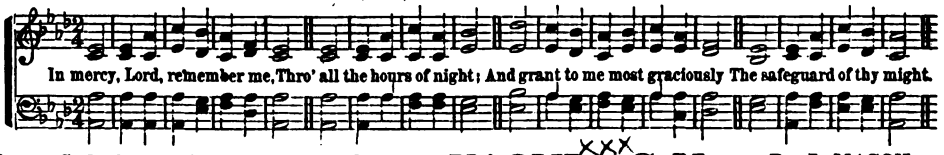
Dr. L. MASON.



EVAN. C. M.

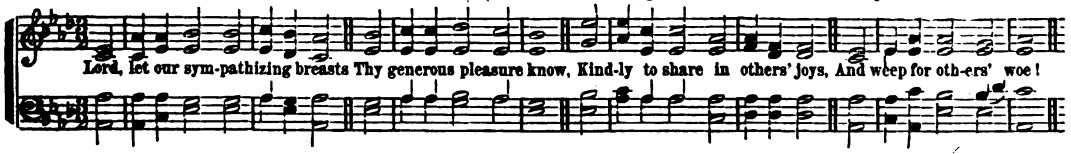
From "The Hallelujah."





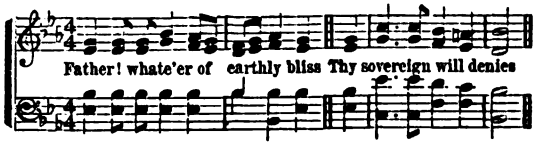
DENFIELD. C. M.

Arranged from C. G. Glaser, by Dr. L MASON



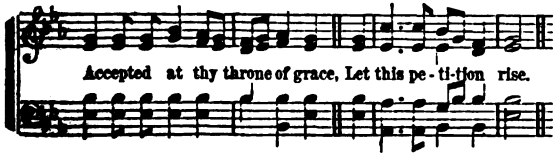
NAOMI. C. M.

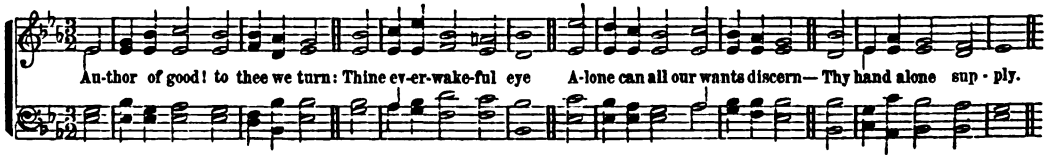
Dr. L. MASON.



DOWNS. C. M.

Dr. L. MASON.





ASHBURTON. S. M. XX

*

1. Come, sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glory sing; Je - ho - vah is the sov - creign God, The u - ni-versal King, The u - ni - ver - sal King.

2. He formed the deeps unknown; He gave the seas their bound; The watery worlds are all.... his own, And all the solid ground, And all the sol - id ground.

3. Come, worship at his throne, Come, bow before the Lord: We are his work and not... our own; He formed us by his word, He formed us by his word.

AKENSIDE. S. M. XXX

J. B. CARPENTER.

While my Re - deem - er's near, My Shep-herd and my Guide, I bid fare - well to ev - ery fear, My wants are all sup - plied.

AGNES. S. M. XXX

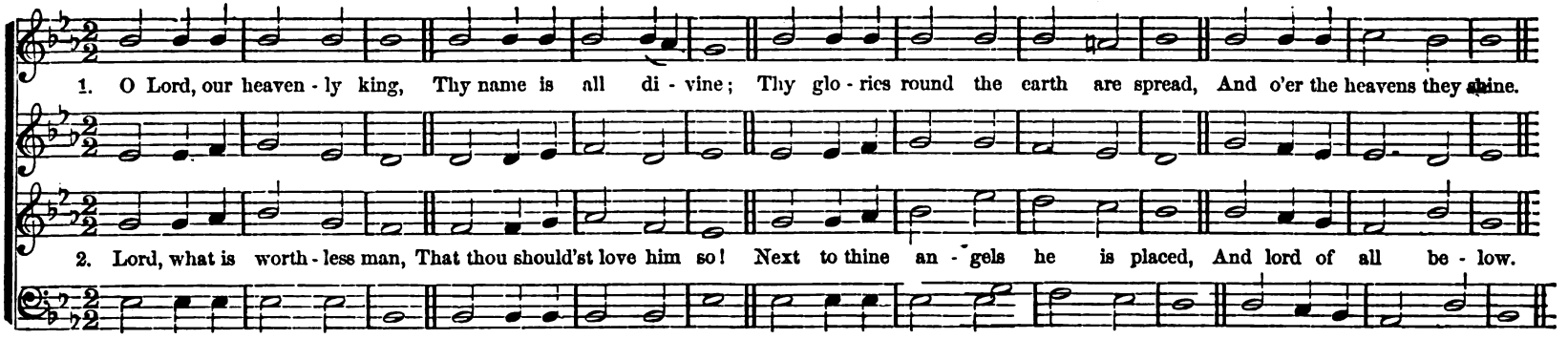
J. E. BALL.

1. The Lord my shepherd is..... I shall be well sup-plied, Since he is mine and I am his, What can I want be - side?

2. He leads me to the place, Where heavenly pasture grows, Where liv - ing wa - ters gen - tly pass, And full sal - va - tion flows.

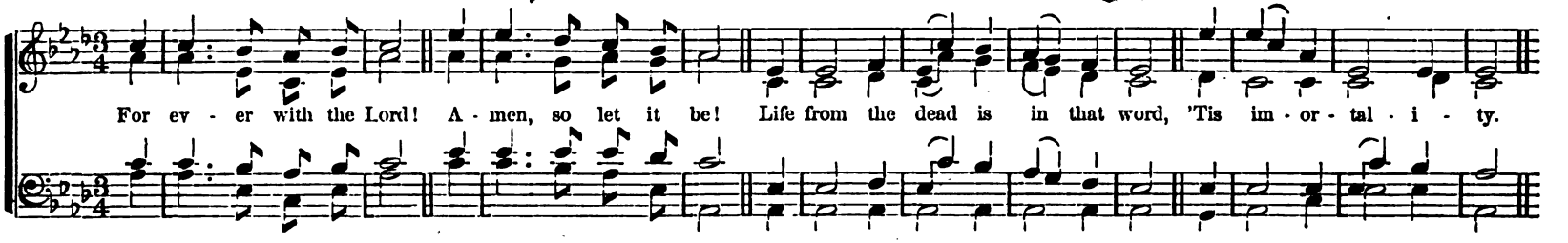
AYLESBURY. S. M. XX–

S. WILDER.



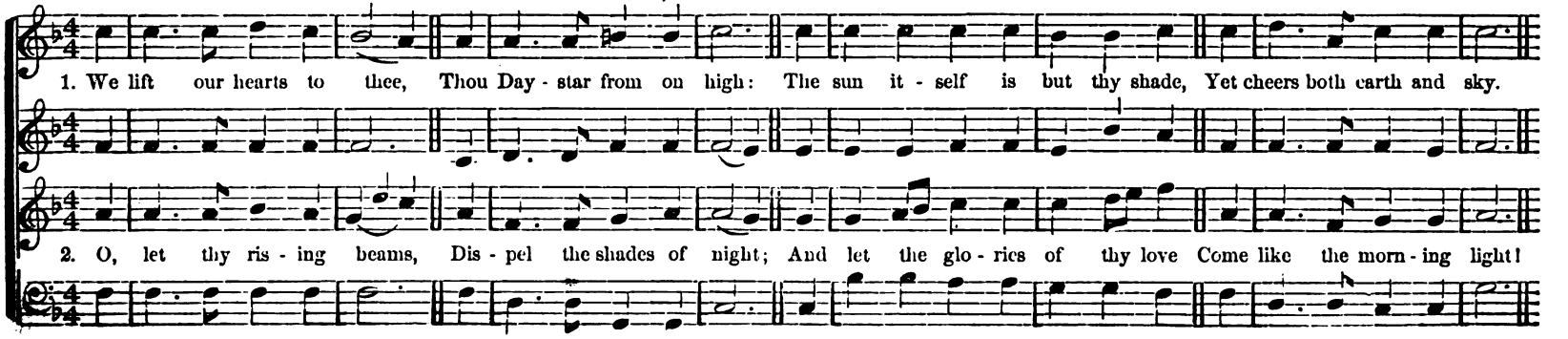
AHIRA. S. M. XXX–

H. W. GREATOREX. By permission.



APPLEGATE. S. M. XX–

GUELPH.



200 **BERYL. S. M.** WILLIAM MASON

1. I hear thy word with love,..... And I would fain o - bey; Send thy good Spir - it from a - bove To guide me, lest I stray.

2. While with my heart and tongue I spread thy praise a - broad, Ac - cept the wor - ship and the song, My Sa - vior and my God.

BELBORO'. S. M.

O Lord, thy work re - vive In Zi - on's gloomy hour; And make her dy - ing gra - ces live By thy re - stor - ing power.

BITHYNIA. S. M. E. VOSSELLER

1. Dear Sa - vior, we are thine, By ev - er - last - ing bands; Our names, our hearts, we would re - sign, And souls, in - to thy hands.

2. Since Christ and we are one, Why should we doubt or fear? If he in heav'n has fixed his throne, He'll fix his mem - bers there.

BRIGGS. S. M. XXX-

. E. J.

1. Oh, where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul? 'Twere vain the o - cean's depth to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.

2. The world can ne - ver give The bliss for which we sigh; 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.

BURBER. S. M.* XXX

Soft and subdued.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Go to thy rest, my child! Go to thy dream-less bed, While yet so gen - tle, un - de - filed, With blessings on thy head.

2. Shall love with weak em - brace, Thy up - ward wing de - tain? No! gen - tle an - gel, seek thy place A - mid the che - rub train.

* May be sung at the funeral of a little child.

BYINGTON. S. M. XXX

Do not retard.

T. F. S.

1. Sweet is the work, O Lord, Thy glorious acts to sing, To praise thy name, and hear thy word, And grate - ful offer - ings bring.

2. Sweet, at the dawn-ing light, Thy boundless love to tell; And, when approach the shades of night, Still on the theme to dwell.

3. Sweet, on this day of rest, To join in heart and voice With those who love and serve thee best, And in thy name re - joice.

202

COIT. S. M. Minor

W. B. BRADBURY

1. Let sin - ners take their course, And choose the road to death; But in the wor - ship of my God, I'll spend my dai - ly breath.

2. My thoughts address his throne, When mornings bring the light; I seek his bles - sing eve - ry noon, And pay my vows at night.

CAPUA. S. M. XX

J D. VINTON.

O where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul? 'Twere vain the o - cean's depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.

CASTILLA. S. M. XX

J. M. PELTON.

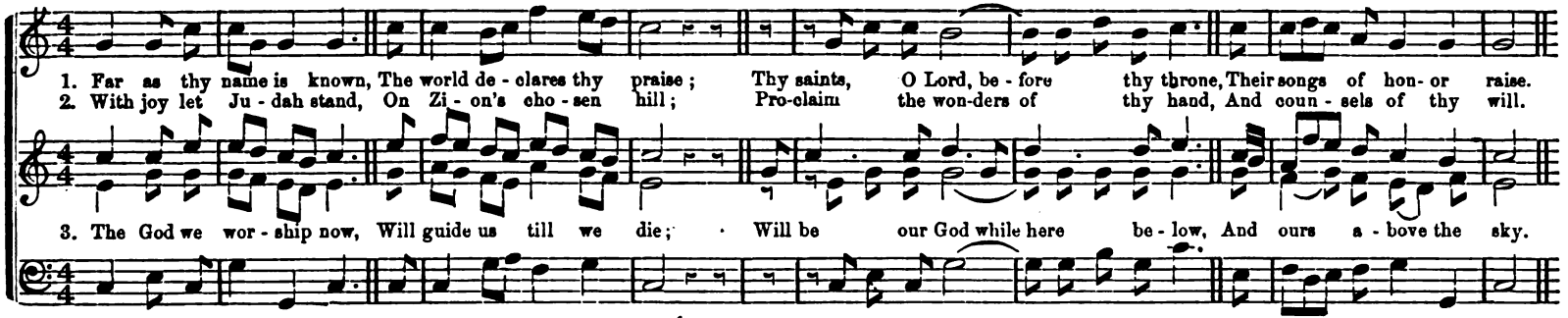
1. While my Redeemer's near, My Shepherd and my guide, I bid farewell to anxious fear; My wants are all sup-plied, My wants are all supplied.

2. To ev - er fragrant meads, Where rich abundance grows, His gracious hand in-dul-gent leads, And guards my sweet repose, And guards my sweet repose.

3. Dear Shepherd, if I stray, My wand'ring feet restore; To thy fair pastures guide my way, And let me rove no more, And let me rove no more.

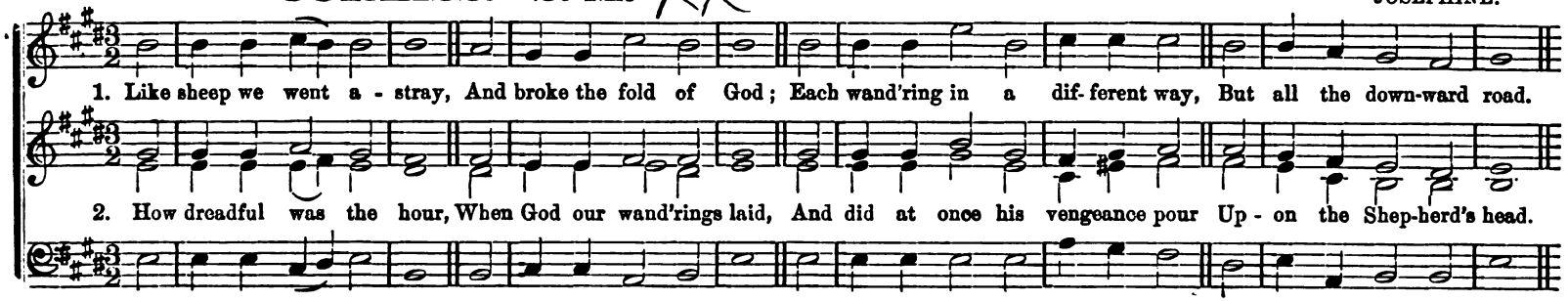
CHAPLIN. S. M. XX—

J. H. TENNEY.



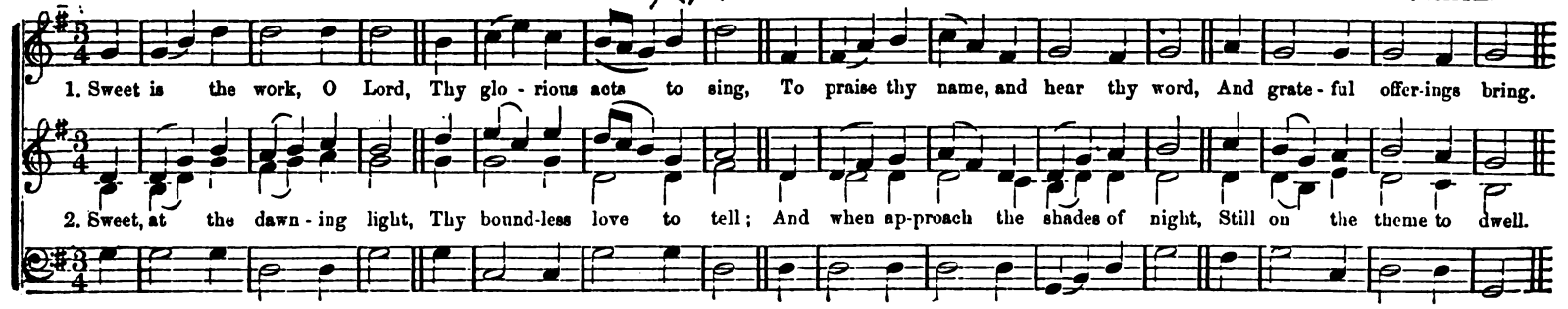
CORLISS. S. M. XX

JOSEPHINE.



CONROY. S. M. XX—

F. H. SMITH.



204 **DALMATIA. S. M. Double.** DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Sing to the Lord, our Might, With ho - ly fer - vor sing; Let hearts and voi - ces all u - nite, To praise our heavenly king.
D. C. Here he accepts the humblest vows That faith and love can pay.

2. The Sab - bath to our sires In mer - cy first was given; The church her Sab - bath still requires To speed her on to heaven.
D. C. And God is still as near His fold To pi - ty and to bless.

DANTZIC. S. M. Double. T. F. SEWARD.

1. We come with joy - ful song, To hail the hap - py morn,

2. Glo - ry to God on high, All hail the hap - py morn;

This is His ho - ly house, And this his fes - tal day;

We still, like them of old..... Are in the wil - der - ness;

Glad ti - dings from an angel's tongue, "This day is Je - sus born;" What transports doth his name To sin - ful men af - ford!
D. C. His glo - rious ti - tles we pro-claim, A Sa - vior, Christ the Lord.

We join the an - thems of the sky, And sing "The Sa - vior's born;" Glo - ry to God on high, All hail the hap - py morn,
D. C. We join the an - thems of the sky, And sing "The Sa - vior's born."

DODSLEY. S. M. Double. XX

1. My soul, it is thy God Who calls thee by his grace; Now loose thee from each cumbering load, And bend thee to the race:

2. Thy crown of life hold fast; Thy heart with cour-age stay; Nor let one trembling glance be cast A-long the backward way:

Make thy sal-va-tion sure; All sloth and slum-ber shun; Nor dare a mo-ment rest se-cure, Till thou the goal hast won.

Thy path as-cends the skies, With conquering footsteps bright; And thou shalt win and wear the prize, In ev-er-last-ing light.

DELAVAN. S. M XX

NAOMI.

1. I love the voice that calls To God's own house of prayer, I love to stand within its walls, For Christ, the Lord, is there, For Christ, the Lord, is there.

2. Tis sweet to raise the song, Of grateful praise and love, U-nit-ing with the bless-ed throng, Of ho-ly hearts a-bove, Of ho-ly hearts a-bove.

ELSTON. S. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. I love the voice that calls To God's own house of prayer, I love to stand with - in its walls, For Christ, the Lord is there.

2. 'Tis sweet to raise the song Of grate- ful praise and love, U - nit - ing with the bless - ed throng, Of ho - ly hearts a - bove.

With great animation.

ENGLEWOOD. S. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. The Lord is ris'n in-deed! At - tend - ing angels, hear; Up to the courts of heav'n, with speed, Up to the courts of heav'n, with speed, The joy - ful ti-dings bear.

2. Then wake your golden lyres, And strike each cheerful chord; Join, all ye bright ce - les- tial choirs, Join, all ye bright ce - les-tial choirs, To sing our ris - en Lord.

EUSTACE. S. M.

T. F. S.

1. Far from my heavenly home, Far from my Father's breast, Faint-ing I cry, "Blest Spir-it, come, And speed me to my rest, And speed me to my rest."

2. Up - on the wil - lows long, My harp has si - lent hung; How should I sing a cheer-ful song, Till thou in-spire my tongue, Till thou in-spire my tongue.

3. My spir - it homeward turns, And fain would thither flee, My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns, When I re-mem - ber thee, When I re-member thee.

EWER. S. M.

WM. MASON.

Andantino.

1. How charm-ing is the place Where my Re - deem - er God Un-veils the glo - ries of his face, And sheds his love a-broad!

2. Here on the mer - cy seat..... With ra - diant glo - ry crowned, Our joy - ful eyes be - hold him sit, And smile on all a - round.

3. To him their prayers and cries Each con - trite soul pre - sents: And while he hears their hum - ble sighs, He grants them all their wants.

EVERDELL. S. M.

GEO. M. MONROE.

With deep feeling.

2. The day is past and gone, The eve - ning shades ap - pear; O, may we ev - er keep in mind, The night of death draws near.

EDGAR. S. M.

FR. SILCHER. FROM "ASAPH."

Slowly.

1. Sweet is the work, O Lord, Thy glorious acts to sing, To praise thy name, and hear thy word, And grateful offerings bring, And grateful offerings bring.

2. Sweet, at the dawning light, Thy boundless love to tell; And, when approach the shades of night, Still on the theme to dwell, Still on the theme to dwell.

3. Sweet on this day of rest, To join in heart and voice With those who love and serve thee best, And in thy name rejoice, And in thy name re-joice.

FREEMAN. S. M. XX

W. B. BRADBURY.

Gently.

1. O, cease, my wandering soul, On rest-less wing to roam; All this wide world, to ei - ther pole, Hath not for thee a home, Hath not for thee a home.

2. Be-hold the ark of God! Be-hold the o - pen door! Oh, haste to gain that dear a-bode, And rove, my soul, no more, And rove, my soul, no more.

3. There safe thou shalt a-bide, There sweet shall be thy rest, And eve - ry longing sat - is-fied, With full sal - va-tion blest, With full sal-va-tion blest.

FURNISS. S. M. XX

T. F. SEWARD.

With a flowing movement.

1. To bless thy cho - sen race, In mer - cy, Lord, in - cline; And cause the bright-ness of thy face, On all thy saints to shine.

FOSTER. S. M. XXX

Gracefully.

1. Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one, Whose kind de - signs to serve and please Thro' all their ac - tions run.

ure flow, As no in - crease of rich - es brings, Nor hon - ors can be-stow

GLENDALE. S. M. Minor

1. My few re - volving years, How swift they glide a - way! How short the term of life ap-pears! When past, as but a day, When past, as but a day.

2. A dark and cloudy day, Made up of grief and sin; A host of en - e-mies with-out, Of guilt-y fears with - in, Of guilt-y fears with - in.

GREENWOOD. S. M. XXX

From "Root and Sweetzer's Coll.," by permission.

If, on a qui - et sea, Tow'rd heaven we calm - ly sail, With grate-ful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fav - 'ring gale.

Moderato.

GUILDHALL. S. M. X

T. F. S.

1. Still with thee, O my God, I would de - sire to be; By day, by night, at home, a - broad, I would be still with thee.

2. With- thee when dawn comes in, And calls me back to care; Each day re - turn - ing to be - gin With thee, my God, in prayer.

3. With thee, when day is done, And eve - ning calms the mind, The set - ting, as the ris - ing sun, With thee my heart would find.

GUERNSEY. S. M. XXX–

C. P. MORRISON.

Sempre Legato

1. While my Re - deem - ers near, My Shepherd and my Guide, I bid fare-well to eve - ry fear, My wants are all sup-plied.

2. To ev - er - fra - grant meads, Where rich a - bun-dance grows, His gracious hand in - dul - gent leads, And guards my sweet re-pose.

GORTON. S. M. XXX

BEETHOVEN.

Slow and soft.

While my Re - deem-er's near, My Shep-herd and my Guide, I bid fare - well to ev - ery fear; My wants are all sup - plied.

GREVILLE. S. M. XXX

From REICHARDT.

1. If Je - sus be my friend, And I to him be - long, I care not what my foes intend, Though fierce they be and strong.

2. Our God hath built a - bove, A ci - ty fair and new, Where eye and heart shall see and prove, What faith has counted true.

3. The sun that lights my eyes, Is Christ, the Lord I love; I sing for joy of that which lies, Stored up for me a - bove.

HOOPER. S. M. XXX—

SOLON WILDER. By permission.

1. And is there, Lord, a rest, For wea - ry souls de-signed, Where not a care shall stir the breast, Or sor - row en-trance find?

2. Is there a bliss - ful home, Where kin-dred minds shall meet, And live and love, nor ev - er roam From that se - rene re - treat?

HALFORD. S. M. XX

NAOMI.

1. Come to the house of prayer, O thou af - flict - ed, come; The God of peace shall meet thee there; He makes that house his home
2. Ye a - ged, hith - er come, For ye have felt his love; Soon shall your trem - bling tongues be dumb, Your lips for - get to move.

HOME. S. M. XX

DARIUS E. JONES.

1. Sweet home, when God is there, And love fills ev' - ry breast; Where one their wish and one their prayer, And one their heaven-ly rest.
2. Blest home, where Je - sus' name Is sweet to ev' - ry ear; Where chil-dren ear - ly lisp his fame; And pa - rents hold him dear.
3. Dear home, where prayer is heard, And praise is wont to rise; Where pa - rents love the sa - cred word, And live but for the skies.

212 **KREMLIN. S. M. Double.** XXX J. H. TENNEY.

1. The Lord my Shep - herd is, I shall be well sup - plied; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be - side?

3. If e'er I go a - stray, He doth my soul re - claim; And guides me in his own right way, For his most ho - ly name.

2. He leads me to the place, Where heav'n - ly pas - ture grows, Where liv - ing wa - ters gent - ly pass, And full sal - va - tion flows.

4. While he af - fords his aid, I can - not yield to fear! Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade, My Shep - herd's with me there.

KIRK. S. M. XXX W. B. B. From "KEY NOTE."

1. I love thy king - dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode· The church our blest Re - deem - er saved With his own pre - cious blood.

LAMBORN. S. M. 6 lines. XXX

With confidence. FINE D. C.

1. Put thou thy trust in God, In du - ty's path go on; Walk in His strength with faith and hope, So shall thy work be done;
D. C. Walk in his strength with faith and hope, So shall thy work be done.

2. Com - mit thy ways to Him, Thy works in - to His hands, And rest on His un - changing word, Who heaven and earth commands;
D. C. And rest on his unchang - ing word, Who heaven and earth commands.

LAMEN. S. M. XX—

T. F. S.

1. Oh, for the death of those Who slum-ber in the Lord! Oh, be like theirs my last re - pose, Like theirs my last re - ward!

LINTON. S. M. XX—

W. B. B.

Legato.

1. The Lord my shepherd is, I shall be well sup - plied, Since he is mine and I am his What can I want beside,.... What can I want be - side?

2. He leads me to the place Where heavenly pas-ture grows; Where living wa - ters gently pass, And full salva-tion flows, And full sal-va - tion flows.

LANDSEER. S. M. XXX—

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Grace! 'tis a charming sound—Harmonious to the ear; Heaven with the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall hear, Heaven with the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall hear.

2. Grace first contrived the way To save re-bel-lious man; And all the steps that grace display Which drew the wondrous plan; And all the steps that grace display Which drew the wondrous plan.

LOYALA. S. M. XX

*

1. Be - hold, the morn - ing sun Be - gins his glo - rious way; His beams through all the na - tions run, And life and light con - vey.
2. But where the gos - pel comes, It spreads di - vin - er light; It calls dead sin - ners from their tombs, And gives the blind their sight.

LORRAINE. S. M. XX

E. VOSSELLER.

1. Is this the kind re - turn? Are these the thanks we owe? Thus to a - buse e - ter - nal love, Whence all our bless - ings flow?

2. Let past in - grat - i - tude Pro - voke our weep - ing eyes; And hour - ly, as new mer - cies fall, Let hour - ly thanks a - raise.

McPHERSON. S. M. XXX

1. What cheer-ing words are these! Their sweet-ness who can tell? In time, and to e - ter - nal days, "'Tis with the right - eous well."

2. In eve - ry state, se - cure, Kept as Je - ho vah's eye, 'Tis well with them while life en - dures, And well, when called to die.

MORNINGTON. S. M. XXX

LORD MORNINGTON.

To bless thy chos - en race, In mer - cy, Lord, in - cline; And cause the bright-ness of thy face On all thy saints to shine,

MARSHFIELD. S. M. XXX

2. Put thou thy trust in God; In du - ty's part go on; Walk in his strength with faith and hope, So shall thy work, So shall thy work be done.

2. Commit thy ways to Him, Thy work in - to His Hands, And rest on His un chang-ing word, Who heav'n and earth, Who heav'n and earth commands.

3. Though years on years roll on, His cov-'nant shall en - dure, Though clouds and darkness hide his path, The promised grace, The promised grace is sure.

216

MIRBELL. S. M. Double. XXX

Geo. F. ROOT. By permission.

Not too fast

1. Come, we who love the Lord, And let our joys be known: Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And thus surround the throne.

3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets, Be - fore we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets.

2. Let those re - fuse to sing, Who nev - er knew our God; But fa - vorites of the heavenly King May speak their joys a - broad.

4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - ery tear be dry; We're marching through Im - man - uel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.

MADISON. S. M. XX—

From the "Psalm King," By permission.

1. And will the Judge de - scend, And must the dead a - rise, And not a sin - gle soul es - cape His all - dis - cern - ing eyes?

2. How will my heart en - dure, The ter - rors of that day, When earth and heav'n be - fore his face, As - ton - ished, shrink a - way?

NAPLES. S. M. XXX

WM. MASON.

1. What cheer-ing words are these? Their sweet-ness, who can tell? In time, and to e - ter - nal days, "'Tis with the right-eous well."

2. 'Tis well when joys a - rise; 'Tis well when sor - rows flow; 'Tis well when dark-ness vails the skies, And strong temp - ta - tions grow.

3. 'Tis well, when Je - sus calls: "From earth and sin a - rise, To join the hosts of ran-somed souls, Made to sal - va - tion wise.

NYSSA. S. M. XX

T. F. SEWARD.

And is there, Lord, a rest, For wea - ry souls de - signed, Where not a care shall stir the breast, Or sor - row en - trance find?

NUMIDIA. S. M. XXX

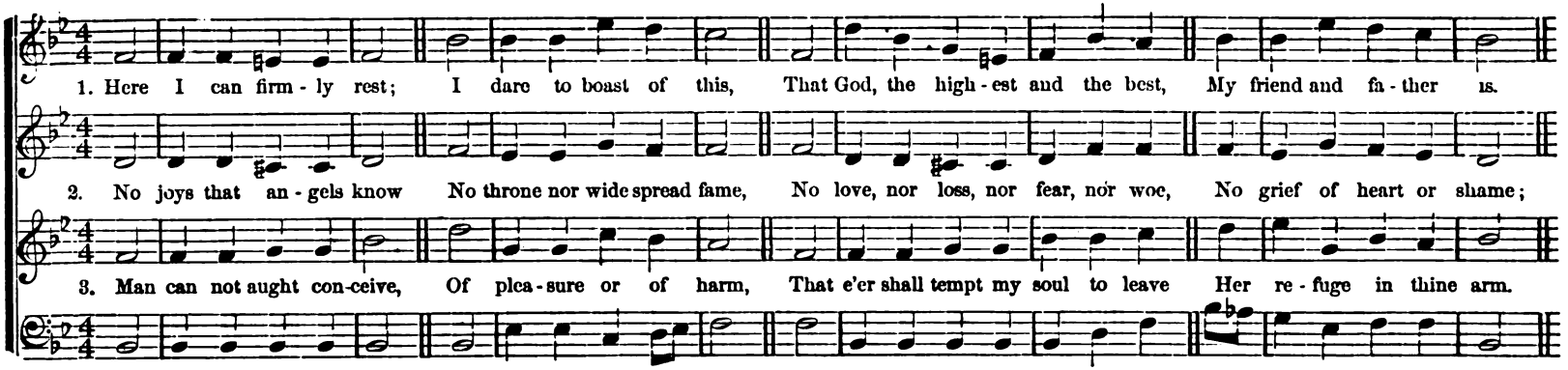
J. M. PELTON.

1. Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one, Whose kind de - sires to serve and please, Thro' all their ac - tions run.

2. Blest is the pi - ous house, Where zeal and friend - ship meet; Their songs of praise, their min - gled vows, Make their com - mun - ion sweet.

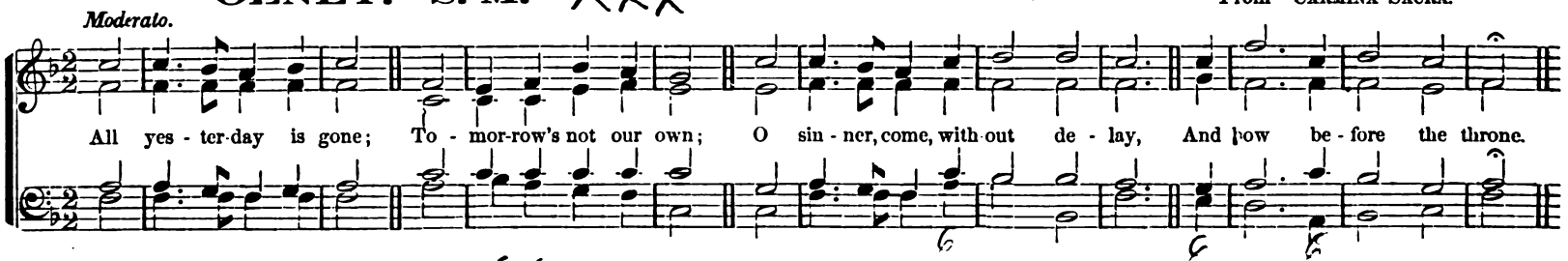
OSTEND. S. M. X—

WILLIAM MASON



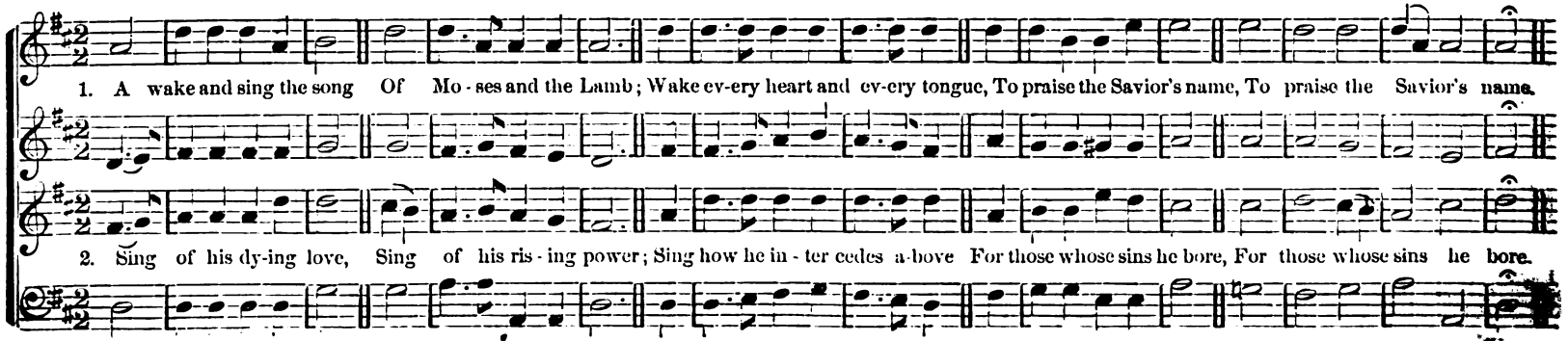
OLNEY. S. M. XXX

From "CARMINA SACRA."



OTIS. S. M. XX—

E. ROBERTS.



PERCIVAL. S. M. XXX

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Lord, bid thy light a - rise On all thy people here; And when we raise our longing eyes, O may we feel thee near, O may we feel thee near.

2. Let all that own thy name, Thy sacred image bear; And light in ev - ery heart the flame Of watchfulness and prayer, Of watchfulness and prayer.

PELHAM. S. M. XXX

J. W. CURRIER.

My God, my prayer at - tend; Oh, bow thine ear to me— With - out a hope, with - out a friend, Without a help but thee!

PROVILL. S. M. XX

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come! Let thy bright beams a - rise: Dis - pel the sor - row from our minds, The darkness from our eyes.

2. Re - vive our drooping faith, Our doubts and fears re - move, And kin - dle in our breasts the flame Of nev - er - dy - ing love.

SATILLO. S. M. XX

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Be - hold! the morning sun Be - gins his glorious way; His beams thro' all the nations run, His beams thro' all the nations run, And life and light con - vey.

2. Thy laws are just and pure, Thy truth without de - ceit; Thy prom-is - es for - ev - er sure, Thy prom-is - es for - ev - er sure, And thy rewards are great.

3. My gracious God, how plain Are thy di - rections given! Oh, may I nev - er read in vain, Oh, may I nev - er read in vain, But find the path to heaven.

STRAND. S. M. Minor

WILLIAM MASON.

Mine eyes and my de - sire Are ev - er to the Lord,..... I love to plead his prom - is - es, And rest up - on his word.

SURINAM. S. M. XXX

T. F. SEWARD.

1. Je - sus, I come to thee, A sin - ner doomed to die; My on - ly re - fuge is thy cross, Here at thy feet I lie.

2. Can mer - cy reach my case, And all my sins re - move? Break, O my God, this heart of stone, And melt it by thy love.

STONEBERRY. S. M. XXX

W. B. BRADBURY

Gracefully.

1. Sweet is the work, O Lord, Thy glo - rious name to sing; To praise and pray, and hear thy word, And grate-ful of - f'rings bring.

2. Sweet, at the dawn-ing light, Thy bound-less love to tell: And when approach the shades of night, Still on the theme to dwell.

3. Sweet, on this day of rest, To join in heart and voice With those who love and serve thee best, And in thy name re - joice.

SAYLES. S. M. XX

DARIUS E. JONES.

In a gentle, subdued, and tender manner.

Ritard.

One sweet-ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er, Near - er my part-ing hour am I Than e'er I was be - fore.

SILVIA. S. M. XXX

W. B. BRADBURY.

Cheerfully.

1. We lift our hearts to thee, Thou Day - star from on high: The sun it - self is but thy shade, Yet cheers both earth and sky.

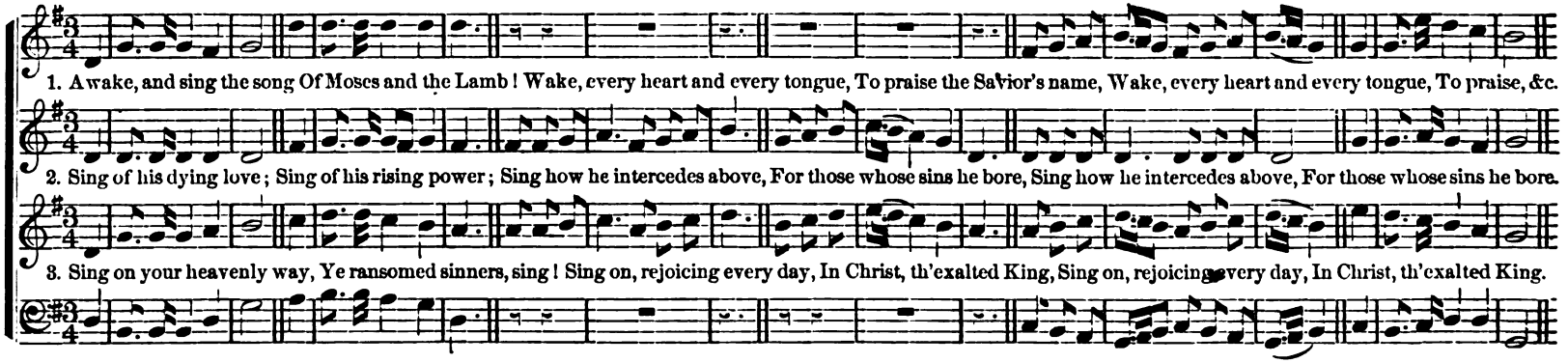
2. Oh, let thy ris - ing beams Dis - pel the shades of night; And let the glo - ries of thy love Come like the morn - ing light.

3. How beauteous na - ture now! How dark and sad be - fore!—With joy we view the pleas-ing change, And na - ture's God a - dore.

222

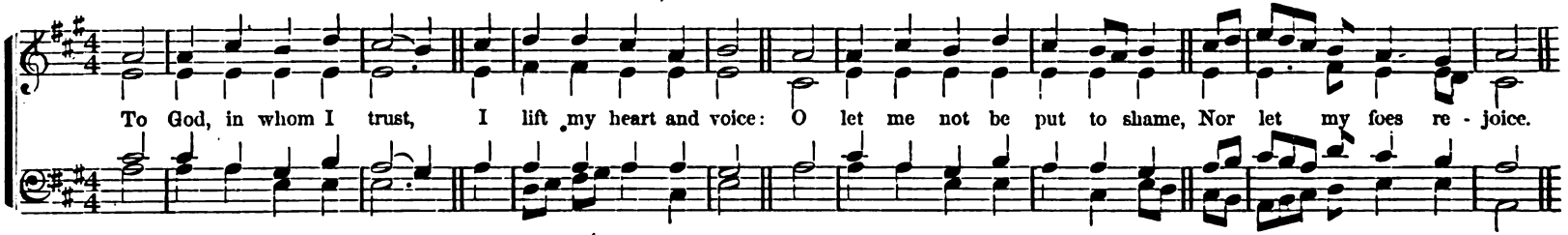
TERAH. S. M. XXX

W. B. BRADBURY.



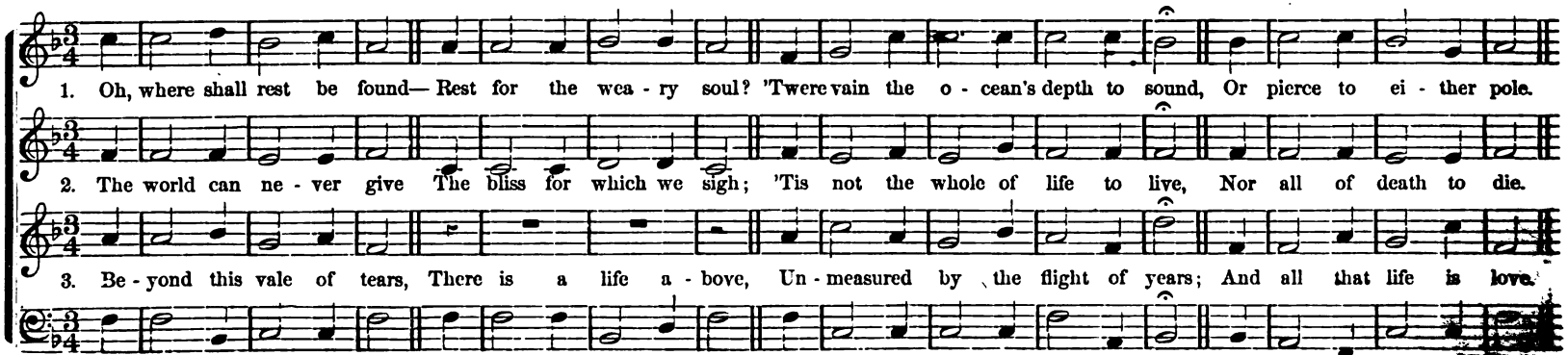
TAMAHILL. S. M. XXX

T. F. S.



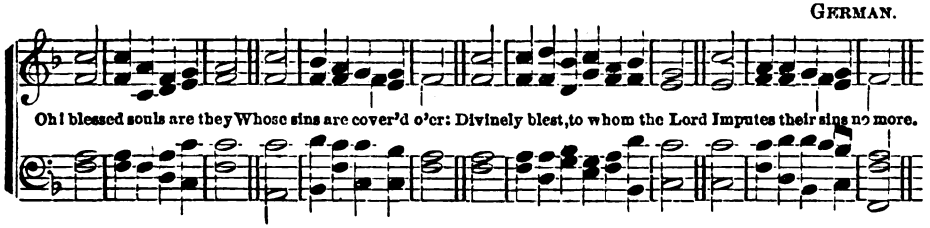
TULLA. S. M. XXX

W. B. BRADBURY.



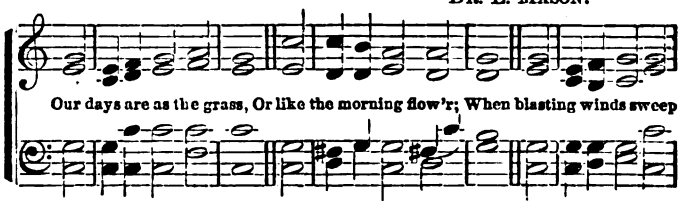
BADEA. S. M. XXX

GERMAN.



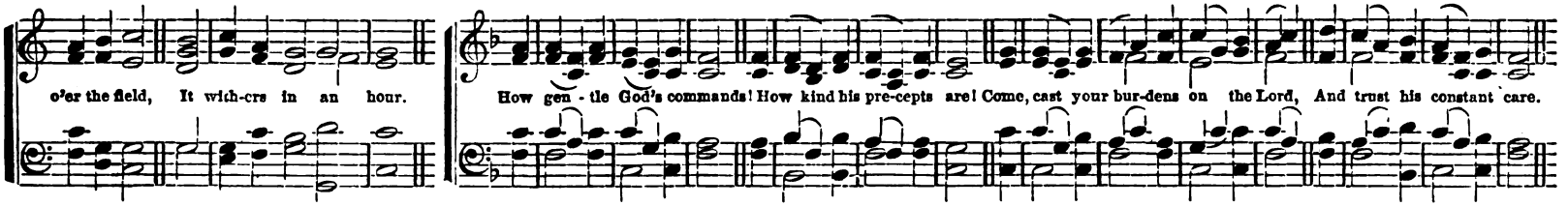
BOYLSTON. S. M. XXX

DR. L. MASON.

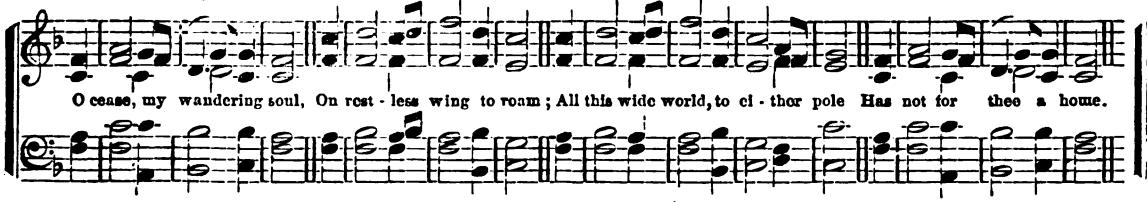


DENNIS. S. M. XXX—

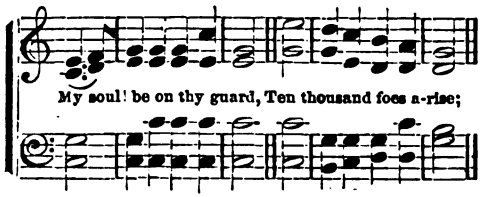
Arranged from NAGELL



GOLDEN HILL. S. M. XXX

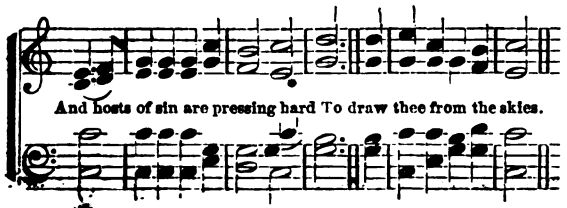


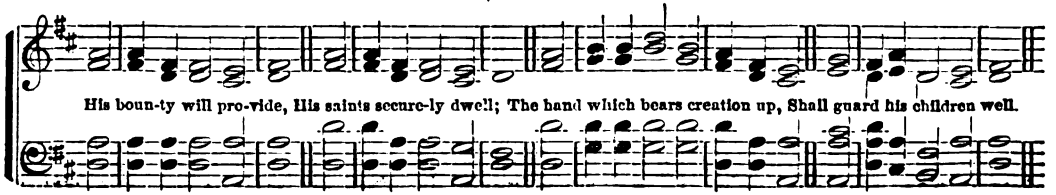
LABAN. S. M. XXX



LOTTIE. S. M. XX

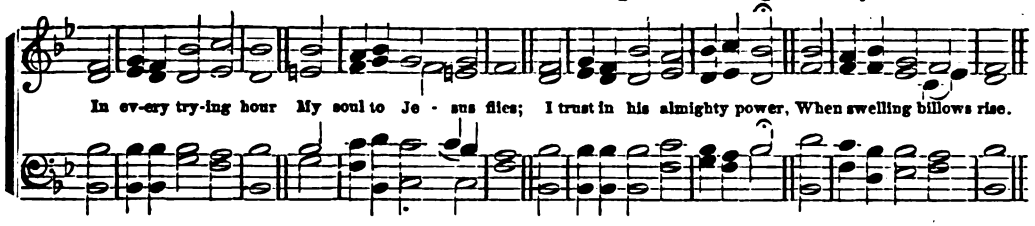
WM. B. BRADAURY.





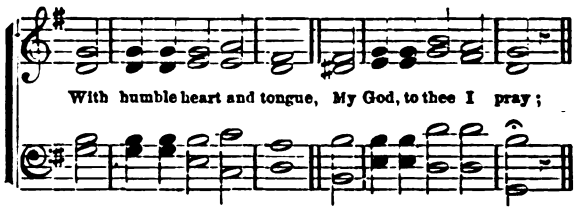
OLMUTZ. S. M.

Arranged from a Greg. Chant by Dr. L. Mason.



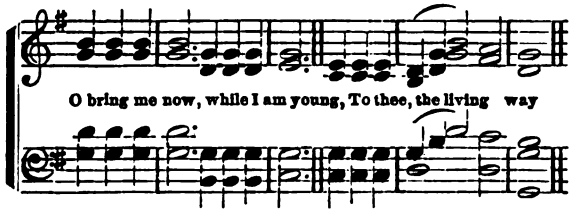
PARAH. S. M.

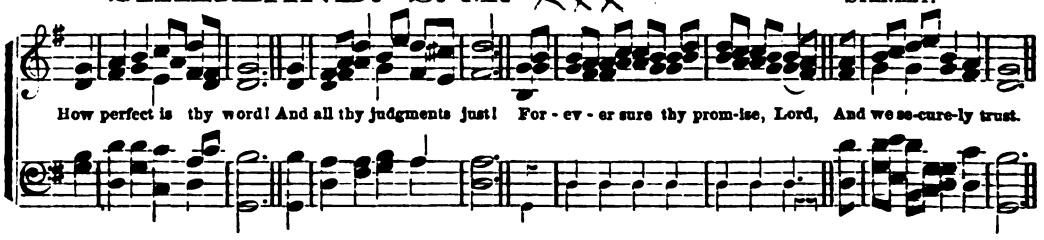
Dr. L. Mason.



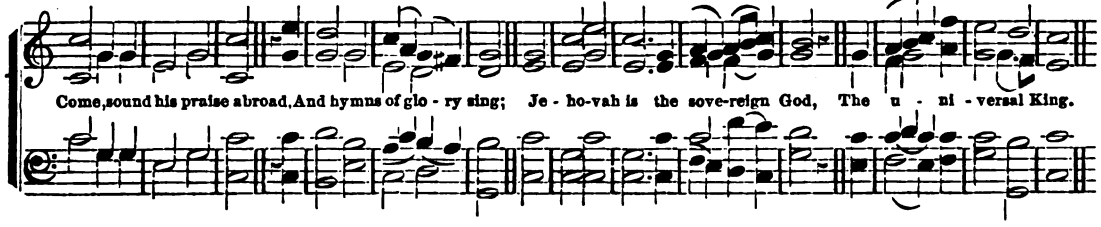
SHIRLAND. S. M.

Stanley.



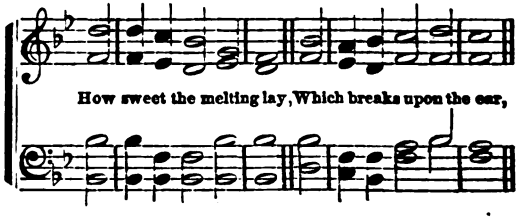


SILVER STREET. S. M.

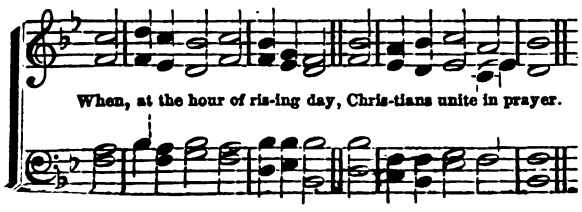


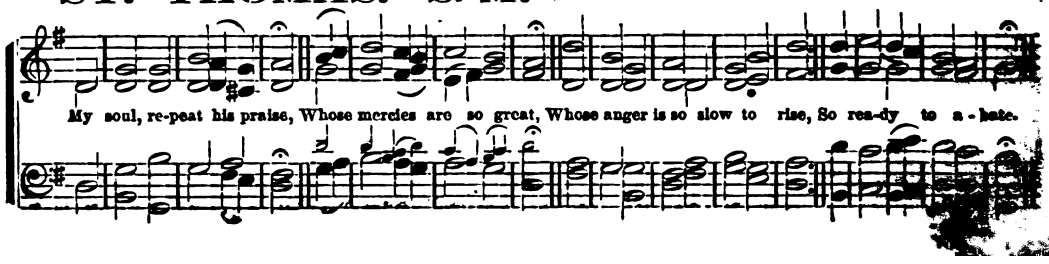
STATE ST. S. M.

Woodman.



ST. THOMAS. S. M.





CHANTREY. L. P. M. XXX

1. Let all the earth their voi - ces raise, To sing the choicest psalm of praise; To sing and praise Jehovah's name: His glo - ry let the heathen know;

2. He framed the globe, he built the sky, He made the shining worlds on high; And reigns complete in glory there: His beams are ma - jes - ty and light;

His wonders to the nations show, And all his saving works pro-claim.

His beauties, how di-vine - ly bright; His temple, how di-vine - ly fair.

NASHVILLE. L. P. M. XX

Arr. from a Greg. Chant, by DR. MASON.

1. I love the vol - ume of thy word; What light and joy those leaves afford

2. Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes, And warn me where my danger lies;

To souls be-night - ed and distressed! Thy precepts guide my doubtful way, Thy fear for - bids my feet to stray, Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

But 'tis thy bless - ed gos-pel, Lord, That makes my guilt-y conscience clean, Converts my soul, sub-dues my sin, And gives a free, but large re-ward.

LAMBETH. C. P. M. XX –

T. F. S.

1. O love divine, how sweet thou art! When shall I find a willing heart All tak-en up by thee? I thirst, I faint, I die to prove, The greatness of redeeming

2. Oh, that I could for-ev-er sit, In transport at my Savior's feet! Be this my hap - py choice; My on-ly care, delight, and bliss, My joy, my heaven on earth be

love, The greatness of redeeming love; The love of Christ to me.

this, My joy, my heaven on earth be this, To hear my Savior's voice!

LUDINGTON. C. P. M. XXX

H. HUNTLEY, Jr.

Allegro Moderato.

With joy shall I be - hold the day, That calls my thirst-ing

With joy shall I be - hold the day, That calls my thirst-ing

soul a - way, To dwell among the blest! For, lo! my great Re - deem-er's power, Unfolds the ev - er - last - ing door, And leads me to His rest!

soul a - way, To dwell among the blest! For, lo! my great Re - deem-er's power, Unfolds the ev - er - last - ing door, And leads me to His rest!

C. P. M. XXX—

Cres. *f*

O, could I speak the match-less worth, O, could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Saviour shine! { I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Gabriel, while he sings } In notes almost di-vine

GANGES. C. P. M. XX

FINE. *D.*

In notes al-most di-vine.

Be-gin, my soul, th'exalt-ed lay, Let each enraptured thought obey, And praise th'Almighty's name; Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies in one me-lodious concert rise, To swell th'inspiring theme.

MERIBAH. C. P. M. XX

Dr. Lowell Mason.

O thou who hear'st the prayer of faith, Wilt thou not save a soul from death, That casts it-self on thee? { I have no re-fuge of my own, But fly to what my Lord hath done, } And suffered once for me.

RAMOTH. C. P. M. XX—

W. B. B.

When thou, my righteous Judge! shalt come To fetch thy ransomed people home, Shall I a-mong them stand? { Shall such a

C. H. M. XX—

1. When I can trust my all with God, In tri - al's fear - ful hour, Bow, all re - signed, be - neath his rod, And bless his spar - ing power,

2. Oh! to be brought to Je - sus' feet, Tho' sor - rows fix me there, Is still a priv - i - lege; and sweet The en - er - gy of prayer,

A joy springs up a - mid dis - tress,— A fountain in the wil - der - ness.

Tho' sighs and tears its language be, If Christ be nigh and smile on me.

DALSTON. S. H. M. XX—

1. How pleased and blest was I To hear the peo - ple cry,

2. Zi - on, thrice happy place, Adorned with truth and gr

"Come, let us seek our God to - day!" Yes, with a cheer - ful zeal, We haste to Zi - on's hill, And there our vows and hon - ors

round: In thee our tribes ap - pear, To pray, and praise, and hear The sa - cred gos - pel's joy - f

MAYFAIR. H. M. XXX

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1st. 2d.

1. { Rise, Sun of glo - ry, rise, And chase the shades of night,
Which now obscures the skies, And hide thy sa - cred light; } O, chase those dis - mal shades a - way, And bring the bright mil - len - ial day,

2. { Then shall thy king-dom come Among our fal - len race,
And all the earth be - come The temple of thy grace; } Whence pure devo - tion shall as - scend, And songs of praise, till time shall end,

And bring the bright mil - len - ial day.

And songs of praise, till time shall end.

MYERS. H. M. XX

GEO. M. MONROE.

1. Ye boundless realms of joy, Ex - alt your Maker's fame: His praise your song em - ploy,

2. Thou moon, that rul'st the night, And sun, that guid'st the day, Ye glittering stars of light,

A - bove the star - ry frame; Your vol - ces raise, ye cher - u - bim, And ser - a - phim, to sing his praise.

To Him your hom-age pay; His praise de - clare, ye heavens a - bove.

SKILLLMAN. H. M. XXX

1. The Lord my Shep - herd is, And he my soul will keep, He know - eth who are his, And watcheth o'er his sheep;

2. His wis - dom doth pro - vide The pas-tures where I feed; Where si - lent wa - ters glide, A - long the si - lent mead,

SHERRINGTON. H. M. XXX H. TENNEY.

Con Spirito.

A - way with eve - ry anx-ious fear; I can - not want while he is here.

He leads my feet; and when I roam, O'er-takes and brings the wanderer home.

1. Rejoice—the Lord is King! Your God and king a - dore;

2. His king-dom can-not fail; He rules o'er earth and heav'n,

the heart, lift up the voice, Rejoice a-loud, ye saints, rejoice, Re-joice a - loud, ye saints, re-joice.

GOLDEN. H. M. XX

T. F. S.

1. O thou that hearest prayer! At-tend our our humble cry; And let thy servant share Thy blessing from on high: We plead the promise of thy word; Grant us thy Ho - ly Spir - it,

2. Our heavenly Father, thou; We, children of thy grace: O, let thy Spir-it now De - scend and fill the place! That all may feel the heavenly flame, And all u - nite to praise thy

READ. H. M. XXX

L. W. BACON. From "Book of Worship

1. { Hark! hark! the notes of joy Roll o'er the heaven-ly plains, And se-raphs find em - ploy, For their sub - lim - est strains, } Some new de - light in heaven is known, Loud sound the harps a - round the th

SUTHERLAND. H. M. XXX

W. B. BRADBURY.

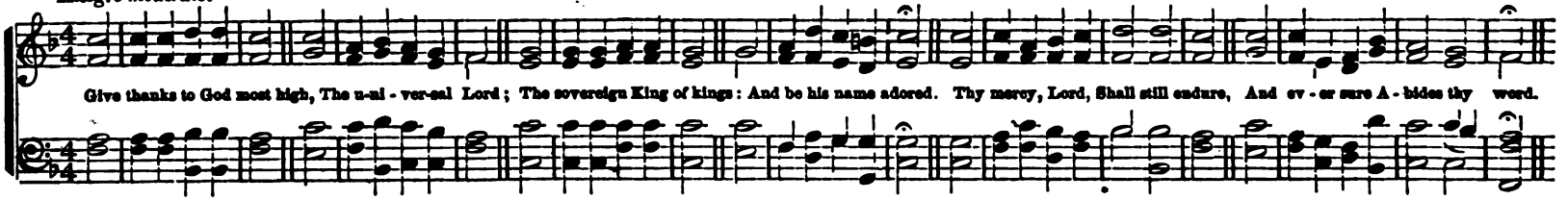
Allegro.

1. { Great King of glo -ry, come, And with thy fa - vor crown This temple as thy house,—This peo-ple as thine own: } Be-neath this roof, O deign to show How God can dwell with men be - l

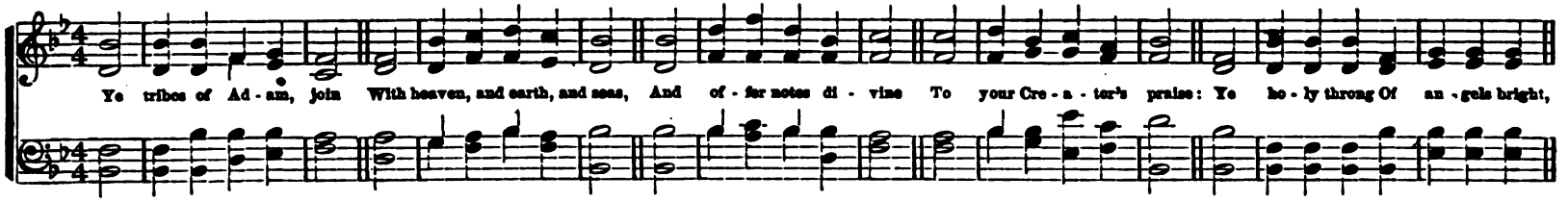
2. { Here may thine ears at-tend Our in - ter-ced-ing cries, And grateful praise as-cend, Like in-cense to the skies: } Here may thy soul - con-vert - ing

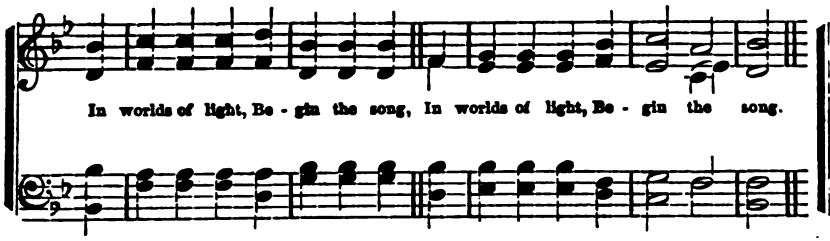
232 **HARWICH. H. M.** (3d P. M.) ✕✕✕ Dr. L. Mason.

Allegro moderato.

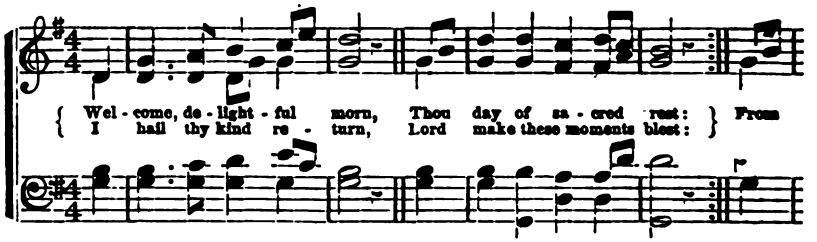


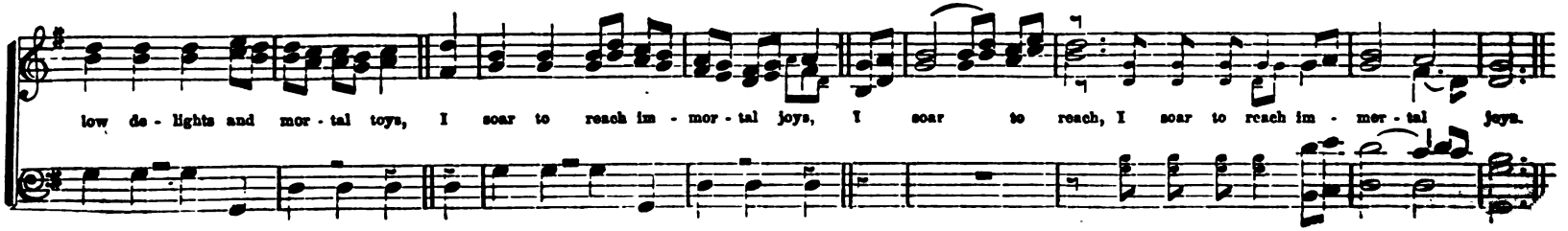
LENOX. L. M. ✕✕✕





LISCHER. H. M. ✕✕✕ Dr. L. Mason.





ALIDA. 7s. XXX

In a smooth, gliding style.

1. Shep - herd of the ran - somed flock, Lead us to the shad - owing rock, Where the cool - ing wa - ters flow,..... Where the fresh - ening pas - tures grow.....

2. Grant, O Lord, that we may be Ev - er glad to fol - low thee; And with thank - ful hearts re - joice..... When we hear thy gra - cious voice.....

rit

AGNUS DEI. 7s. 6 lines. XX

Words by MARIE MASON. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Lamb of God! O let me live In the off - 'ring thou didst give!

2. Let thy pas - sion and thy pain Take a - way my ev - ery stain!

Let the fleec - es thou hast worn, By the cru - el shear - ers shorn, Robe the scar - let of my soul; In thy right - eousness made whole.

Whit - er than the whit - est wool, Wash me in the heal - ing pool; In the bit - ter an - guish - tide Free - ly drop - ping from thy side.

4 6
3 5

CANDIA. 7s. XX

. Sweet the time, ex - ceeding sweet, When the saints to - geth - er meet: When the Sa - vior is the theme, When they join to sing of him.

2. Sing we then e - ter - nal love, Such as did the Fa - ther move; He be - held the world undone, Lov'd the world and gave his Son.

3. Sing the Son's a - maz - ing love; How he left the realms a - bove, Took our na - ture and our place, Lived and died to save our race.

ARR. FROM THE GERMAN.

COBURN. 7s. XX

1. Cast thy bur - den on the Lord; Lean thou on - ly on his word: Ev - er will he be thy stay, Though the heavens shall melt a - way.

T. J. COOK.

COGGESHALL. 7s. XXX

With Feeling.

1. Lord, we come be - fore thee, now; ..... At thy feet we hum-ble bow; O, do not our souls dis - dain! Shall we seek thee, Lord, in

com-passion now de - scend; Fill our hearts with thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing

DALECARLIA. 7s. XX

1. When the dark and heav - y cloud, Lifts on high its aw - ful form, When a - bove us, peal - ing loud, Rolls the thunder of the storm;

2. Fear not then the lightning's flash, God di - rects it where to fall; Fear not then the thunder's crash, God your Savior rules it all.

DALLAS. 7s. XXX

ITALIAN.

Lord, I can - not let thee go, Till a bless-ing thou be-stow; Do not turn a - way thy face, Mine's an ur-gent, pressing case.

DATHAN. 7s. Double. XXX

H. C. KORTHEUER.

With energy. *Fine.* *D.C.*

1. { Swell the an-them, raise the song, Prais-es to our God be-long; }
{ Saints and an - gels join to sing, Prais-es to the heavenly King. } Blessings from his lib' - ral hand, Flow a-round this hap - py land;

D.C. Kept by him, no foes an-noy; Peace and free - dom we en - joy.

Fine. *D. C.*

FENNER. 7s. XX–

1. Sa - vior, when thy loved ones stray From the new and liv - ing way, Gen - tly call thine own by name, All our wand'ring steps proclaim.

2. Through the hours of darksome night Keep us in thy watch - ful sight, O'er each dead - ly foe pre - vail, Let no harm thy fold as - sail.

FULTON. 7s. XXX

W. B. B.

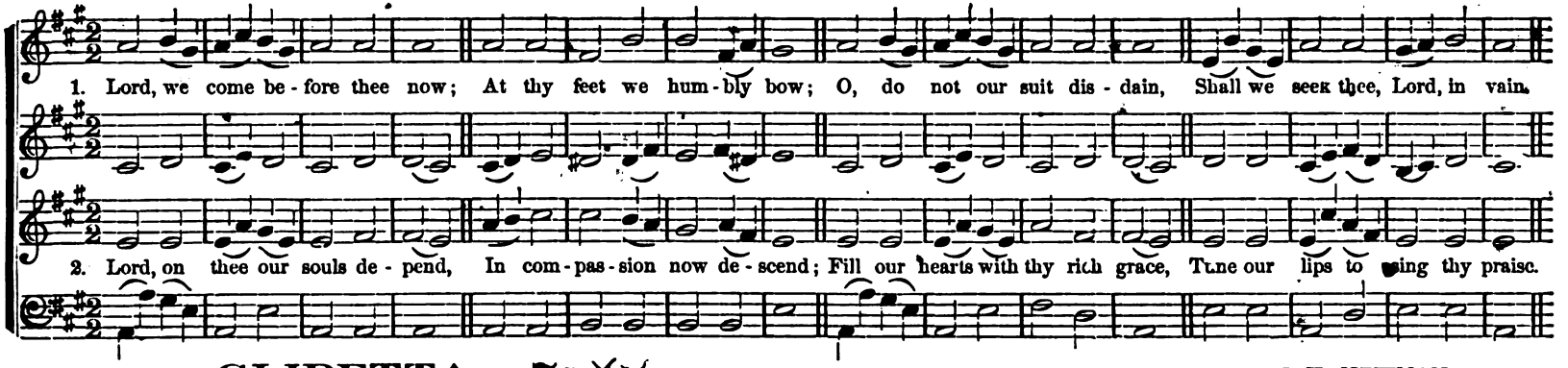
Bro-ther, though from yon - der sky Com - eth nei - ther voice nor cry, Yet we know for thee to - day Eve - ry pain hath passed a - way.

FARNSWORTH. 7s. XX

D. E. JONES.

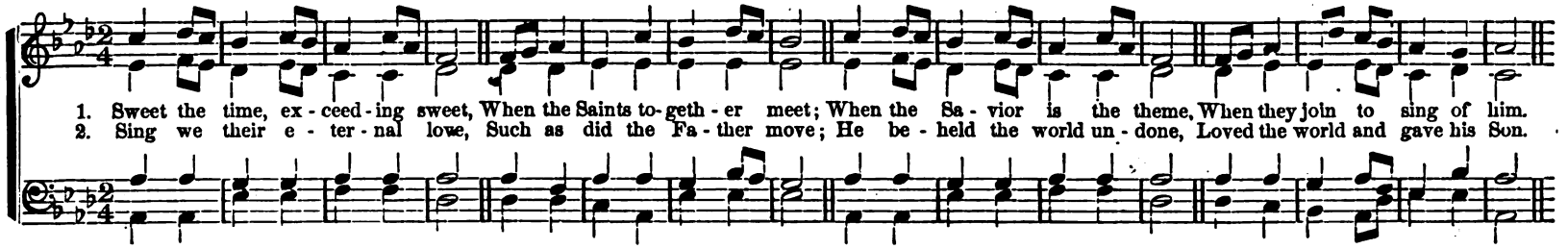
on the tree Wast an of - fer - ing for me, Take this throbbing heart of mine, Lay it on thy ho - ly shrine.

GENOA. 7s. XX—



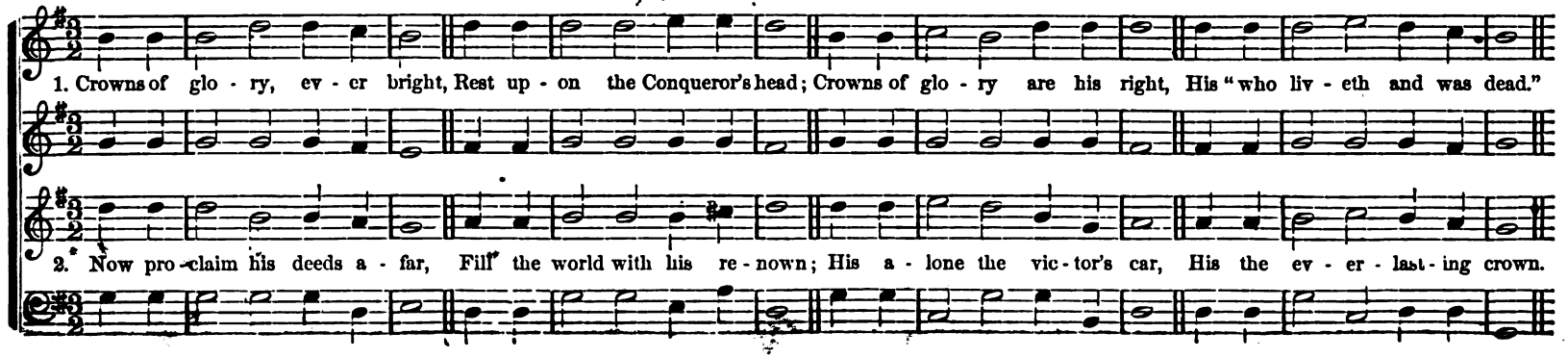
GLIDETTA. 7s. XX

J. H. NEWMAN.



GLASTONBURY. 7s. XXX

SOLON WILDER.



SALAMANCA. 7s. or 8s & 7s, by omitting ties. XX

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Morning breaks up-on the tomb, Je-sus scat-ters all its gloom; Day of tri-umph thro' the skies, See the glo-rious Savior rise!

2. Christian, dry your flowing tears; Chase those un-be-liev-ing fears; Look on his de-sert-ed grave; Doubt no more his power to save.

SEYMOUR. 7s. XXX

VON WEBER.

Come, my soul, thy suit pre-pare; Je-sus loves to an-swer prayer; He him-self in-vites thee near, Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.

SELFORD. 7s. XX

T. F. SEWARD.

With feeling.

1. Weary sin-ner! keep thine eyes On th'a-ton-ing sac-ri-fice; View him bleeding on the tree, Pour-ing out..... his life for thee.

2. Surely, Christ thy griefs hath borne; Weeping soul, no long-er mourn; Now by faith the Son embrace, Plead his prom-ise, trust his grace.

WILLIS. 7s. XX

1. Now be - gin the heaven-ly theme, Sing a - loud in Je - sus' name! Ye who his sal - va - tion prove, Tri-umph in re -

2. Murmuring souls! dry up your tears: Ban - ish all your guilt - y fears: See your guilt and curse re - move, Can - celled by re -

- deem - ing love, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing love.

- deem - ing love, Can-celled by re - deem - ing love.

YALE. 7s. XX — Arranged from WHITAKER, by REV. L. W. BACON.

1. Now be - gin the heavenly theme! Sing a - loud in Je - sus name,
2. Wel-come, all by sin op - pressed, Wel-come to his sa - cred rest,
3. Hith - er then your mu - sic bring, Strike a - loud each joy - ful string;

Ye who his sal - va - tion prove, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing love, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing love.
Noth - ing brought him from a - bove, Noth - ing but re - deem - ing love, Noth - ing but re - deem - ing love.

Mor - tals, join the hosts a - bove, Join to praise re - deem - ing love, Join to praise re - deem - ing love.

GERTRUDE. 7s. XX

W. S. S.

Cast thy burden on the Lord, Only lean up-on his word; { Thou wilt soon have cause to bless / His un-chang-ing faith-ful-ness, } His unchanging faithfulness.

HENDON. 7s. Or 6 lines. XX

From MALAN.

To thy pastures fair and large, Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge:

And my couch with tenderest care, Midst the springing grass prepare, Midst the springing grass prepare.

HOLLEY. 7s. XXX

GEORGE HEWS.

Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare; Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer; He him - self invites thee near, Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.

HORTON. 7s. XXX

Arr. by Dr. L. MASON.

Lord, we come be - fore thee now, At thy feet we humbly bow; O, do not our suit disdain—Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

MARTYN. 7s. Double. XX

MARSH.

FINE. D. C.

{ Ma-ry to the Savior's tomb, Hasted at the ear - ly dawn, / Spice she bro't, and sweet perfume, But the Lord she lov'd had gone: } { For a while she lingering stood, / Fill'd with sorrow and surprise: }

D.C. Trembling, while a crystal flood Issued from her weeping eyes.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s. XXX

Heavenly Father, sovereign Lord, Be thy glorious name adored; Lord, thy mercies never fail;

SPANISH HYMN. 7s. Double. XX

END. D.C.

Hail, ce-les - tial goodness, hail!

(Peo - ple of the liv-ing God, I have sought the world a-round, / Paths of sin and sorrow trod, Peace and comfort nowhere found:) (Now to you my spirit turns, / Turns, a fu-gi-tive unblest;)

D.C. Brethren! where your altar burns, O receive me into rest.

TOPLADY. 7s. 6 lines. XX

HASTINGS.

Rock of A - ges! cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee;
D.C. Be of sin the per-fect cure, Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

VIOLA. 7s. Double. XX

FINE. D.C.

(Let the wa - ter and the blood, / From thy wounded side that flowed.)

(Sin-ners! turn; why will ye die? God, your Mak-er, asks you—Why? / God, who did your be - ing give, Made you with him-self to live—) 2. Sinners turn; why will ye die? God, your Sav - ior, asks you why:

D.C. Will ye not in him believe? He who died that ye might live.

BETHAVEN. 8s & 7s.

1, Tar - ry with me, O, my Sa - vior! For the day is pass-ing by; See! the shades of eve-ning gath - er, And the night is draw-ing nigh.

2. Tar - ry with me, O, my Sa - vior! Lay my head up - on thy breast, Till the morn - ing then awake me, Morn-ing of e - ter-nal rest!

BITHRON. 8s & 7s.

D. E. JONES.

Tenderly.

Sweet the moments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend; Life and health, and peace pos-sess-ing, From the sin-ner's dy - ing friend.

BELGRAVIA. 8s & 7s. Double.

F. H. SMITH.

1. { Savior, breathe an evening blessing, Ere repose our spir-its seal, }
{ Sin and want we come confessing, (OMIT .....) } Thou canst save and thou canst heal, Tho' destruction walk around us, Though the arrows past us fly,

Fine. *D.C.*

D.C. Angel guards from thee surround us, (OMIT .....) We are safe if thou art nigh.

CALNEH. 8s & 7s. Double.

1. Take my heart, O Fa - ther, take it! Make and keep it all thine own; Let thy Spir - it melt and break it— Th

2. Ev - er let thy grace sur-round it; Strengthen it with power di - vine, Till thy cords of love have bound it: Make it to be whol - ly thine.

Father, make it pure and low - ly, Fond of peace, and far from strife; Turning from the paths un - ho - ly Of this vain and sin - ful

May the blood of Je - sus heal it, And its sins be all for - given; Ho - ly Spir - it, take and seal it, Guide it in the path t

EDWARD EVERETT

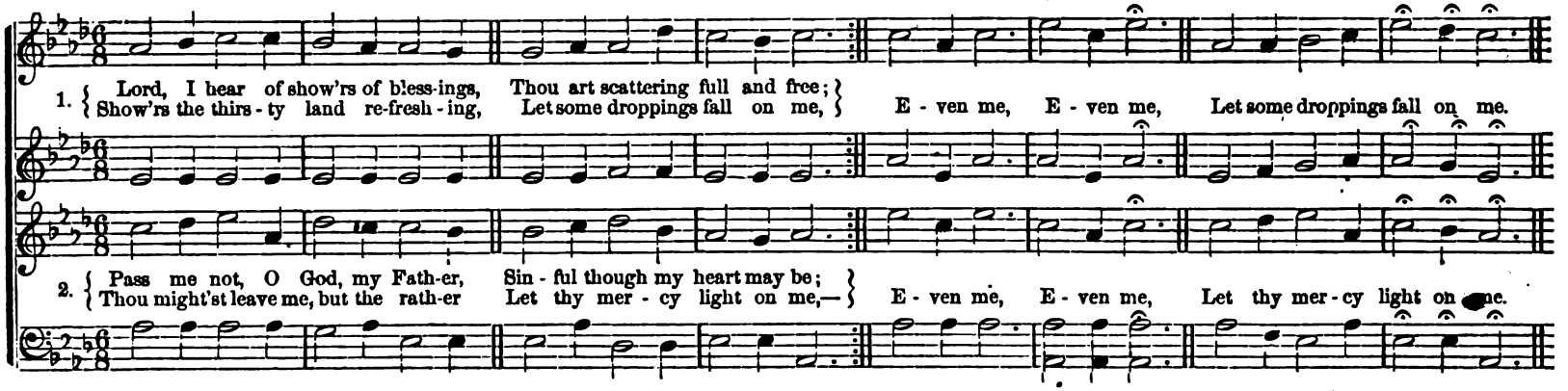
CARTER. 8s & 7s. 6 lines. Trio.

the wrecks of time; All the light of sacred story Gathers round its head sublime, All the light of sacred st

ns forsake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy, Never sh

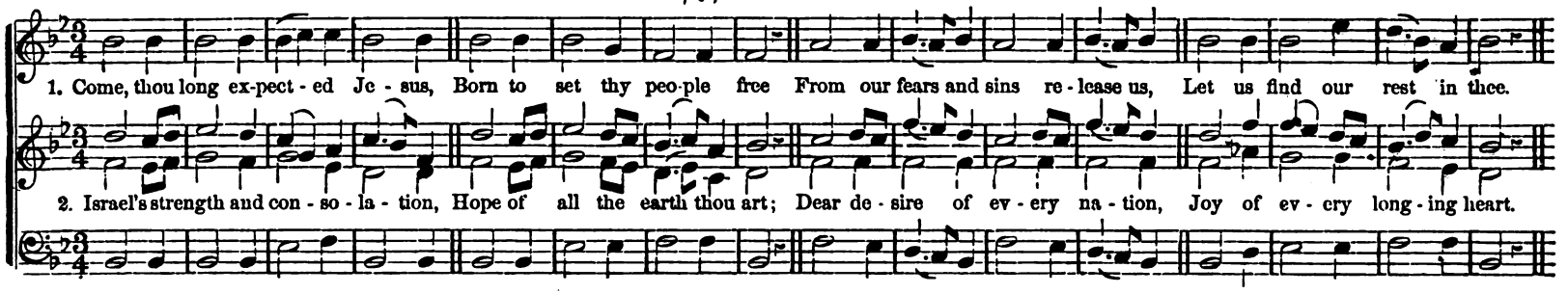
"EVEN ME." 8s & 7s. With Chorus. XXX

W. B. B. From "Pilgrims Songs."



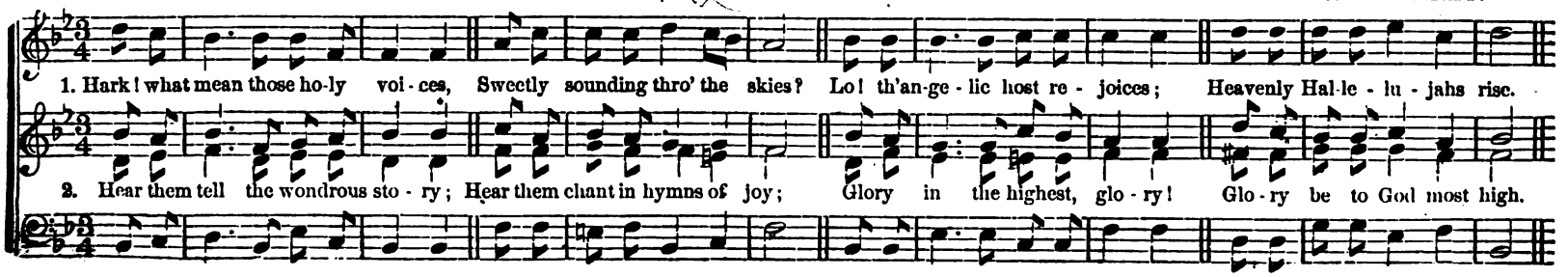
EPHESUS. 8s & 7s. XXX

SOLON WILDER.



EKRON. 8s & 7s. XXX

J. H TENNEY.



FLORIAN. 8s & 7s. Double.

1. Savior, source of eve-ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to grateful lays, Streams of mer-cy nev-er ceas-ing, Call for ceaseless

2. Thou didst seek me when a stranger Wandering from the fold of God; Thou, to save my soul from danger, Didst re-deem me with thy blood.

Teach me some me-lo-dious measure, Sung by raptur'd saints a-bove; Fill my soul with sacred pleasure, While I sing redeem-ing love.

By thy hand restored, de-fended, Safe through life thus far I've come; And, O Lord, when life is end-ed, Bring me to my heavenly home.

T. F. S.

FRANCONIA. 8s & 7s. Double.

1. Praise to thee, thou great Cre-a-tor; Praise be thine from ev-ery tongue; Join my soul, with ev-ery creature, Join the u-ni-versal song.

a blessing given, For the hope of fu-ture joy, Sound his praise thro' earth and heaven, Sound Je-ho-vah's praise on high

nd-ed grace is thine; Hail the God of our sal-va-tion, Praise him for his love div

him. Lost in wonder, lov

GREENBANK. 8s & 7s. Peculiar. XX —

J. E. HOPKINS.

1. { Come to Calvary's ho - ly mountain, Sin-ners ru - in'd by the fall;
{ Here a pure and heal - ing fountain, Flows for ev - ery [OMIT.....] thirs-ty soul, } In a full per - pet-ual tide, Opened where the Savior died.

2. { Come in sor - row and con-tri - tion, Wounded, im - po - tent and blind
{ Here the guil - ty free re - mis - sion, Here the lost a [OMIT.....] re - fuge find, } Health this fountain will restore; He that drinks need thirst no more.

GERIZIM. 8s & 7s. Peculiar. XX X —

J. D. VINTON.

1. Let me go, the day is breaking, Dear companions, let me go; We have spent a night of waking, In the wilderness be - low; Upward now I bend my way, Part we here at break of day.

2. Let me go; I may not tarry, Wrestling thus with doubts and fears; Angels wait my soul to carry, Where my risen Lord appears; Friends and kindred, weep not so, If ye love me let me go.

3. We have travelled long together, Both through fair and stormy weather, While I sigh "Farewell" to you,
Hand in hand and heart in heart, And 'tis hard, 'tis hard to part. Answer one and all "Adieu."

GALILEE. 8s & 7s. X X —

T. F. S.

1. Je - sus hail! enthroned in glo - ry, There for - ev - er to a - bide; All the heaven-ly hosts a -dore thee, Seat-ed at thy Father's side.
2. There for sin - ners thou art plead - ing, There thou dost our place prepare; Ev - er for us in - ter - ced - ing, Till in glo - ry we ap - pear.

3. Help, ye bright an - ge - lic spir - its! Bring your sweetest, noblest lays: Help to sing our Savior's mer - its; Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

RATISBON. 8s & 7s. XXX

JAMES M. NORTH.

1. Peaceful be thy si - lent slumber, Peaceful in the grave so low; Thou no more wilt join our numbers, Thou no more our songs shall know.

2. Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled, Then in heaven with joy to greet thee, Where no farewell tear... is shed.

RODNA. 8s & 7s. Double. XXX

D. E. JONES.

1 2 D.C.

1. { Ho - ly Father, Thou hast taught me, I should live to thee a - lone, Year by year thy hand hath brought me On thro' dangers oft un - - known. } When I wandered thou hast found me; When I doubted, sent me light,
D. C. Still thine arm has been around me, All my paths were in thy sight.

2. { In the world will foes as - sail me, Craftier, stronger far than I; And the strife may never fail me, Well I know, be - fore I die. } Therefore, Lord, I come believ - ing Thou canst give the pow'r I need;
D. C. Through the prayer of faith receiving Strength—the Spirit's strength in - deed.

RATHBUN. 8s & 7s. XXX

I. CONKEY.

1. God is love; his mer - cy brightens All the path in which we rove; Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens; God is wisdom, God is love.

2. E'en the hour that darkest seemeth Will his changeless good ness prove; From the gloom his bright - ness streameth; God is wisdom, God is love.

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. Double.

FINE.

..n.-ly, Lord! O gent-ly lead us, Thro' this lone-ly vale of tears: Thro' the changes thou'st decreed us, Till our last great change appears: When tempta-tion's darts as-sail us,
Let thy good-ness nev-er fail us, Lead us in thy per-fect way.

D.S.

When in de-vious paths we stray,

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. Double.

ROUSSEAU.

{ Far from mor-tal cares re-treat-ing, Sor-did hopes and vain de-sires, }
{ Here our will-ing foot-steps meet-ing, Eve-ry heart to heaven as-pires. } From the fount of glo-ry beaming, Light ce-les-tial cheers our eyes,

D. C.

D. C. Mer-cy from a-bove proclaim-ing, Peace and par-don from the skies.

MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s.

DR. L. MASON.

Sister, thou wast mild and lovely, Gen-tle as the summer breeze, Pleasant as the air of evening, When it floats among the trees.

OVIO. 8s & 7s.

I would love thee, God and Father! My Re-deemer and my King!

SICILIAN HYMN. 8s & 7s.

I would love thee; for without thee, Life is but a bit-ter thing.

Come, thou long-expected Je-sus, Born to set thy peo-ple free; From our fears and sins re-lease us, Let us find our rest in thee.

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.

D. E. JONES.

Silently the shades of evening, Gather round my lowly door; Si-lent-ly they bring before me, Fa-ces I shall see no more.

WILMOT. 8s & 7s.

Lo! the Lord Je-ho-vah liveth; He's my rock, I'll bless his name:

YATES. 8s & 7s. Double.

W.B.B.

He, my God, sal-va-tion giv-eth; All ye lands ex-alt his fame.

{ Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish O'er the graves of those ye love! }
{ Pain and death, and night and anguish En-ter not the world a-bove! } While in darkness you are straying, Lonely in the deep'ning shade,

FINE.

D. C.

D.C. Glo-ry's brightest beams are playing Round th'immortal spirit's head.

248 THE BREAKING DAY. 8s, 7s & 4.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Yes! we trust the day is breaking, Joyful things are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking By his word in ev - ery land; } When he chooses— Darkness flies at his command; When he chooses— Darkness flies at his command.

2. { While the foe becomes more daring, While he en - ters like a flood,
God, the Savior, is pre - par-ing Means to spread his truth a-broad; } Ev - ery language Soon shall tell the love of God; Ev - ery language Soon shall tell the love of God.

SURREY CHAPEL. 8s, 7s & 4s.

T. F. SEWARD.

1. { See, from Zi - on's sa - cred mountain Streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow;
God has o - pened there a fount-ain That sup-plies the world be - low: } They are blessed, They are bless-ed Who its sovereign vir - tues know.

2. { Through ten thousand chan-nels flow - ing, Streams of mer - cy find their way:
Life, and health, and joy be - stow - ing, Wak - ing beau - ty from de - cay. } O ye na - tions, O ye na - tions, Hail the long - ex - pect - ed day.

AMELIA. 8s, 7s & 4s.

From the "Diapason," by permission. GEO. B. LOOMIS.

1st time. *2nd time.*

1. { Sav-ior, like a shepherd lead us; Much we need thy tender care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us; [Omit.....] For our use thy folds prepare; Blessed Je - sus! Blessed Je - sus! Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2. { Thou hast promised to re- ceive us, Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mer-cy to re- lieve us, [Omit.....] Grace to cleanse, and power to free; Blessed Jesus! Blessed Je - sus! Let us ear - ly turn to thee.

PHRYGIA. 8s, 7s & 4.

1. { Men of God, go take your stations; Darkness reigns throughout the earth; } { Bear the ti-dings, Bear the ti-dings,
{ Go— pro-claim a - mong the na-tions, [*Omit*.....} Joy - ful news of heavenly birth: { Bear the ti-dings, Bear the ti dings,

Tidings of the Savior's worth;
[*Omit*.....] Tidings of the Savior's worth.

BRADBURY. 8s, 7s & 4s. Or 8s, 7s & 12s.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Lo, he comes—the King of glo - ry! With his chos - en tribes to reign; Countless

As 8s, 7s & 12s. Hear the Chief a-mong ten thou - sand, Thus ad-dress his faith - ful few: "Come ye

hosts of saints and an - gels Swell the mighty Conqueror's train: Now in triumph, Now in triumph [*Omit*.....] Sin and death are cap - tive led.

bless - ed of my Fa - ther, Heaven is prepared for you; I was hun - gry, I was thirst - y I was naked, And ye min - is - tered to me."

SAWYER. 8s, 7s & 4s.

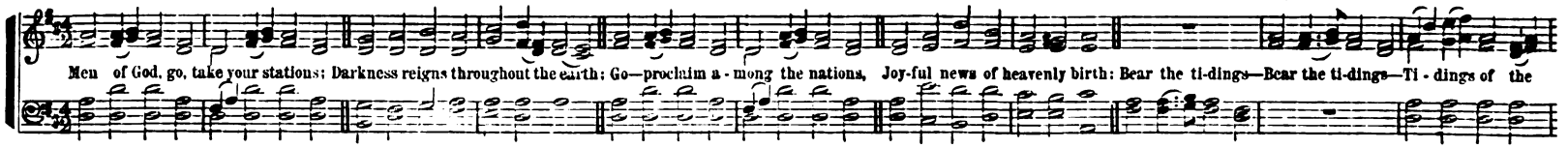
J. D. VINTON.

DUETT

1. { Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim through this bar - ren land:
{ I am weak, but thou art mighty; Hold me with thy [*Omit*.....] powerful hand: Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.

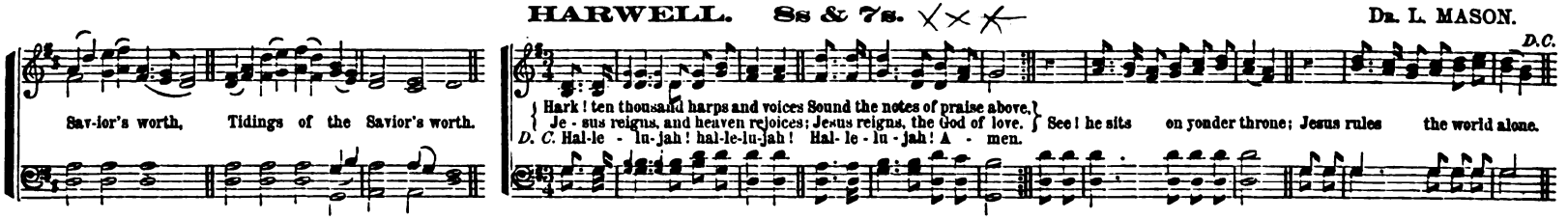
250 OLIPHANT. 8s, 7s & 4s. ×××

From "Carmina Sacra."



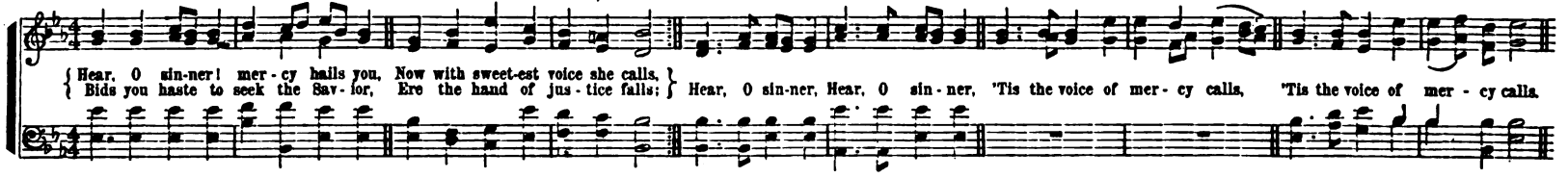
HARWELL. 8s & 7s. ××

Dr. L. MASON.

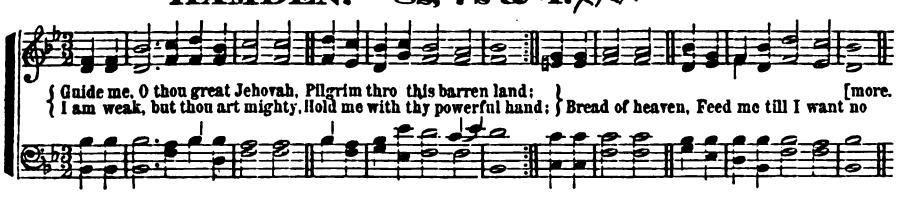


OSGOOD. 8s, 7s & 4s. ××× —

From "Carmina Sacra."

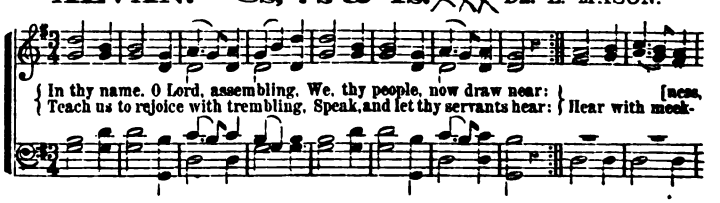


HAMDEN. 8s, 7s & 4. ×××



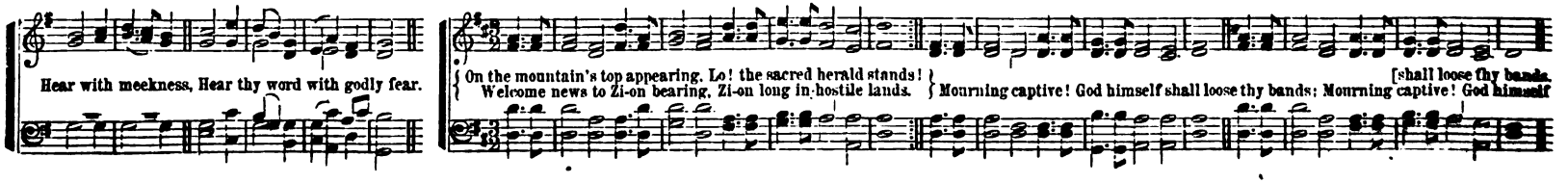
ALVAN. 8s, 7s & 4s. ×××

Dr. L. MASON.



ZION. 8s, 7s & 4. ×× —

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.



HARDWICK. 7s & 6s. ×××

1. In heavenly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear And safe in such con - fi - ding, For noth - ing chan-ges here,
2. Wher-ev - er he may guide me, No want shall turn me back, My Shepherd is be - side me, And noth - ing can I lack.

3. Green pas-tures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where dark - est clouds have been:

The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid, But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed.
His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim: He knows the way he tak - eth, And I will walk with him.

My hope I can - not meas - ure, My path to life is free; My Sa - viour has my treas - ure, And he will walk with me.

HOLCROFT. 7s 6s Peculiar. [7,6,7,6,7,7,7,6.] ××

HANDEL.

FINE. D. C.

1. { With a broth-er's ten - der care, He with us is bear - ing, }
{ Ev - ery bur - den, ev - ery sigh, He with us is shar - ing. } He on whom we all de - pend, He our con - stant, faith - ful friend,
D. C. He whose mer - cy knows no end, He'll for - sake us nev - er.

2. { At the mer - cy - seat a - bove He for us is plead - ing, }
{ Con-stant in un - er - ing love, Ev - er in - ter - ced - ing. } He in whom we all de - light, He our con - stant, faith - ful friend,
D. C. He whose mer - cy knows no end, He'll for - sake us nev - er.

252 **HATFIELD. 7s & 6s. Peculiar.** XXX—

Arr. from Donizetti, by L. W. BACON.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord, In the heights of glo - ry; Hosts of heaven! with one ac - cord, Shout the joy - ful sto - ry;
2. Praise him with the trumpet's tongue, Far and wide re - sound - ing; Praise him with the harp well strung, While your hearts are bound - ing;

Praise him for his might-y deeds, Praise ye him whose grace ex-ceeds All that heaven in songs con-cedes; Worlds of bliss! his praise re- cord.
Praise him with the sweet-toned lyre; Let his praise the lute in -spire; Praise him in a might- y choir;—Let his praise be loud - ly sung.

NEWKIRK. 7s & 6s. XX

SOLON WILDER.

Roll on, thou might-y o - cean; And, as thy bil -lows flow, Bear mes - sen - gers of mer - cy To ev - ery land be - low.

A - rise, ye gales, and waft them Safe to the des -tined shore; That man may sit in dark - ness, And death's deep shade, no more.

[redacted]

TROY. 7s & 6s.

1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God; He bears them all and frees us From each ac - curs - ed load:
2. I lay my wants on Je - sus; All full - ness dwells in him; He heals all my dis - eas - es, He doth my soul re - deem;

I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains White in his blood most pre - cious, Till not a stain re - mains.
I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My bur - dens and my cares; He from them all re - leas - es, He all my sor - row shares.

VANDEVENDER. 7s & 6s.

J. H. GULICK.

1. When shall the voice of sing - ing Flow joy - ful - ly a - long? When hill and val - ley, ring - ing With one tri - umphant song,
2. Then from the crag - gy mount-ains The sa - cred shout shall fly; And sha - dy vales and fount - ains Shall ech - o the re - ply:

Pro - claim the con - test end - ed, And Him, who once was slain, A - gain to earth de - scend - ed, In right-eousness to reign.
High tower and low - ly dwell - ing Shall send the cho - rus round, All hal - le - lu - jahs swell - ing In one e - ter - nal sound.

254

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6.s

Dr. L. MASON.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand; From many an ancient river, From many a palmy plain, They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain.

WEBB. 7s & 6s.

GEO. JAMES WEBB.

1. The morn-ing light is breaking, The darkness dis-ap-pears, The sons of earth are wak-ing To pen-i-ten-tial tears; Each breeze that sweeps the o-cean, Brings tidings from a-far, Of na-tions in com-mo-tion, Prepared for Zi-on's war.

Fine. *D.S.*

AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s. Peculiar. Or 8s & 6s.*

1. { Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter portion trace; Rise from tran-si-to-ry things T'wards heaven thy native place; } Sun and moon and stars de-cay; Time shall soon this earth remove; Rise, my soul, and haste a-way To seats prepared a-bove.

* By using small notes as in Soprano—See Hymn, "Sing hallelujah, praise the Lord."

TULLY. 7s & 6s.

Dr. MASON.

1. In heavenly love a-bid-ing, No change my heart shall fear, And safe is such con-fid-ing, For nothing changes here. The storm may roar with-out me, My heart may low be laid, But God is round a-bout me, And can I be dismayed?

Fine. *D.S.*

CENTRE PORT. 6s & 4s. Peculiar. XXX

W. U. BUTCHER.

Je - sus be thou my guide, My steps at - tend; O keep me near thy side, Be thou my friend; Be thou my shield and sun;

Je - sus be thou my guide, My steps at - tend; O keep me near thy side, Be thou my friend; Be thou my shield and sun;

My Savior and my guard; And when my work is done, My great re - ward.

My Savior and my guard; And when my work is done, My great re - ward.

CLAUDIUS. 6s & 4s.

T. F. SEWARD. XXX

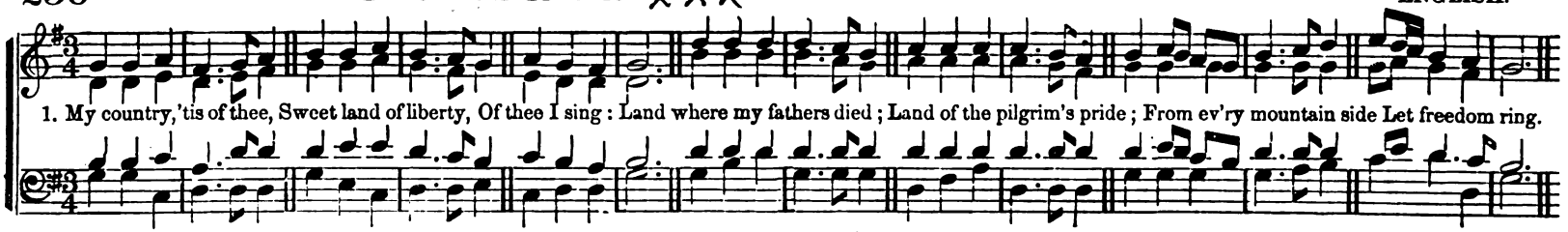
1. Praise ye Je - ho-vah's name, Praise thro' his courts proclaim;

2. Now let the trumpet raise Sounds of tri-umph-ant praise,

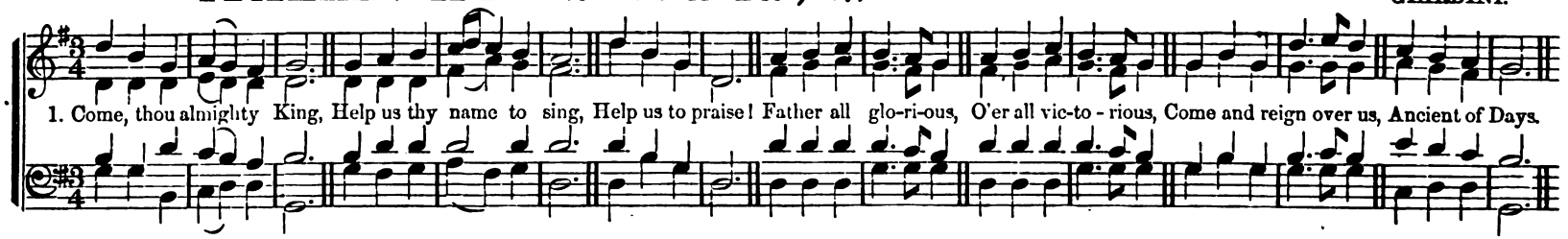
Rise and a - dore: High o'er the heavens a - bove Sound his great acts of love, While his rich grace we prove, Vast as his power.

Wide as his fame: There let the harp be found, Or - gans, with sol-emn sound, Roll your deep notes around, Filled with his name.

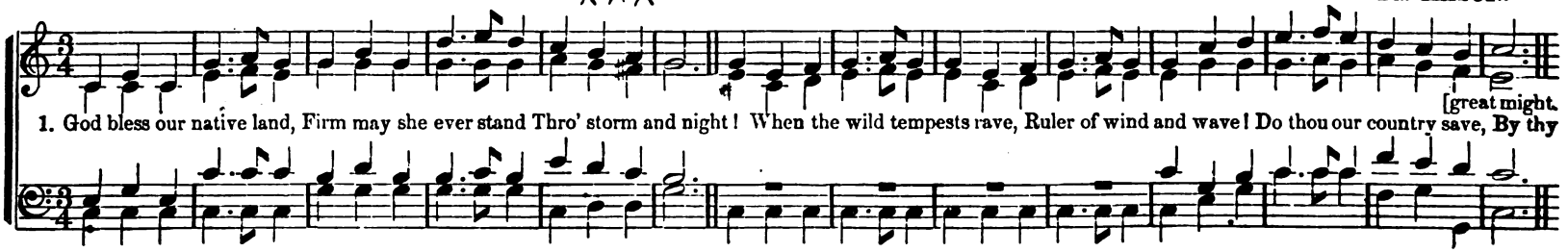
256 **AMERICA. 6s & 4s.** XXX — ENGLISH.



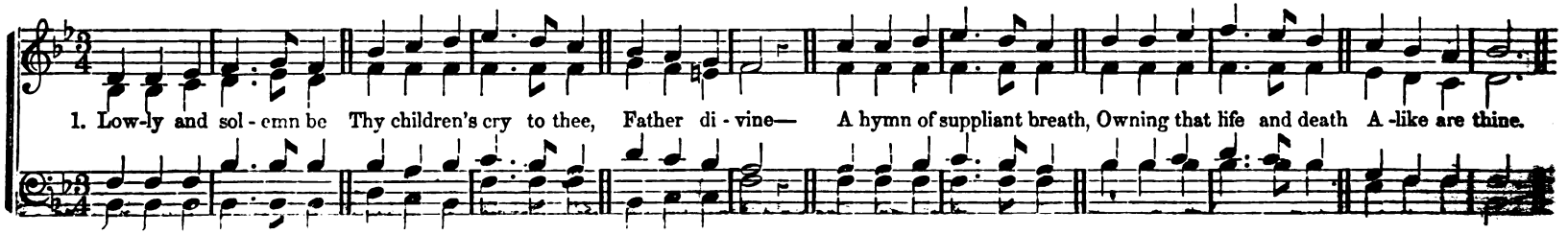
ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s. XXX — GIARDINI.



DORT. 6s & 4s. XXX— — DR. MASON.



HEMANS. 6s & 4s. Peculiar. XXX — W. B. BRADBURY.



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BETHANY. 6s & 4s. XXX—

From "Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book." 257

1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee: E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee,

Near-er my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.

OAK. 6s & 4s. XXX

1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way, Where saints in glo-ry stand,

Bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweet-ly sing, Wor-thy is our Sav-ior King! Loud let his prais-es ring, Praise, praise for aye.

OLIVET. 6s & 4s. X—

Dr. L. MASON.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Sav-ior divine: Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt away; O let me from this day Be whol-ly thine.

6s & 4s. Peculiar. XXX

Dr. T. HASTINGS

1. { Child of sin and sor - row, Fill'd with dismay, }
{ Wait not for to-mor-row, Yield thee to-day; } Heav'n bids thee come, While yet there's room; Child of sin and sorrow, Hear and obey.

2.
Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come, while thou canst borrow
Help from on high:
Grieve not that love,
Which, from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

AMOY. 6s & 4s. XX

Dr. L. MASON.

1. To - day the Sa - vior calls: Ye wanderers, come! Oh, ye be-night-ed souls, Why longer roam?
2. To - day the Sa - vior calls: Oh, list - en now! With - in these sa - cred walls, To Je - sus bow.

3. To-day the Savior calls:
For refuge fly:
The storm of justice falls
And death is nigh.

4. The spirit calls to-day
Yield to his power:
Oh, grieve him not away
'Tis mercy's hour.

ANOTHER YEAR. 4s & 6s. XX

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. An - oth - er year Has told its four-fold tale, And still I'm here, A trav - eler in this vale.
2. Ah! not a few, Who seemed life's toil to brave, Are hid from view, With - in the si - lent grave.

3. Why am I spared
To see another year?
Why have I shared
So many mercies here?

4. From God alone
My mercies I receive
To him alone
I would for ever live.

FAREWELL. 6s & 4s. Peculiar. XXX

T. F. S.

2. Farewell! my soul will
While mem'ry lives
From wounds that sinl

COLLINS. 5s & 7s.

From "Asaph."

1. { Sa - vior, 'tis to thee, In my grief I flee; / 'Tis to thee a - lone, Filling heaven's high throne. } 'Tis a throne of grace, I know, Near it else I dare not go.

2.

Let me tell thee all,
Be it great or small,
All I feel or fear;
Thine it is to hear,
Sin and shame belong to me;
Love and pity, Lord, to thee.

CANA. 5s & 8s.*

From the "Hallelujah."

1. Behold how the Lord Has girt on his sword, From conquest to conquest proceeds! How happy are they Who live in this day, And witness his won-der-ful deeds.

* The same meter is sometimes marked 11s & 9s, or 11s & 8s. The hymns, "Rejoice in the Lord," "Come let us ascend," "How happy are they," "Come away to the skies," "Be joyful in God," and others, may be sung to this tune by a proper application of the small notes.

GALLIOPOLIS. 6s & 5s.

1. Yes, I will ex - tol thee, Lord of life and light; For thine arm up - held me, Turned my foes to flight.

2 I implored thy succor,
Thou wast swift to save,
Healed my wounded spirit,
Brought me from the grave.

3 Grief may, like the pilgrim,
Through the night sojourn,
Yet shall joy, to-morrow,
With the sun return.

CROMWELL. 3s & 6s.

T. F. S.

1. Sin - ner, come, 'Mid thy gloom, All thy guilt con - fess - ing; Trembling now, Con - trite bow, Take the of - fered bless - ing.
2. Sin - ner, come, While there's room, While the feast is wait - ing, While the Lord, By his word, Kind - ly is in - vit - ing.

260 LANMAN. 6s. Double.*

W. B. B.

1. { My Je - sus, as thou wilt! Oh, may thy will be mine; / In - to thy hand of love I would my all re - sign; } Thro' sor - row or thro' joy, Con - duct me as thine own,
D. C. And help me still to say, My Lord, thy will be done.

D. C.

* Adapted also to the hymn, "Fling to the heedless winds," &c. For 6s. four lines, omit the repeat, and repeat the last two lines of each stanza to the D. C.

ANCIENT OF DAYS. 5s & 11.

1. The An - cient of Days His glo - ry dis - plays, And shines on his peo - ple with cher-ish - ing lays.

2. O Jesus, our Lord,
Thy name be adored
For all the rich blessings conveyed through thy word.
3. Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey,
Who share in the blessings of this gospel day.
4. These blessings be mine,
Through favor divine;
And let all the glory, my Savior, be thine.

ALCERON. 5s & 7s.

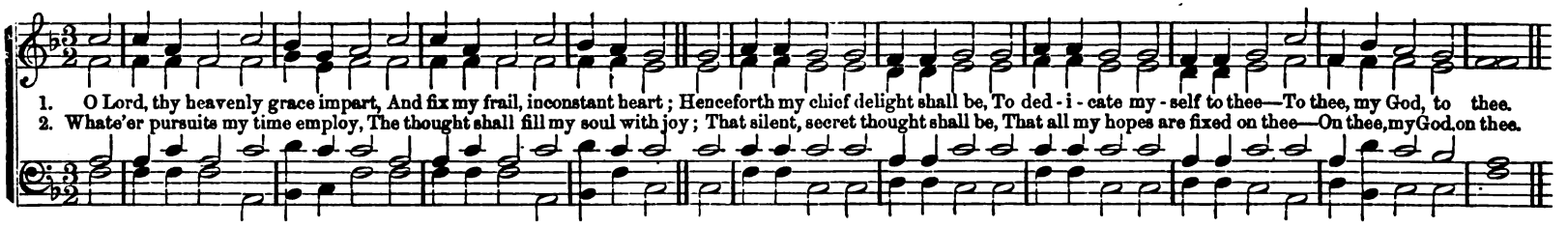
G. F. ROOT. From "Sab. Bell."

1. For-give my fol - ly, O Lord most ho - ly; Cleanse me from ev - ery stain; For thee I languish; Pi - ty my anguish, Nor let my sighing be vain.

SEVERN. 6s & 4s.

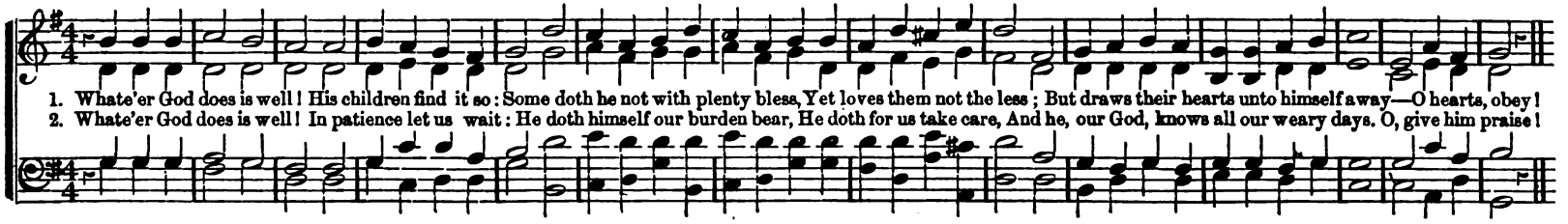
1. { Pur - er yet and pur - er I would be in mind, / Dear-er yet and dear - er Ev-ery du - ty find; } Hop-ing still and trust-ing God without a fear, Pa-tient-ly be-liev - ing He will make all clear.

LEEDS. 8s & 6.



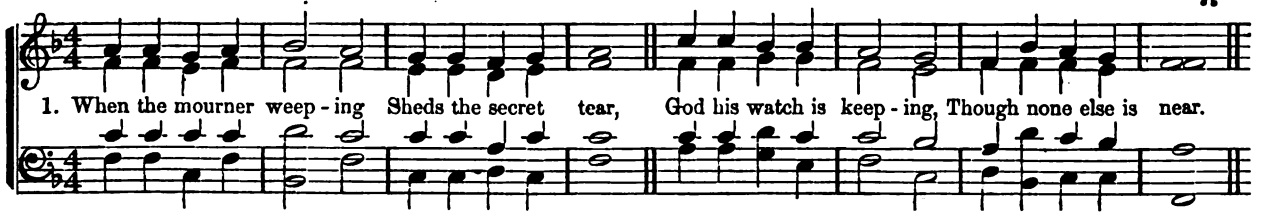
1. O Lord, thy heavenly grace impart, And fix my frail, inconstant heart; Henceforth my chief delight shall be, To ded - i - cate my - self to thee—To thee, my God, to thee.
2. Whate'er pursuits my time employ, The thought shall fill my soul with joy; That silent, secret thought shall be, That all my hopes are fixed on thee—On thee, my God, on thee.

CHANEY. 6s, 8, 10 & 4.



1. Whate'er God does is well! His children find it so: Some doth he not with plenty bless, Yet loves them not the less; But draws their hearts unto himself away—O hearts, obey!
2. Whate'er God does is well! In patience let us wait: He doth himself our burden bear, He doth for us take care, And he, our God, knows all our weary days. O, give him praise!

MASSILLON. 6s & 5s.

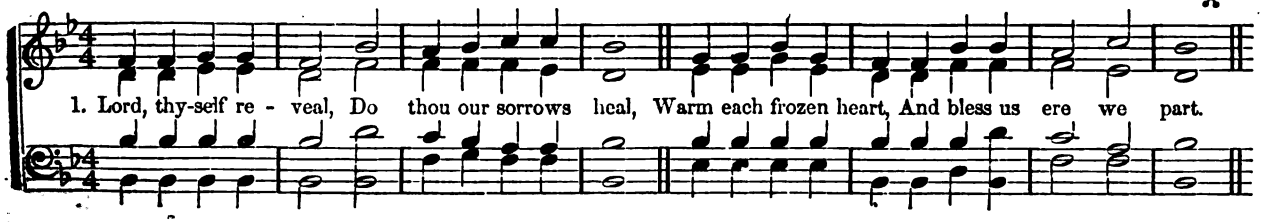


1. When the mourner weep - ing Sheds the secret tear, God his watch is keep - ing, Though none else is near.

2. God will never leave thee
   All thy wants he knows,
   Feels the pains that grieve thee,
   Sees thy cares and woes.

3. Raise thine eyes to heaven
   When thy spirits quail,
   When, by tempests driven,
   Heart and courage fail.

COLWOOD. 5s & 6s.



1. Lord, thy-self re - veal, Do thou our sorrows heal, Warm each frozen heart, And bless us ere we part.

2. Hear us when we pray,
   Drive every doubt away;
   Ease each burden'd breast,
   In thee may we find rest.

3. Faith and hope increase,
   Fill every soul with peace;
   Raise our hearts above
   And fill us with thy love.

262 DALNA. 6s.

G. F. R. From "Diapason."

1. Cheer up, de - spond-ing soul! Thy long - ing pleased I see; 'Tis part of that great whole Wherewith I longed for thee—

2. Wherewith I longed for thee, And left my Fa - ther's throne: From death to set thee free, And claim thee for my own.

ELHANAN. 9s.

W. B. B.

From the depths I have sent up my cries, Hear the voice of my calling, O Lord! Should offen - ces be marked by thine eyes, Who is he shall a - bide the reward?

From the depths I have sent up my cries, Hear the voice of my calling, O Lord! Should offen - ces be marked by thine eyes, Who is he shall a - bide the reward?

PILGRIM IS THY JOURNEY DREAR. 7s & 8s.

From "Pilgrim's Songs." By permission.

1. Pilgrim, is thy journey drear? Are its lights extinct for ev - er? Still suppress the rising fear; God forsakes the righteous never Never, never! No, never!

2. Storms may gather o'er thy path, All the ties of life may sev - er; Still, a - mid the fear of death, God forsakes the righteous never! Never, never! No, never!

KIRWAN. 4s, 7s & 6.

1. Let tears descend! Man's no-blest friend In deeds of love un-tir-ing, Now, a-mid re-proach and shame, Is with thieves ex-pir-ing.

2. Let tears descend! Man's suffering friend His soul to God is breath-ing: Ran-som for a guilt-y world By his death be-queath-ing.

LA CROSSE. 8s & 4.

T. F. S.

1. { Hark! how the gos-pel trumpet sounds! Thro' all the earth the ech-o bounds! / And Je-sus, by re-deeming blood, Is bring-ing sin-ners back to God, } And guides them safe-ly by his word To end-less day.

2. { Hail! Je-sus! all vic-tor-ious Lord! Be thou by all man-kind a-dored! / For us didst thou the fight maintain, And o'er our foes the vic-tory gain, } That we with thee might ev-er reign In end-less day.

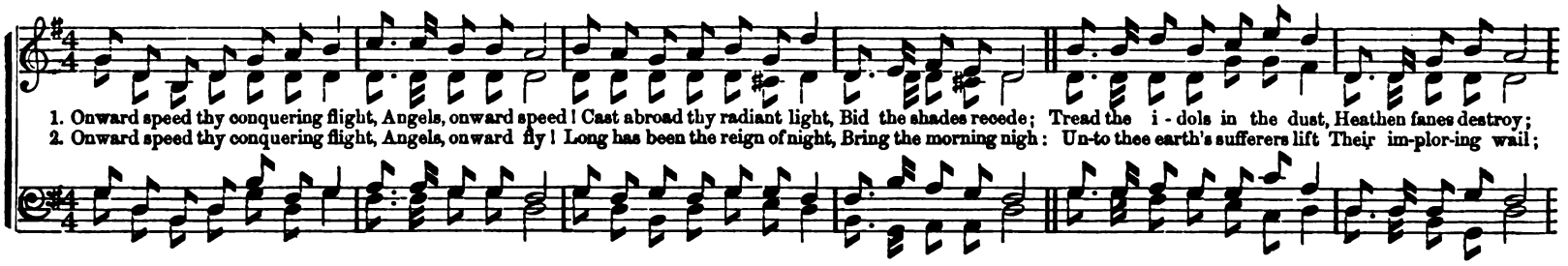
FORSYTH. 8s & 6.

*

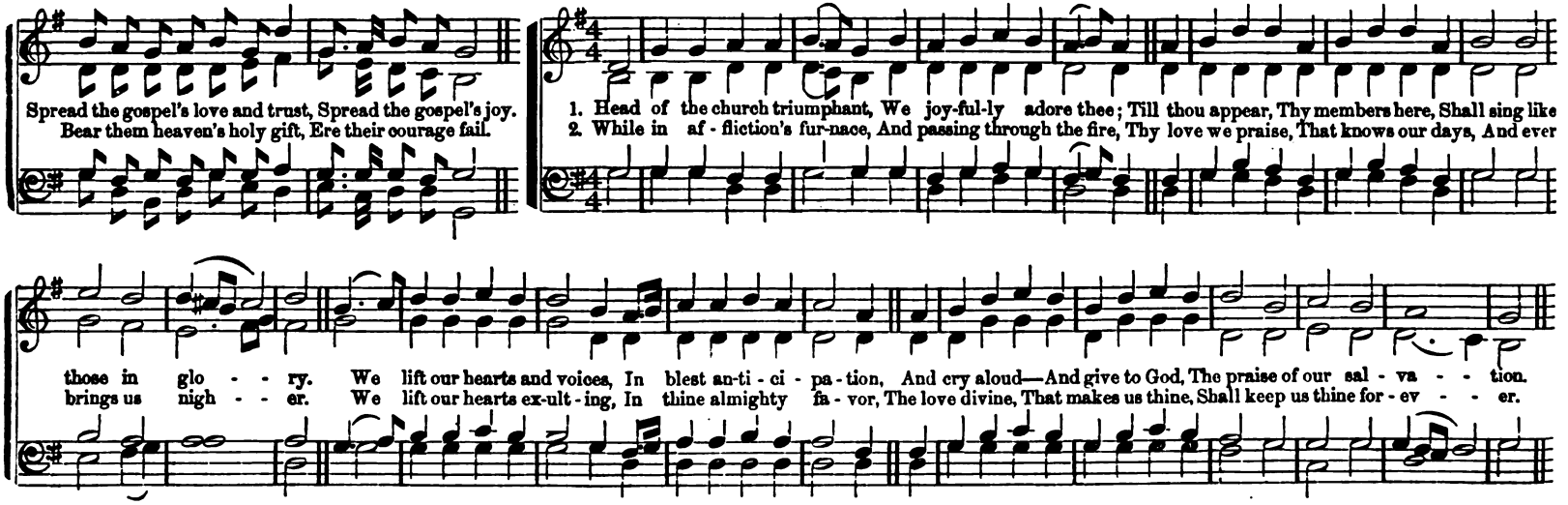
1. The Sab-bath day has reached its close! Yet, Sav-ior, ere I seek re-pose, Grant me the peace thy love be-stows— Smile on my eve-ning hour!

2. If ev-er I have found it sweet To wor-ship at my Sav-ior's feet, Now to my soul that bliss re-peat— Smile on my eve-ning hour!

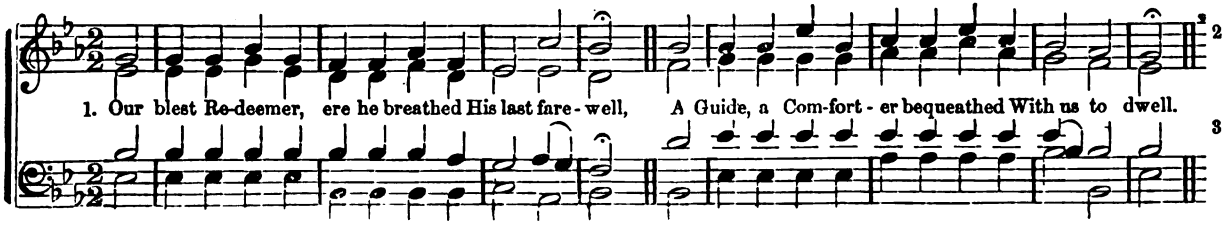
264 **ROCKVALE. 7s & 5s.**



VILLERS. 7s & 4s.



RODERICK. 8s & 4s. T. F. S.



2 He breathes—that gentle voice we hear
As breeze of even:
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
That speaks of heaven.

3 And all the good that we possess,
His gift we own;
Yea, every thought of holiness,
And victory won.

[redacted]

CALM. 8s & 4s. XXX—

H. HARDING. 265

1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for wea-ry pilgrims found; They soft-ly lie, and sweetly sleep, Low in the ground, Low in the ground.

rit.

2. The storm that racks the win-t'ry sky, No more dis-turbs their deep re-pose Than sum-mer evening's lat-est sigh, That shuts the rose, That shuts the rose.
3. I long to lay this pain-ful head And ach-ing heart be-neath the soil; To slum-ber, in that dreamless bed, From all my toil, From all my toil.

MALOY. 6s, 8s & 4s. XXX

1. The God of Abrah'm praise, Who reigns enthroned a-bove; An-cient of ev-er-last-ing days, And God of love;

2. The God of Abrah'm praise, At whose su-preme com-mand From earth I rise, and seek the joys At his right hand;

Je-ho-vah, great I Am! By earth and heaven confessed; I vow and bless the sa-cred name, For-ev-er blest.

I all on earth for-sake, Its wis-dom, fame, and power; And him my on-ly por-tion make, My shield and tower.

ALMO. 6s & 8s.

Ye simple souls, that stray Far from the path of peace,
That unfrequented way, To life and hap-pi-ness;
How long will ye your fol - ly love, And throng the downward road,
And hate the wis-dom from a - bove, (OMIT.....)And mock the Son of God ?

MONMOUTH. 8s & 7s.

MARTIN LUTHER.

God is our refuge ev-er near, Our help in trib-u - la - tion,
There-fore his people shall not fear, A - mid a wrecked creation:
Tho' mountains from their base be hurled, And ocean shake the solid world, The Lord is our salvation.

THE SABBATH. 4s & 7s.

W. U. BUTCHER.

1 Sabbath ho-ly! To the lowly, Still thou art a welcome day, When thou comest, earth and ocean, Shade and brightness, rest and motion, Help the weary heart to pray.
2 Sabbath ho-ly! For the lowly, Paint with flow'rs the glitt'ring sod; For affliction's sons and daughters Bid the mountains, woods and waters, Pray to God, our father's God.

WILSON. 8s & 4s.

A - las! how poor and lit - tle worth Are all these glittering toys of earth That lure us here!
Dream of a sleep that death must break:
A - las! be - fore it bids us wake, They dis - ap-pear.

IONA. 8s, 3s & 6s. XXX

E. VOSSELLER.

1. Shep - herd while the flock is feed - ing, Take these lambs In thine arms, Now for shel - ter plead - ing.
2. While the storm of life is low - 'ring, Night and day, Beasts of prey, Lurk - ing are de - vour - ing.
3. Shep - herd, ev - ery grace com - bin - ing, Keep these lambs In thine arms, On thy breast re - clin - ing.

ANNAPOLIS. 6s & 8s. or H. M. XXX

J. E. HOPKINS.

1. Let earth and heav'n a-gree, An - gels and men be join'd, To cel - e-brate with me The Sa - vior of man-kind: To'a-dore the all a - ton - ing Lamb,
2. Je - sus! transporting sound! The joy of earth and heaven; No oth - er help is found, No oth - er name is given, By what we can sal - va- tion have,

SLUMBER. 8s, 3s & 6s.

G. M. MONROE.

rit.

1. Ere I sleep for ev - ery fa - vor, This day showed By my God, I do bless my Sa - vior.
2. Leave me not, but ev - er love me, Let thy peace Be my bliss, Till thou hence re - move me.
3. And whene'er in death I slum-ber, Let me rise, With the wise, Counted in thy num - ber.

And bless the sound of Je - sus name.

But Je - sus came the world to save.

268 HILLYER. 8s & 6s. Peculiar.

W. U. BUTCHER.

1. This world is all a fleet - ing show, For man's il - lu - sion giv'n; The smiles of joy, the tears of woe, De - ceit - ful shine, de - ceit - ful flow; There's nothing true but heav'n, There's no - thing true but heav'n!
2. And false the light on glo - ry's plume, As fad - ing hues of ev'n; And love, and hope, and beau - ty's bloom, Are blos - soms ga - ther'd for the tomb;
3. Poor wand'rers of a storm - y day, From wave to wave we're driv'n; And fan - cy's flash, and rea - son's ray, Serve but to light the trou - bled way; There's nothing true but heav'n, There's no - thing true but heav'n!

Rit.

CLAYTON. 10s, 6s & 8s. *

1. Here is my heart! my God, I give it Thee;
2. Here is my heart! my heart so hard be - fore,
3. Here is my heart!—in Christ it's long-ings end,

I heard Thee call and say, "Not to the world, my child, but unto me," I heard, and will obey. Here is love's offering to my king, Which in glad sacrifice I bring, Here is my heart.
Now by Thy grace made meet; Yet bruised and wearied, it can only pour Its anguish at Thy feet; It groans beneath the weight of sin, It sighs salvation's joys to win, My longing heart.
Near to His cross it draws; It says, "Thou art my portion, O my friend! Thy blood my ransom was." And in my Savior it has found What blessedness and peace abound, My joyful heart.

FLORENCE. 8s. Double.

E. ROBERTS.

Fine.

1. { How tedious and tasteless the hours, when Je - sus no lon - ger I see! Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness with me. } The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;

D.C.

D. C. But when I am hap - py in him De - cember's as pleasant as May.

SPRING VALLEY. 8s.

E. H. BAILEY.

1. The win - ter is o - ver and gone, The thrush whistles sweet on the spray, The turtle breathes forth her soft moan, The lark mounts and warbles a - way.

2. Shall all liv - ing creatures a - round, Their voi - ces in con - cert u - nite, And I, the most favored, be found, In prais - ing to take less de - light?

WINNINGSTADT. 8s.

J. A.

1. This God is the God we a - dore, Our faithful, un - changeable Friend; Whose love is as great as his power, And knows neither measure nor end.

2. 'Tis Je - sus, the first and the last, Whose spir - it shall guide us safe home; We'll praise him for all that is past, And trust him for all that's to come.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s.

S. WEBBE.

First time Duett, second time Chorus.

SOLO, DUET OR TRIO.

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, where'er ye languish: Come at the mercy-seat fer-vently kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.
2. Joy of the des-o-late, light of the straying; Hope of the pen-i-tent, fadeless and pure; Here speaks the Comforter, tender-ly say-ing, Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

LYONS. 5s & 6s. Or 10s & 11s.

HAYDN.

1. Ap-pointed by thee, we meet in thy name, And meekly a-gree to fol-low the Lamb; To trace thy ex-ample, the world to disdain, And constantly trample on pleasure and pain.

PRINCE. 12s & 8s.

From NAGELI.

1. The Prince of sal-va-tion in tri-umph is rid-ing, And glo-ry at-tends him a-long his bright way—The news of his grace on the breezes are glid-ing, And nations are owning his sway.

ARDON.* 11s & 8s. Or 11s & 9s by the small notes.

From "Asaph."

1. Be joy-ful in God, all ye lands of the earth; Oh, serve him with gladness and fear: Ex-ult in his presence with mu-sic and mirth, With love and de-vo-tion draw near.

* "Come away to the skies" can be easily sung to this tune.

KELLOGG. 12s & 11s.

1. Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee, Tho' sor - row and darkness en - compass the tomb; The Savior has passed thro' its por- tals before thee,

2. Thou art gone to the grave, we no long-er behold thee, Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side, But the wide arms of mer- cy are spread to enfold thee,

And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom.

And sinners may hope, since the sinless hath died.

ONTARIO. 10s, 11s, & 12s. XX — E. ROBERTS.

1. Breast the wave, Christian, when it is strongest, Watch, where the night-shade Lingers the long - est;

2. Stand the storm, Chris-tian, Je - sus is o'er thee; Fear not the tem-pest, Heaven is be - fore thee;

On - ward and on -ward still Be thy en- deav- or; There is a rest for thee, Peace-ful for - ev - er; There is a rest for thee, Peaceful for - ev - er.

Go where thy du - ty calls; Foes may as - sail thee; God is thy strength and shield, He will not fail thee, God is thy strength and shield, He will not fail thee.

272 KEDRON. 11s.

T. F. SEWARD.

Legato.

1. Thou sweet glid-ing Ke-dron, by thy sil-ver stream, Our Sav-ior would lin-ger in moonlight's soft beam; And by thy bright wa-ters till

2. How damp were the va-pors that fell on his head! How hard was his pil-low, how hum-ble his bed! The an-gels, be-hold-ing, a-

midnight would stay, And lose, in thy murmurs, the toils of the day.

mazed at the sight, At-tend-ed their Mas-ter with solemn de-light.

PAULINA. 11s. XX

Arr. L. W. BACON.

1. O eyes that are wea-ry, and hearts that are sore! Look

2. While look-ing to Je-sus, my heart can-not fear, I

off un-to Je-sus, now sor-row no more! The light of his coun-tenance shin-eth so bright, That here, as in heav-en, there need be no night.

trem-ble no more when I see Je-sus near; I know that his presence my safe-guard will be, For, "Why are you troubled?" he saith un-to me.

CALISTA. 11s & 10s.

(May be sung at Funerals.)

Arr. from CZERNY.

1. Come un - to me when shadows darkly gath - er, When the sad heart is weary and distressed, Seek - ing for com - fort from your heav'nly
2. Ye who have mourn'd when sweet spring flow'rs were taken, When the ripe fruit fell rich - ly to the ground, When loved ones slept, in brighter homes to
3. Large are the mansions in thy father's dwelling, Glad are the homes that sorrows nev - er dim, Sweet are the harps in ho - ly mu - sic

Father, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.

waken, Where now their brows with spirit wreaths are crowned.
swelling, Soft are the tones which raise the heav'nly hymn.

MORLEY. 10s.

T. F. S.

1. I thought upon my sins, and I was sad; My soul was troub-led sore and fill'd with
2. I saw my sad estate—condemn'd to die; Then terror seized my heart, and dark de-
3. I saw that I was lost, far gone a - stray; No hope of safe return there seem'd to

pain;..... But then I thought of Je - sus, and was glad— My heav - y grief was turned to joy a - gain...
spair;..... But when to Cal - va - ry I turned my eye, I saw the cross, and read for - give - ness there...
be,..... But then I heard that Je - sus was the way, A new and liv - ing way pre - pared for me.....

274 ROSCOE. 11s & 8s. XX

GEO. M. MONROE.

1. The Lord is great! ye hosts of heaven, a-dore him, And ye, who tread this earth-ly ball, In ho-ly songs re-joice a-loud be-
2. The Lord is great; his ma-jes-ty, how glo-rious! Re-sound his praise from shore to shore; O'er sin and death, and hell now made vic-
3. The Lord is great; his mer-cy, how a-bound-ing! Ye an-gels, strike your gold-en chords; O, praise our God, with voice and harp re-

fore him, And shout his praise who made you all.
to-rious, He rules and reigns for ev-er-more.
sound-ing, The King of kings and Lord of lords.

WOOSTER. 12s & 11s. XXX

T. F. S.

1. O Lord, let our songs find ac-cep-tance be-fore thee, And pierce thro' the skies to thine own glorious throne: Thou stoop-est to list-en when mor-tals a-dore thee, And send-est thy bless-ings like mes-sen-gers down.
2. Our Fa-ther, our Fa-ther, we ask thee to guide us, And keep us from sin till life's jour-ney is o'er; The last sigh of na-ture, what-e'er else be-tide us, Shall waft us to glo-ry when time is no more.
3. Then, then will we sing the sweet song of the bless-ed, And mingle our strains with the mil-lions a-bove, Sur-pass-ing all strains that our tongues e'er have ut-tered, And Je-sus the cho-rus and in-fi-nite love.

ERASMUS. 11s & 10s.

1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our dark-ness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho-
2. Cold on his cra-dle the dew-drops are shin-ing: Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall; An-gels a-dore him, in

ri-zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid.
slum-ber re-clin-ing—Mak-er, and Monarch, and Sav-ior of all.

HALE. 11s & 10s.

1. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning! Joy to the
2. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning! Long to the

lands that in dark-ness have lain; Hush'd be the ac-cents of sor-row and mourning, Zi-on in tri-umph be-gins her mild reign.
pro-phets of Is-rael fore-told: Hail to the mil-lions from bond-age re-turn-ing, Gen-tiles and Jews now their Sav-ior be-hold.

HINTON. 11s.

int, yet pur-su-ing, we go on our way; The Lord is our Lead-er, his word is our stay; Tho' suffering and sor-row,

PENITENCE. 7s, 6s, & 8s.

Je-sus, let thy pi-tying eye Call back a wand'ring sheep, False to thee, like Pe-ter, I Would fain like Pe-ter weep. Let me be by grace restored; On me be

end.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

How firm a found-a-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his ex-cel-lent word! What more can he say than to you he hath said, Who un-to the Sa-vior for ref-uge have fled.

Turn, and look up-on me, Lord, And break this heart of stone.

ROWLEY. 6s & 9s.

Dr. L. Mason.

Come a-way to the skies, My be-lov-ed a-rise, And re-joice in the day thou wert born; On this fes-ti-val day, Come ex-ult-ing a-way,

Who un-to the Sa-vior for ref-uge have fled.

with singing to Zi-on re-turn.

THE VOICE OF FREE GRACE. 12s or 12s & 11s.

Dr. Clarke.

The voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mountain; For Ad-am's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain;

streams of mer-cy, His blood flows most free-ly in streams of mer-cy, Jor-dan.

o-ver Jor-dan, We'll praise him a-gain, when we pass o-ver Jor-dan.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

W. B. BRADBURY. Words by FANNY CROSBY.

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care, And bids me at my Fa - ther's throne Make all my wants and wishes known:
2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my petition bear To him whose truth and faithfulness, En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless;
3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy con - so - la - tion share; Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height, I view my home, and take my flight;

In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief My soul has of - ten found re - lief; And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

And since he bids me seek his face, Be - lieve his word, and trust his grace, I'll cast on him my ev - ery care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize; And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

Tenderly.

COME TO JESUS.

H. P. MAIN. Words by Dr. JOHN B. PECK.

1. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to wel - come thee, O wand'rer, ea - ger - ly; Come, come to Je - sus!
2. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to ran - som thee, O slave! e - ter - nal - ly; Come, come to Je - sus!
3. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to light - en thee, O burdened! gra - ciously; Come, come to Je - sus!

4 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to give to thee,
O blind! a vision free;
Come, come to Jesus!

5 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to shelter thee,
O weary! blessedly;
Come, come to Jesus!

6 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to carry thee,
O Lamb! so lovingly;
Come, come to Jesus

"MY PILGRIM WAY."

From the "GOLDEN CENSER." WM. B. BRADBURY

1. Je - sus, while this rough and de - sert soil I tread, be thou my guide and stay; Nerve me for conflict and for all the toil; Up-
2. Je - sus, here in hea - vi - ness and fear, 'Mid cloud, and shade, and gloom I stray; For earth's last night is draw-ing ve - ry near; Oh,
3. Je - sus, while in sol - i - tude and grief, The sun and stars with - hold their ray, O come, O quick - ly come to my re - lief! Oh,

hold me on my pil-grim way. My pilgrim way, My pilgrim way, Up-hold me on my pil-grim way. way.
cheer me on my pi-lgrim way!

light me on my pil-grim way! My pilgrim way, My pilgrim way, Up-hold me on my pil-grim way. way.

1st time. 2d time.

My pilgrim way, My pilgrim way,

"THE MORN IS BREAKING."

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Christian the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee, And all the midnight shadows flee, Tinged are the distant skies with glo - ry, A bea-con light hung out for thee.
2. Toss'd on time's rude re-lent - less sur - ges, Calm-ly composed and dauntless stand, For lo! beyond those scenes emerges, The heights that bound the promised land.
3. Cheer up, cheer up, the day breaks o'er thee, Bright as the summer's noontide ray, The star-gemmed crowns and realms of glory, Invite the hap-py soul a-way.

"THE MORN IS BREAKING." Concluded.

A - rise, a-rise, the light breaks o'er thee, Thy name is graven on the throne, Thy home is in the world of glo - ry, Where thy Redeemer reigns a - lone..
Behold! Behold! the land is near-ing, Where the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er, Hark! how the Heav'nly hosts are cheering, See in what throngs they range the shore.

Away, a-way, live all for glo-ry, Thy name is grav-en on the throne, Thy home is in the world of glo - ry, Where thy Redeemer reigns a-lone.

"HAIL! THOU ALMIGHTY KING."

Arranged from PELTON.
From "APPLES OF GOLD."

1. Hail! Thou al - might - y King, An - gels a - dore Thee; Saints, while they sweet - ly sing, Cast their crowns be - fore Thee; Gird - ed with strength di-vine,
2. Light of e - ter - nal truth, Star of the morn-ing; May we in ear - ly youth, Heed Thy gen - tle warn-ing; Sin is a thor - ny way,
3. Je - sus, we haste to thee; Help our en-deav - or, Still at our post to be, Firm and faith - ful ev - er, Now, while our hearts we raise,

All power pos sess - ing, Hon - or and praise are Thine, Wis-dom, glo - ry, bles-sing; Hon - or and praise are Thine, Wisdom, glo - ry bless - ing.
Cloud - ed with sor - row; Give me your hearts to - day, Wait not for the mor-row. Give me your hearts to - day, Wait not for the mor - row.

Cheer - ful - ly blend - ing, List to the song of praise, To Thy throne as - cend-ing. List to the song of praise, To Thy throne as - cend-ing.

SWEET LAND OF REST. XXX

W. B. BRADBURY.

REFRAIN.

1. Sweet land of rest! for thee I sigh, When will the moment come? When I shall lay my armor by, And dwell with Christ at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, And

2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful, sheltering home—This world's a wil- der- ness of woe, This world is not my home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, This

GOING HOME. 8s & 7s.

T. F. SEWARD.

1st. 2d.

dwell with Christ at home. home.

world is not my home. home.

1. They are go - ing, on - ly go - ing; Je -sus called them long a - go, All the win-try time they're passing, Softly

2. They are go - ing, on - ly go-ing; When with summer earth is dressed, In their cold hands holding ro - ses, Folded

as the fall- ing snow, When the vio - lets in the spring-time Catch the a - zure of the sky. They are car - ried out to slum-ber, Sweetly where the violets lie.

to each si-lent breast, When the Autumn hangs red banners Out a - bove the harvest sheaves, They are go - ing, ev- er go - ing, Thick and fast, like falling leaves.

"THE SHINING SHORE."

From "Sab. Bell." G. F. ROOT.

1. My days are glid - ing swiftly by, And I, a pil-grim stran - ger, Would not de- tain them as they fly! Those hours of toil and dan - ger,—

2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our dis - tant home dis-cern - ing; Our ab-sent Lord has left us word, Let ev - ery lamp be burn - ing,—

3. Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing - ing; That perfect rest nought can mo-lest, Where gold - en harps are ring - ing,—

REFRAIN.

For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver, And just be-fore the shining shore We may al-most dis - cov - er.

For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver, And just be-fore the shining shore We may al-most dis - cov - er.

"JESUS, OUR FRIEND."

From "The Diapason." G. F. ROOT.

:S: FINE. D. S.

1. Sweet 'tis to sing of thee, Je - sus, our friend; Of thy great love so free, Je - sus, our friend; Oh, for a heart to praise, Through all our early days,
D. S. Thy wondrous works and ways, Je-sus, our friend.

2. When thou wert here below, Je - sus, our friend; Thou didst our sorrows know, Je - sus, our friend; Grant to each heart to feel, That thou hast power to heal,
D. S. And oh, thy-self re-veal, Je - sus, our friend.

BEAUTIFUL HOME ABOVE.

Mrs. T. J. COOK.

1. O, how my spir - it longs for thee, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove, Where I may rest from sor - row free, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove;
2. To reach thee safe I dai - ly pray, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove, And trav - el in the toil-some way, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove;
3. Thy shin - ing walls by faith I see, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove, The mansions fair pre - pared for me, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove;

With - in the gold - en gates of light, Ar - rayed in gar - ments pure and white, I'll walk with an - gels fair and bright, In my home a - bove.

My wear - y feet are bruised and sore, But Je - sus's feet were bruised be - fore, To bring me to the o - pen door, Of my beauti-ful home.
O, let me keep my long - ing eyes In - tent - ly fixed up - on the prize, Till an - gels bear me to the skies, In my home a - bove.

Chorus.

Beau - ti - ful home a - bove! Beau-ti - ful home a - bove! O, come and take me, Sa - viour, come, To my beau - ti - ful home a - bove.

Beau - ti - ful home a - bove! Beau-ti - ful home a - bove! O, come and take me, Sa - viour, come, To my beau - ti - ful home a - bove.

BIRTH-DAY OF WASHINGTON. 11s & 10s.

T. F. SEWARD.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

1. Birth-day of Wash-ing-ton, proud-ly we hail thee, Wel-come thy light as it streams thro' the skies;
2. Sound it from East to West, with rap-ture tell-ing; Sing of his great-ness, our he-ro so brave;
3. First where the bat-tle-storm wild-ly was rag-ing, Cheer-ing with val-or the dar-ing and free.
4. Birth-day of Wash-ing-ton, proud-ly we hail thee, Wel-come thy light as it streams thro' the skies.

Loud swell the cho-rus, ye mountains, and val-leys, While in its gran-deur the o-cean re-plies.
Low from the por-tals of glo-ry de-scend-ing, Free-dom is smil-ing o'er Wash-ing-ton's grave.

First where the Ol-ive in beau-ty was wav-ing, First in the hearts of his coun-try was he.
Loud swell the cho-rus, ye mountains, and val-leys, While in its gran-deur, the o-cean re-plies.

OH! MAKE ME THINE. 8s & 4s.

T. F. S.

1. My Fa-ther, I would be thy child, I know I'm sin-ful, wayward, wild; To thee I would be re-con-ciled; Oh! make me, Oh! make me thine.
2. With pa-tience I the race have run, Not look-ing back when once be-gun; And seek sal-va-tion through thy Son, Oh! make me, Oh! make me thine.
3. The nar-row way I fain would tread, And by thy gen-tle hand be led, With heavenly man-na dai-ly fed, Oh! make me, Oh! make me thine.
4. Make me to love thee more and more, Thy Ho-ly Spir-it on me pour; Grant me of grace a plen-teous store, Oh! make me, Oh! make me thine.

284 I AM WAITING BY THE RIVER.

Words by WM. O. CUSHING. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. I am wait-ing by the riv-er; And my heart has wait-ed long; Now I think I hear the cho-rus Of the an-gel's wel-come song.
2. Far a-way be-yond the shad-ows, Of this wea-ry vale of tears; There the tide of bliss is sweeping Through the bright and changeless years.
3. They are launching on the riv-er, From the calm and qui-et shore, And they soon will bear my spir-it, Where the wea-ry sigh no more.

O, I see the dawn is break-ing On the hill tops of the blest, "Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the wea-ry are at rest."
O, I long to be with Je-sus, In the man-sions of the blest, "Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the wea-ry are at rest."

For the tide is swift-ly flow-ing, And I long to greet the blest, "Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the wea-ry are at rest.

THE SWEETEST NAME.

From the "GOLDEN CHAIN," by permission.

1st. 2d End. Refrain. D.C.

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heav-en,
The name be-fore his wond'rous birth To Christ, the Savior, giv-en. } We love to sing a-round our King, And hail him bless-ed Je-sus,

D.C.

D. C. For there's no word ear ev-er heard, So dear, so sweet, as Je-sus.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

From Sunnyside Glee Book. By permission. T. F. SEWARD.

1. Cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly sing we all, On Christ - mas eve the sha - dows fall, On Christ - mas morn the sun - light breaks, And all the world to glad - ness wakes. The leaves are dead, the birds are fled, The lit - tle brooks' tongues are tied with cold; But bells may ring and chil - dren sing, For safe is our dear Shepherd's fold.

2. Heav - i - ly hung is our Christ - mas - tree, 'Tis bur - dened well for you and me, The hem - lock branch - es piled with snow, In na - tive woods bend not so low God giv - eth all; the ra - vens call, He hear - eth them, so let us be - gin; He hears al - way when chil - dren pray, For he him - self a child hath been.

3. Help us, dear Lord, lest we self - ish be; All hearts are not so glad as we; Re - mem - ber then thy poor to - night, And flood their dark - ness with thy light. The hun - gry feed, the wan - d'rer lead, The sor - row - ing soothe, the cap - tive free, And think, we pray, on this glad day, Of those who have no Christmas- tree.

FINE.

D. C.

BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

REV. R. LOWRY. BY PERMISSION

1. Shall we ga - ther at the riv - er, Where bright an - gel feet have trod, With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flowing by the throne of God?
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er Wash-ing up its sil - ver spray, We will walk and wor-ship ev - er, All the hap - py gold - en day.
3. Ere we reach the shin - ing riv - er, Lay we ev - ery bur - den down; Grace our spi - rit will de - liv - er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
4. At the smil - ing of the riv - er, Mir - ror of the Savior's face, Saints whom death will never sev - er, Lift their songs of sav - ing grace.
5. Soon we'll reach the sil - ver riv - er, Soon our pilg - rimage will cease; Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er— Gather with the Saints at the riv - er, That flows by the throne of God.

Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er— Gather with the Saints at the riv - er, That flows by the throne of God.

TWILIGHT HYMN. 8s & 7s.

WORDS BY AGNES BURNEY. T. F. S.

1. Slow - ly now the sun is set - ting, Shadows deepening in the west; All the birds their nests are seek-ing, It is now the time of rest.
2. Heavenly Fa - ther thou hast brought us Safe - ly through an - oth - er day, Thou hast watch'd us, thou hast kept us, That from thee we not should stray.
3. Thanks we of - fer for thy good-ness, Thou to us this day hast shown; For thy bless-ings ev - ery mo - ment On our path-way thou hast strown.

GO AND TELL JESUS.

1. Go and tell Je - sus, weary, sin-sick soul, He'll ease thee of thy bur - den, make thee whole; Look up to Him, He on - ly can forgive, Be - lieve on Him, and
2. Go and tell Je - sus, when your sins arise Like mountains of deep guilt be-fore your eyes; His blood was spilt, His precious life he gave, That mercy, peace, and
3. Go and tell Je - sus, He'll dispel thy fears, Will calm thy painful doubts and dry thy tears; He'll take thee in His arms and on His breast, Thou may'st be happy,

CHORUS.

thou shalt surely live. { Go and tell Je - sus, He on - ly can for-give, } Go and tell Je - sus, Go and tell Je - sus, Go and tell Je - sus, He on - ly can forgive.
pardon you might have. { Go and tell Je - sus, O, turn to Him and live. }

and for ev - er rest. { Go and tell Je - sus, He on - ly can for-give, } Go and tell Je - sus, Go and tell Je - sus, Go and tell Je - sus, He on - ly can forgive.
{ Go and tell Je - sus, O, turn to Him and live. }

TWILIGHT HYMN. Concluded.

Soft - ly still the light is fad - ing, Calmly clos - es up the day; All our care and la - bor end - ed, Now we lift our hearts to pray.
Now when eve - ning sha - dows ga - ther In the twilight hour of prayer, We a - gain to - geth-er seek thee, We thy blessing still would share.
Wilt thou watch us, Heavenly Fa - ther, Thro' this night that's coming on; Be thou ev - er round a - bout us, Keep us safe from ev - ery harm.

PATIENCE.

E. ROBERTS. From "APPLES OF GOLD."

1. Eve - ry day hath toil and trouble, Eve - ry heart hath care; Meek-ly bear thine own full measure And thy brother's share. Fear not, shrink not, tho' the burden
2. Pa - tient-ly en-dur - ing ev - er Let thy spir-it be, Bound by links that can-not sev - er, To hu-man - i - ty. La-bor, wait; thy Master perished
3. La - bor, wait, tho' midnight shadows Gather round thee here, And the storm above thee lowering Fill thy heart with fear. Wait in hope: the morning dawneth

Heavy to thee prove; God shall fill thy mouth with gladness And thy heart with love.
Ere His task was done; Count not lost thy fleeting moments, Life has but begun.

When the night is gone, And a perfect rest awaits thee When thy work is done.

WORK.

DR. LOWEL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; Work, while the
2. Work, for the night is coming, Under the sunset skies; Fill brightest hours with
3. Work, for the night is coming, Under the sunset skies; While their bright tints

dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flowers; Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.
la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon. Give eve- ry fly - ing min - ute Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.

Cres.

are glow-ing, Work, for daylight flies. Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad-eth to shine no more; Work, while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

BEAUTIFUL LAND OF REST.

R. LOWRY. By permission. 289

DUET. CHORUS. DUET. CHORUS.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, for ev - er bright,—Beau-ti - ful land of rest! No win - ter there, nor chill of night,—Beau-ti - ful land of rest!

2. Je - ru - sa - lem, for ev - er free,— Beau-ti - ful land of rest! The soul's sweet home of Lib - er - ty,— Beau-ti - ful land of rest!

3. Je - ru - sa - lem, for ev - er dear,— Beau-ti - ful land of rest! Thy pear - ly gates al - most ap - pear,—Beau-ti - ful land of rest!

f

The dripping cloud is chased a - way, The sun breaks forth in end - less day,—Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, The beau - ti - ful land of rest.

f

The gyves of sin, the chains of woe, The ransomed there will nev - er know,—Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, The beau - ti - ful land of rest.

And when we tread thy love - ly shore, We'll sing the song we've sung be - fore,—Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, The beau - ti - ful land of rest.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land of rest; Beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land of rest.

Beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land of rest; Beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land of rest.

290 NEVERMORE BE SAD OR WEARY.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

Words by BONAR.

1. This is not my place of rest - ing, Mine's a ci - ty yet to come; On-ward to it I am hast - ing, On to my e - ter - nal home.
2. In it all is light and glo - ry, O'er it shines a night-less day; Ev - ery trace of sin's sad sto - ry— All the curse has passed a-way.
3. Soon we pass this drear - y des - ert, Soon we bid fare - well to pain, Nev - er more be sad or wea - ry, Nev - er-more to sin a - gain.

CHORUS.

Nev - er - more, Nev - er - more, Nev - er - more be sad or wea - ry, Nev - er - more, Nev - er - more, Nev - er-more to sin a - gain.

WELCOME TO THE SABBATH.

From "FRESH LAURELS." WM. B. BRADBURY.

1st. 2d

1. { Welcome, welcome, day of rest, Sweet re - lief from ev-'ry care, } { Are the joys thy moments bear; God of love, thy grace im-part, Com-fort ev-'ry mourning heart,
Grateful to the wea-ry breast, [OMIT ..... }

God of love, thy grace im - part, Com fort ev - 'ry mourning heart.

2 Welcome, welcome, Sabbath bells,
Chiming on the fragrant air,
Pealing o'er the flowery dells,
Calling to the house of prayer:
Those who long the way have trod,
Those who love to worship God.

3 Precious words of life we hear,
From our pastor's lips they fall,
Strains of music greet our ear,
Lord, we praise thy name for all;
On the wings of faith we rise
Upward to our native skies.

4 When these mortal scenes decay,
When the toils of earth are past,
Jesus, may we hear thee say,
Welcome, faithful ones, at last;
Of my Father you are blest,
Enter now eternal rest.

HE LEADETH ME.

1. He lead - eth me! O, bless -ed thought, O, words with heavenly comfort fraught. Whate'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Sometimes where E - den's bow - ers bloom, By wa - ters still, o'er troubled sea— Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me!
3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine Nor ev - er mur- mur nor re - pine— Con-tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me!

REFRAIN.

f

He lead -eth me! He lead - eth me! By his own hand he lead -eth me; His faith -ful fol-lower I would be, For by his hand he lead - eth me.

f

HEAVEN.

W. B. B.

1. O, to be there, Where nev - er tears of sor - row Shall dim the eye, nor ach - ing pain nor care Shall o - ver -cloud our mor - row!

O, to be there, O to be there.

2 O, lovely home,
Thy fragrant thornless flowers,
Droop not, nor die, but everlasting bloom
Crowns all thy golden hours;
O, lovely home.

3 O, let me go!
Death shall not there dissever
Our loving hearts. Where streams of pleasure flow
At God's right hand forever:
O, let me go!

292 **JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.**

With earnest, tender expression. SONG WITH VOCAL OR CHORUS ACCOMPANIMENT. WM. B. BRADBURY. From "Fresh Laurels."

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo-som fly; ..... While the billows near me roll,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none— Hangs my helpless soul on thee; ..... Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone,

1. Je - sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bo-som fly; While the billows near me roll,
2. Oth - er ref-uge have I none— Hangs my helpless soul on thee; Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone,

While the tempest still is high, Hide me, O my Savior, hide,..... Till the storm of life be past,..... Safe in - to the haven
Still sup-port and comfort me; All my trust on thee is stayed,.... All my help from thee I bring—..... Cov - er my defenceless

While the tempest still is high, Hide me, O my Sav-ior, hide, Till the storm of life be past, Safe in - -
Still sup - - port and comfort me; All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help on thee I bring—Cov - er

ritard.

guide..... O re - ceive my soul at last; Safe in - to the haven guide,..... O re - ceive my soul at last.
head..... With the sha-dow of thy wing; Cov - er my de-fenceless head..... With the sha-dow of thy wing.

to the haven guide; O re - ceive my soul at last; Safe in - - to the haven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
my de-fenceless head With the sha - dow of thy wing; Cov - er my de-fenceless head With the sha-dow of thy wing.

MY HOME IS THERE.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER. From "Fresh Laurels," by permission. Wm. B. BRADBURY.

1. A - bove the waves of earth - ly strife, A - bove the ills.... and cares of life, Where all is peace - ful, bright, and
2. Where liv - ing fount - ains sweet - ly flow, Where buds and flowers im - mor - tal grow, Where trees their fruits ce - les - tial
3. A - way from sor - row, doubt and pain, A - way from world - ly loss and gain, From all temp - ta - tion, tears and

Chorus.

fair; My home is there, my home is there. My beau - ti - ful home,..... My beau - ti - ful home, In the
bear; My home is there, my home is there. My beau - ti - ful home,..... My beau - ti - ful home,..... In the
care; My home is there, my home is there. My beau - ti - ful home,..... My beau - ti - ful home, In the

land where the glo - ri - fied ev - er shall roam, Where an - gels bright.... wear crowns of light,..... My home is there, my home is there.
land where the glo - ri - fied ev - er shall roam, Where an - gels bright.... wear crowns of light,..... My home is there, my home is there.

Where an - gels, angels bright, wear crowns, wear crowns of light,

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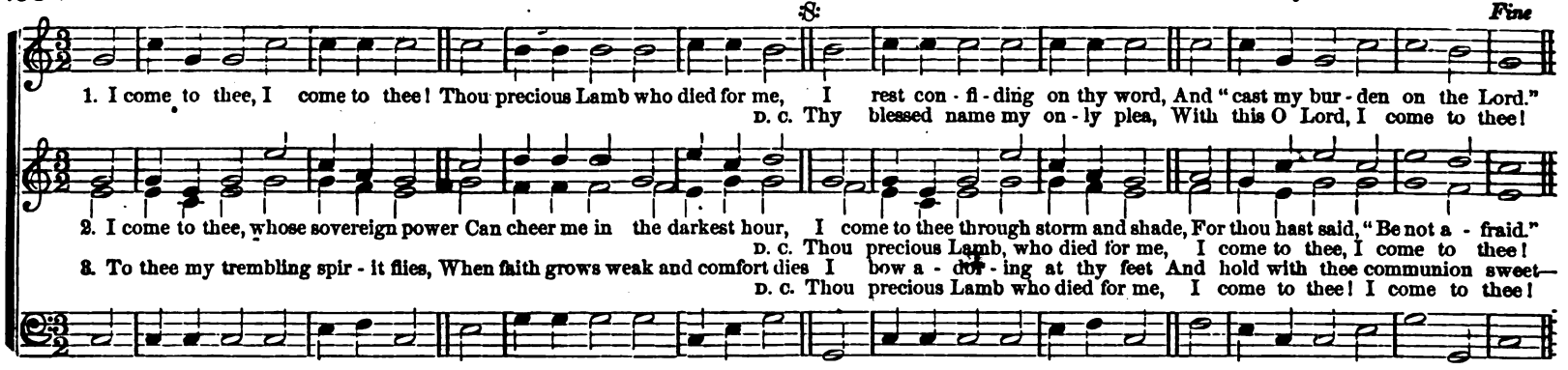
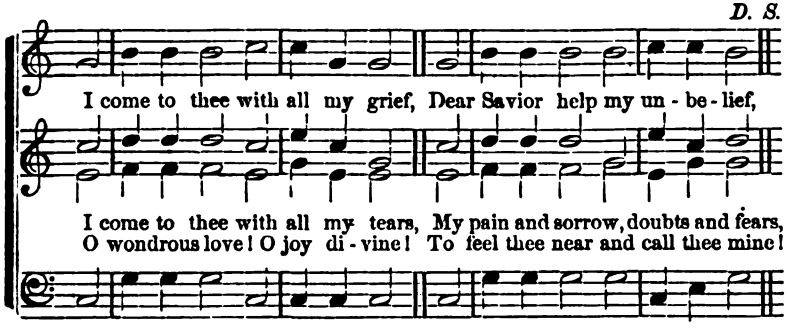
I COME TO THEE. L. M. Double.

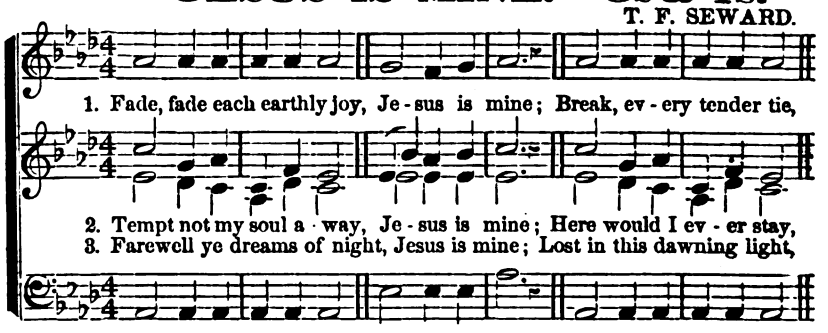
Words and music furnished by SYLVESTER MAIN.

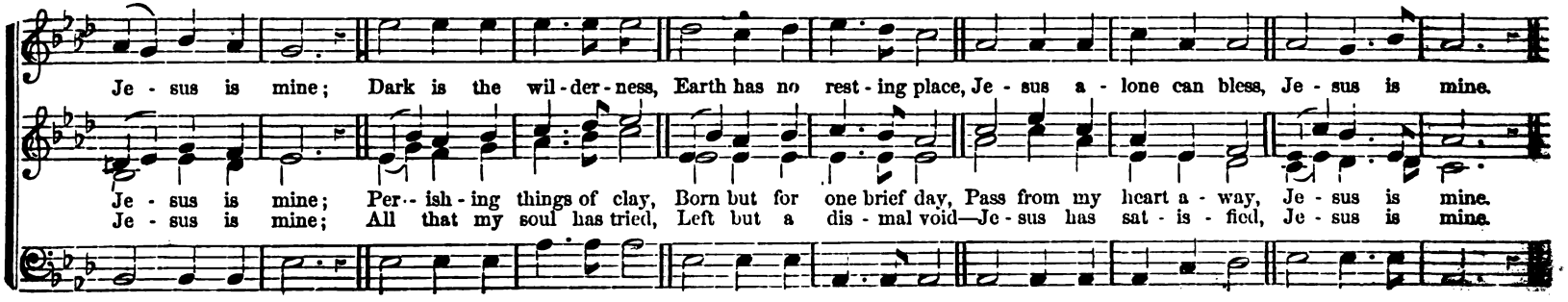




JESUS IS MINE. 5s & 4s.

T. F. SEWARD.





ANTHEM. "Exalt Him, all ye People."* XXX

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Joyfully.

End of chorus

1. Ex - alt him, all ye peo - ple, And let your songs a - rise, In loud ex - alt - ed num - bers, While heav'n and earth re - plies.

1. Ex - alt him, all ye peo - ple, And let your songs a - rise, In loud ex - alt - ed num - bers, While heav'n and earth re - plies.

D. C. CHORUS. "*Exalt him.*"

The brook that mur-murs light - ly, The bird in sil - ver lays, Pro - claim our great Cre - a - tor, And gent - ly speak his praise;

The crys - tal drops that lin - ger In yon - der arch of blue, And form the bow of prom - ise With ev - er va - ried hue.

The crys - tal drops that lin - ger In yon - der arch of blue, And form the bow of prom - ise With ev - er va - ried hue.

* From "FRESH LAURELS," by permission.

The ra - diant stars that glis - ten, Like an - gel eyes a - bove, Are mes - sen - gers of glad-ness, That tell his won - drous

D. C. *Chorus, "Exalt him."* *Choral style.*

Pour out your heart be - fore him. And to his scep - tre bend, Who lives and reigns for -

love; That tell, that tell his won - drous love. Pour out your heart be - fore him, And to his scep - tre bend, Who lives and reigns for -

Original movement.

ev - er, Whose king-dom has no end. Ex - alt him, ex - alt him, ex - alt the King of glo - ry, His migh - ty works pro -

ev - er, Whose king-dom has no end. Ex - alt him, ex - alt him, ex - alt the King of glo - ry,

-claim, His might-y works pro-claim, Let ev-'ry clime a-dore him, And bless his ho-ly name, And bless

His might - - y works pro-claim, Let ev-'ry clime a-dore him, And bless his ho-ly name, And bless, and

and bless, and bless his ho-ly name, And bless, And bless, and bless, and bless his ho-ly name,

bless, and bless his ho-ly name, And bless, and bless, and bless his ho-ly name,

ff

Bless his name, bless his name, bless his name, bless his name, bless his ho-ly name.....

ff

Bless his name, bless his name, bless his name, bless his name, bless his ho-ly name.....

ff

INTROIT. "Thou art my hiding Place."

WM. B BRADBURY.

Andante.

Thou art my hid-ing place, O Lord, O Lord,

Thou art my hid-ing place, O Lord, O Lord, Thou shalt pre - serve me, pre - serve me from trouble, Thou shalt compass me a - bout with

Thou shalt

Thou shalt compass me a - bout with songs of de - liv - er - ance, with songs of de - liv - er - ance,

songs, with songs..... of de - liv - erance, With songs, with songs..... of de - liv - er - ance,

com-pass me a - bout with songs,

ff

Thou shalt com-pass me a - bout with songs of de - liv - er - ance. A - men,..... A - men.

ff

A - men.....

Thou shalt com-pass me a - bout with songs of de - liv - er - ance. A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

6 5 4 3 5 5 0

SENTENCE. "From the rising of the Sun." MAL. 1:11. XXX- T. F. S.

Let the movement be well marked. *For Monthly Concerts and other Missionary occasions.*

From the ris - ing of the sun to the go - ing down of the same, My name shall be great a - mong the Gen - tiles,

From the ris - ing of the sun to the go - ing down of the same, My name shall be great a - mong the Gen - tiles,

Cres.

And in eve - ry place in - cense shall be of - fered un - to my name; in - cense, in - cense and a pure of - f'ring, For my

And in eve - ry place in - cense shall be of - fered un - to my name; in - cense, in - cense and a pure of - f'ring, For my

ritard.

name shall be great, shall be great a - mong the hea - then, Saith the Lord, the Lord of Hosts, Saith the Lord, the Lord of Hosts.

name shall be great, shall be great a mong the hea - then, Saith the Lord, the Lord of Hosts, Saith the Lord, the Lord of Hosts

CHARITY ANTHEM. "Blessed is he that considereth the Poor."

R. A. SMITH, (of England.)

Bless-ed is he that con-sid-er-eth the poor, Bless-ed, bless-ed, The Lord will de-liv-er him in

Bless-ed is he that con-sid-er-eth the poor, Bless-ed, bless-ed, The Lord will de-liv-er him in

Bless-ed is he that con-sid-er-eth the poor, Bless-ed, bless-ed, The Lord will de-liv-er him in

time of trou-ble, In time of trou-ble, The Lord will pre-

time of trou-ble, The Lord will de-liv-er him, The Lord will pre-

time, in time of trouble, In time of trou-ble, The Lord will pre-

serve him and keep him a-live, And he shall be bless-ed, And he shall be bless-ed up-on the earth.

serve him and keep him a-live, And he shall be bless-ed, And he shall be bless-ed up-on the earth.

serve him, &c.

HE WAS DESPISED. (FOR COMMUNION.)

With deepest feeling.

He was des - pised and re - ject - ed of men, He was des - pised and re - ject - ed of men,

He was des - pised and re - ject - ed of men, He was des - pised and re - ject - ed of men, He was des -

He was des - pised, He was des - pised, was des - pised and re - ject - ed of men, re - ject - ed of

- pised, He was des - pised, He was des - pised and re - ject - ed of men, re - ject - ed of

He was des - pised, He was des - pised, was des - pised and re - ject - ed of men, re - ject - ed of

men. A man of sor - rows, and ac - quaint - ed with grief, And ac - quaint - ed with grief, with grief,

men. A man of sor - rows, and ac - quaint - ed with grief, And ac - quaint - ed with grief, with grief.

HYMN. "Weary of Wandering."

WORDS AND MUSIC BY AGNES BURNEY.

1. Weary of wandering from my Savior; Humbly a-gain I'll seek his face; Pleading his prom-is-es to save me, Tast-ing a-gain his pardoning grace.

2. Sin-ful, un-worthy, but re-pent-ing, Prostrate I bow be-fore thy throne; Seeking forgiveness and thy blessing, Comfort and peace from thee alone.

Je-sus, my Savior, have mercy, Free-ly for-give and restore; O, for thy love, have compassion, Keep me from sin ev-er-more.

Savior, Redeem-er, ac-cept me, Grant me thy presence and love; Bear with my weak-ness and fol-ly, Send me thy strength from a-bove.

SABBATH EVENING AT HOME.

T. J. COOK. By permission.

Moderato.

1. When Sab-bath bells have ceased their sound, And hours of day are past, And twi-light draws its cur-tain round, And sha-dows gath-er fast—

2. That spot is home; its sa-cred walls Ad-mit no dis-cord then; Nor crowded marts, nor fes-tive halls, Nor gay-est haunts of men;

EVENING PRAYER. "God who madest Earth." J. H. TENNEY. 303

God who mad - est earth and heaven, Dark - ness and light! Who the day for toil hast given, For rest the night! May thine

Guard us when we sleep or wake, And when we die, Wilt thou then in mer - cy take Our souls on high; When the

an - gel guards de - fend us, Slum-ber sweet thy mer - cy send us, Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us; This live - long night.

last dread call shall wake us, Do not thou, our Lord, for - sake us, But to reign in glo - ry take us, With thee on high.

SABBATH EVENING AT HOME. Concluded.

There is one spot, and that alone, Round which our hearts must cling, And fond - est mem-'ries, one by one, Their choic-est treas - ures bring.

Can know a joy so real and pure, None such to them is given: Might joys like these for aye en-dure, This earth were quite a heaven.

THANKSGIVING ANTHEM. "Praise Him."

THEO. F. SEWARD.

From the New York Musical Gazette.

Vigoroso.

Praise him! Praise him! Praise the great Je - ho - vah! Blessing, Hon - or, Glo - ry be un - to his name. Fine.

Praise him! Praise him! Praise the great Je - ho - vah! Bles - sing, Hon - or, Glo - ry be un - to his name.

Praise ye the Lord of the har - vest, Who hath cov - ered the earth with his good - ness; Who send - eth the rain in its

* Praise ye the Lord of the har - vest, For his hand hath withheld eve - ry e - vil, His mer - cy en - dur - eth for -

1st. 2d.

sea - son, Bring-ing fruit in its time to all. all. Praise him! Praise him! Praise the great Je - ho - vah! Bless - ing,

ev - er, Let his peo - ple be - fore him fall. Praise him! Praise him! Praise the great Je - ho - vah! Bless-ing,

* Sing the second verse in the repeat

Hon - or, Glo - ry be un - to his name. O that men would praise him, O that men would praise, would praise him for his great and wondrous works;

Hon - or, Glo - ry be un - to his name. Oh! that men would praise him for his great and wondrous works;

Oh! that men would praise him, Oh! that men would praise, &c.

And would all exalt him, And would all exalt him in the con - gre - ga - tion of the peo - ple. O that men would praise him, O that men would praise, would

And ex - alt..... him in the con - gre - ga - tion of the peo - ple. Oh! that men would

And would all exalt him, And would all exalt him, 6 – 8 7 6 5 / 4 – 7 O that men would praise him, O that men would praise, would

D. C. al Fine.

praise him for his great and wondrous works; And would all exalt him, And would all exalt him in the con - gre - ga - tion of the saints.

praise him for his great and wondrous works; And ex - alt..... him in the con - gre - ga - tion of the saints.

And would all ex - alt him. And would all ex-alt him. 9 8 7 – 5

QUARTETTE & CHORUS. "Sweetly come those Strains." XXX

GEO. F. ROOT. FROM THE "DIAPASON."

QUARTETTE.

1. Sweetly come those strains me - lo - dious From the dis - tant cha - pel dim; On the ho - ly calm of even-ing Swells the sol - emn deep toned

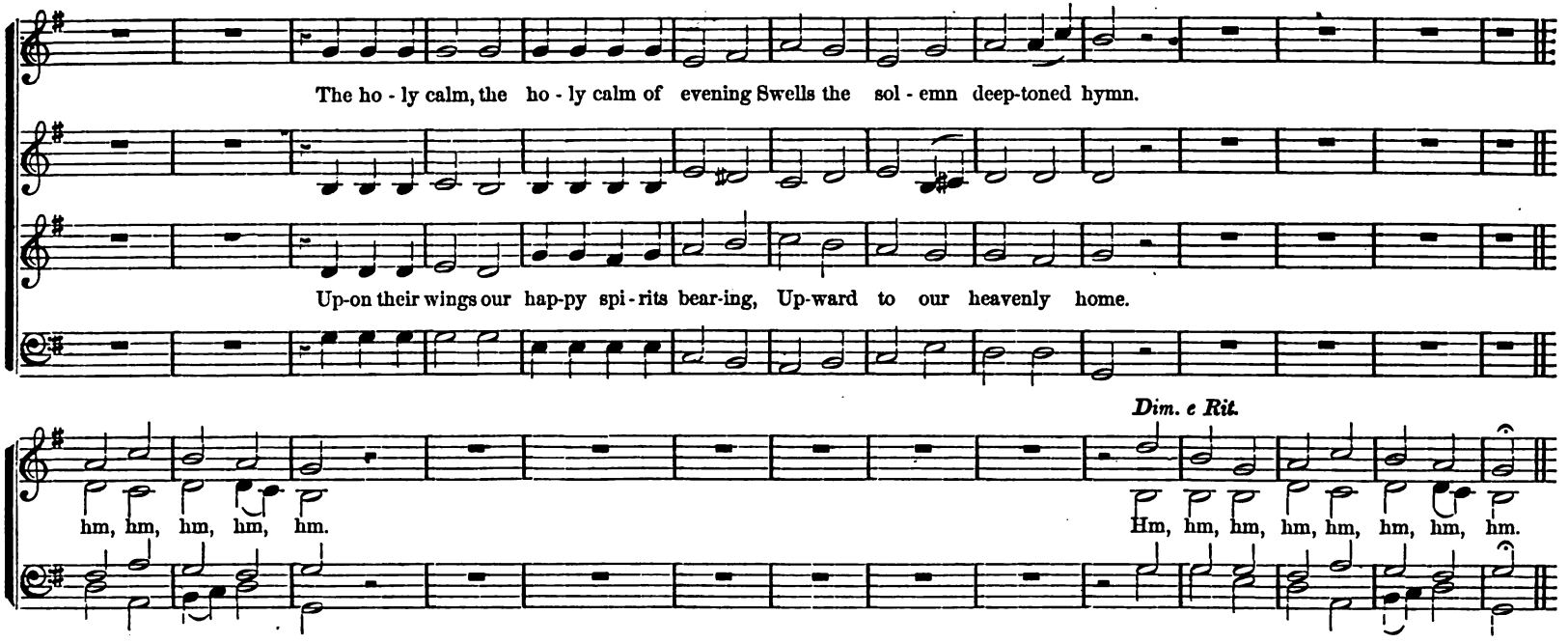
2. Hear a - gain those strains en - tranc-ing, Still up - on the air they come; On their wings our spi - rits bear-ing, Upward to our heavenly

hymn. Those swelling strains, The chapel dim, The ho - ly calm,

home. Again those strains, Yes, still they come, Our spirits bear,

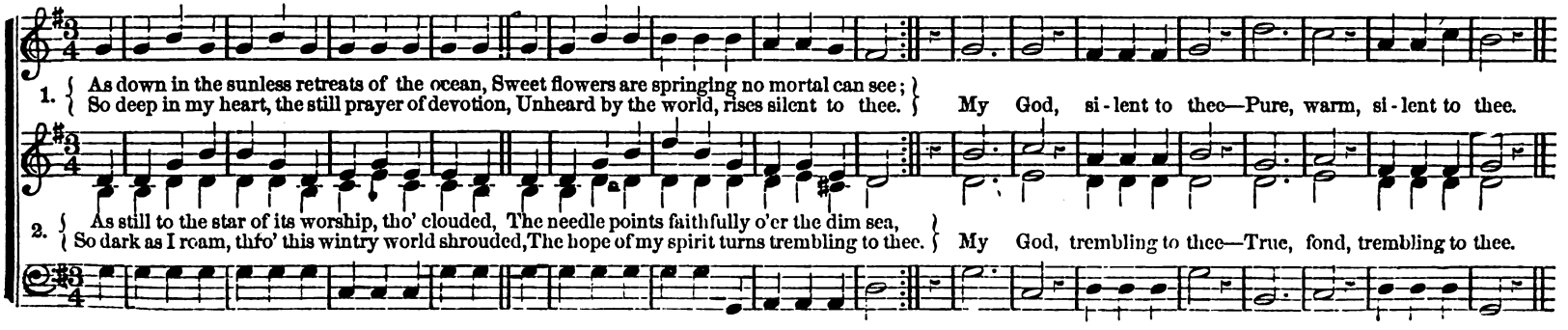
CHORUS *(Let this represent a distant Chorus—mouths shut.)*

Hm, hm, hm, hm, hm, hm, hm, hm, hm, hm, hm, hm, hm, hm, hm, hm, hm, hm, hm, hm, hm, hm, hm, hm, hm, hm, hm, hm,



HYMN. "As down in the sunless Retreats."

DR. LOWELL MASON.
From the "ASAPH."



SENTENCE. "If thou, Lord, shouldst mark Iniquities."

T. F. S. XXX

Adagio.

If thou, Lord, shouldst mark in - i - qui - ties. O Lord, who shall stand, who shall stand be - fore thee?

Inst.

If thou. Lord, shouldst mark in - i - qui - ties, O Lord, who shall stand, who shall stand be - fore thee?

Inst.

cres.

If thou, Lord, shouldst mark in - i - qui - ties, O Lord, O Lord, who shall stand?

If thou, Lord, shouldst mark in - i - qui - ties, O Lord, O Lord, who shall stand?

ff

But there is for - give - ness, But there is for - give - ness, But there is for - give - ness, for - give - ness with thee, And

But there is for - give - ness, But there is for - give - ness, But there is for - give - ness, for - give - ness with thee, And

with the Lord is mer - cy, And with the Lord is mer - cy, And with the Lord is mer - cy, And plen - te - ous re - demp-tion. A - men.

with the Lord is mer - cy, And with the Lord is mer - cy, And with the Lord is mer - cy, And plen - te - ous re - demp-tion, A - men.

SENTENCE. "I will Arise." J. H. T.

I will a - rise, I will a - rise, I will a - rise, and will go to my Fa - ther, and will say un - to him; Fa - ther! Fa - ther, I have

mp *m*

I will a - rise, I will a - rise, I will a - rise, and will go to my Fa - ther, and will say un - to him; Fa - ther! Fa - ther, I have

Cres. *f* *Dim.* *p*

sinned against heav'n and be - fore thee, and am no more wor-thy to be call - ed thy son, No more worthy to be call - ed thy son.

Cres. *f* *Dim.* *p*

sinned against heav'n and be - fore thee, and am no more wor-thy to be call - ed thy son, No more worthy to be call - ed thy son.

310 **SENTENCE. "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness."** 1. CHRON. XXIX, 11. DR. MASON.

From "Cong. Church Music," pub. in London.

With dignity.

Thine, O Lord, is the great-ness, and the power, and the glo - ry, and the vic - to - ry, and the ma - jes - ty; For all that

Thine, O Lord, is the great-ness, and the power, and the glo - ry, and the vic - to - ry, and the ma - jes - ty; For all that

is in the heaven, in the heaven and the earth is thine. Thine is the king - dom, O Lord, and thou art ex -

is in the heaven, in the heaven and the earth is thine. Thine is the king - dom, O Lord, and thou art ex -

- alt - ed as head a - bove all, Thou art ex - alt - ed as head a - bove all, as head a - bove all.

- alt - ed as head a - bove all, Thou art ex - alt - ed as head a - bove all, as head a - bove all.

COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE.

Cres. *Cres.*

Com - fort ye, com - fort ye, com - fort ye my peo - ple, saith your God, Com - fort ye my peo - ple, com - fort ye my

Com - fort ye, com - fort ye, com - fort ye my peo - ple, saith your God, Com - fort ye my peo - ple, com - fort ye my

f *Fine.* SOPRANO SOLO. *Andante.*

peo - ple, com - fort ye my peo - ple, saith your God. Speak ye com - fort - a - bly to..... Je - ru - sa - lem, and

peo - ple, com - fort ye my peo - ple, saith your God. **Organ.**

D. C.

cry un - to her, that her war - fare is ac - complished, that her in - i - qui - ty, her in - i - qui - ty is par - doned.

ANTHEM. "Lo! God is here."

FROM THE DIAPASON, BY PERMISSION, G. F. ROOT.

Reverentially.

Lo! God is here, let us a - dore! And own how dread - ful is this place; Let all with - in us feel his power, And

Lo! God is here, let us a - dore! And own how dread - ful is this place; Let all with - in us feel his power, And

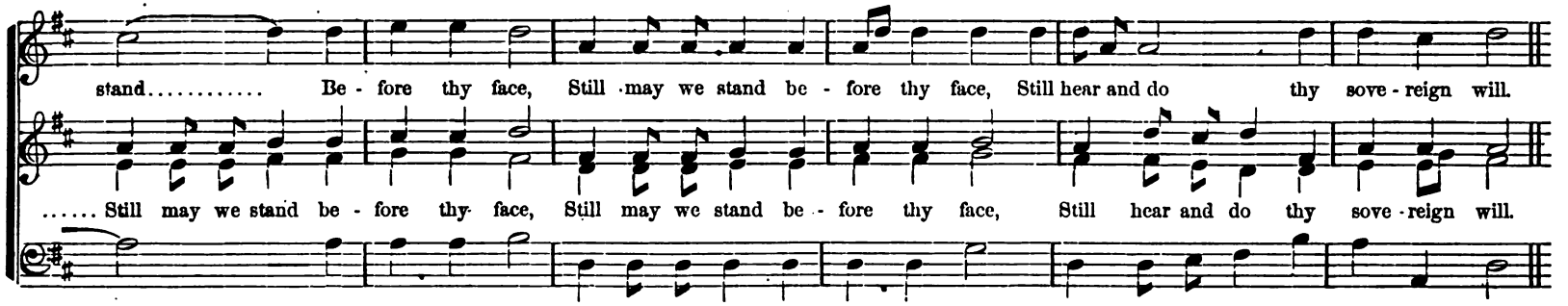
sil - ent bow be-fore his face. Lo! God is here! him, day and night u - ni - ted choirs of an - gels sing, To him en-throned above all

sil - ent bow before his face. Lo! God is here! him, day and night u - ni - ted choirs of an - gels sing, To him en-throned above all

height, Let saints their humble worship bring. Lord, God of hosts! Oh, may our praise, Thy courts with grateful increase fill,..... Still may we

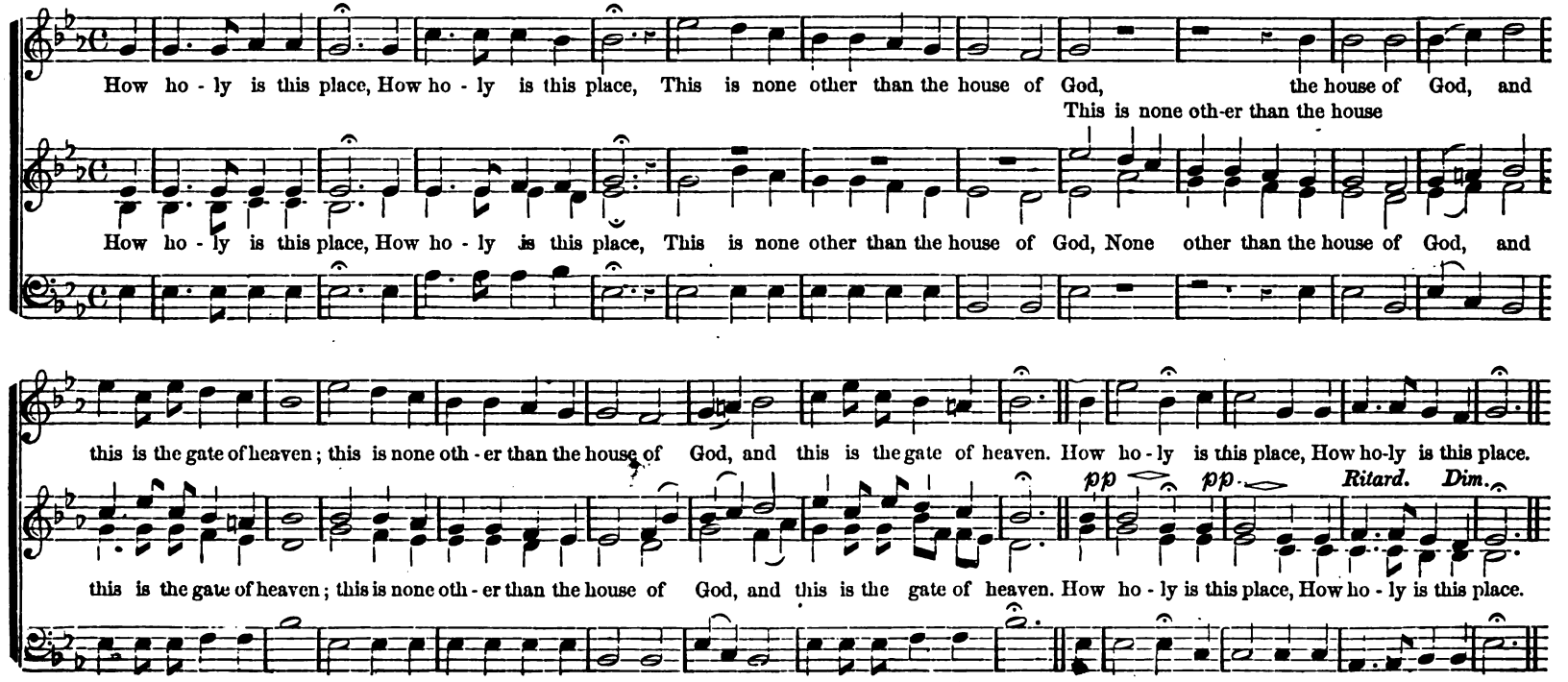
height, Let saints their humble worship bring. Lord, God of hosts! Oh, may our praise, Thy courts with grateful increase fill,

Still may we stand.....



INTROIT. "How Holy is the Place."

Wm. B. BRADBURY.



314 **ANTHEM. "Be joyful in the Lord."**

W. B. BRADBURY.

Spirited, vigorous.

Be joy - ful, be joy - ful, be joy - ful in God! Trust in him at all times; Be joy - ful, be joy - ful, be joy - ful in God!

Be joy - ful, be joy - ful, be joy - ful in God! Trust in him at all times; Be joy - ful, be joy - ful, be joy - ful in God!

Trust in him at all times; He can bring good out of e - vil; He can bring light out of dark - ness; The

Trust in him at all times; He can bring good out of e - vil; He can bring light out of dark - ness; The

Lord reign - eth, the Lord reign-eth, therefore will I re - joice, The Lord reign - eth, the Lord reign-eth, Therefore will I re-

Lord reign - eth, the Lord reign-eth, therefore will I re - joice, The Lord reign - eth, the Lord reign-eth, Therefore will I re-

joice, And praise his name for-ev-er more, And praise his name for-ev - - - - er-

joice, And praise his name, And praise his name for - ev - er more, And praise his name, And praise his name for - ev - er, ev - er -

joice, Rejoice, And praise his name..... for - ev - er - more, And praise his name, his name ..... for-ev - - - - er

And praise his name,..... And praise his name forev-er, ev - - er-more, And praise his name, and praise his name for - ev - - - - er -

more, For-ev-er- more, for-ev - - - - - er-more, For-ev-er - more.

more, And praise his name for-ev - er - more, For-ev - - - er - - more, For-ev-er - more.....

more, And praise his name..... for-ev-er-more, For-ev - - er - - more, For-ev-er - more.

more, And praise his name for-ev - er - more, for ev-er, ev-er-more, For-ev-er - more.....

Mc KENZIE. C. M. (For male voices.) J. E. BALL

There is an eye that never sleeps Beneath the wing of night; There is an ear that never shuts When sinks the beams of light, When sinks the beams of light.

ANTHEM. "Blessed be the Name of the Lord."

(SUITABLE FOR THANKSGIVING OR OTHER PUBLIC OCCASIONS.) From the Sacred Lute. By permission. T. P. S.

Energico.

Bless-ed be the name of the Lord, for his ben - e - fits un - to his peo - ple. Blessed be the name of the Lord, for his ben - e - fits un - to his

Bless-ed be the name of the Lord, for his ben - e - fits un - to his peo - ple, Blessed be the name of the Lord, for his ben - e - fits un - to his

ff

peo-ple. Sound forth his praise with joy and gladness, Sound forth his praise with joy and gladness; Glo - ri - fy his name for - ev - er-more Glo - ri - fy his

peo-ple, Sound forth his praise with joy and gladness, Sound forth his praise with joy and gladness; Glo - ri - fy his name for - ev - er-more Glo - ri - fy his

QUIMBY. 11s.

German Air. Harmonized by JAMES FLINT.

Come, saints and a - dore him, Come bow at his feet..... O give him the glo - ry, The praise that is meet.

"Blessed be the Name of the Lord." Concluded.

Fine. *p* *A little slower.*

name for ev - er more. Bless, my soul, the name of him, of him who reign - eth o'er us ev - er, O, bless, my soul, the name of him, of him who

p

name for ev - er more. How gentle and lov - ing, Though ev- er we're rov - ing, Still mer-ci-ful prov - ing, O, let us sing,

Bless, my soul, the name of him, of him who reign - eth o'er us ev - er, O, bless, my soul, the name of him, of him who

D.C. a tempo.

reign-eth o'er us all. Blessing, honor, glory, power, be to him for - ev-er - more, Join, join the glad cho-rus, Loud let his prais - es ring.

His goodness is o'er..... us, His promise be-fore us, Join, &c.

sing forth his praise, His goodness is o'er..... us, His promise be-fore us, Join, join the glad cho - rus, Loud let his prais - es ring.

reign - eth o'er us all. Blessing, honor, glory, power, be to him for - ev-er - more, Join, &c.

QUIMBY. 11s. Concluded.

Let joy - ful ho - san - nas un - ceas - ing a - rise, And join the full cho - - rus that glad - dens the skies

ANTHEM. "Thou wilt keep Him in perfect Peace."

THEO. F. SEWARD.

Moderato.

Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace, Whose mind is stayed on thee; Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace, Whose
Whose mind is stayed on thee,

Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace, Whose mind is stayed on thee; Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace, Whose

mind is stayed on thee; Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace, Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace, Thou wilt

mind is stayed on thee; Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace, Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace, Thou wilt

p

keep him in per - fect peace, in peace, Whose mind is stayed on thee.

Faster.

Trust ye in the Lord for - ev - er - more,

keep him in per - fect peace, in peace, Whose mind is stayed on thee.

Trust ye in the Lord for - ev - er - more,

marcato.

Trust ye in the Lord for - ev - er - more, Trust ye in the Lord, Trust ye in the

Trust ye in the Lord for - ev - er - more, Trust ye in the Lord, Trust ye in the Lord,

Trust ye in the Lord, Trust ye in the

Lord, in the Lord for - ev - er - more, Trust ye in the Lord,

Trust ye in the Lord for - ev - er - more, Trust ye in the Lord, Trust ye in the

Lord, Trust ye in the Lord,

ff *rit.*

Trust ye in the Lord, in the Lord for - ev - er - more, A - - - - men, A - - - - men.

Lord, Trust ye in the Lord for - ev - er - more, A - - - - men, A - - men.

Trust ye in the Lord, in the Lord

SENTENCE. "Ho! every one that Thirsteth!"

J. H. TENNEY.

Ho! eve-ry one that thirst-eth, Ho! eve-ry one that thirst-eth, Ho! eve-ry one that thirst-eth, Come ye to the

Ho! eve-ry one that thirst-eth, Ho! eve-ry one that thirsteth, Ho! eve-ry one that thirst-eth, Come ye to the wa-ters, Come ye to the

Cres. FINE.

wa-ters! Come ye to the wa-ters! come! come! come! And he that hath no mon-ey, And he that hath no mon-ey, Come,

wa-ters! Come ye to the wa-ters! come! come! come! And he that hath no mon-ey, And he that hath no mon-ey, Come,

D.C.

buy and eat; Buy wine and milk with-out mon-ey and with-out price; Buy wine and milk with-out mon-ey, and with-out price.

buy and eat; Buy wine and milk with-out mon-ey and with-out price; Buy wine and milk with-out mon-ey, and with-out price.

SENTENCE. "Unto Thee lift I up mine Eyes." Ps. CXXIII.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Un - to thee lift I up mine eyes, O thou that dwell-est in the heav - ens: Be - hold, as the eyes of serv - ants look un -

Un - to thee lift I up mine eyes, O thou that dwell-est in the heav - ens: Be - hold, as the eyes of serv - ants look un -

to the hand of their mas - ters, and as the eye of the maid - en un - to the hand of her mis - tress,

look un - to the hand of their mas - ters, and as the eyes - of a maid - en un - to the hand of her mis - tress,

to the hand of their mas - ters,

So our eyes wait up - on the Lord our God, the Lord our God, un - til that He have mer - cy, have mer - cy up - on us.

So our eyes wait up - on the Lord our God, the Lord our God, un - til that He have mer - cy, have mer - cy up - on us.

MOTETTE. "Praise the Lord, for He is glorious."

FROM MOZART

ADAPTED TO ENGLISH WORDS BY DR. MASON.

Prelude.

SOLO.

Praise the Lord for

TUTTI.

for he is glo - ri - ous, for he is glo - ri - ous, never shall his mer - cies fail;

for he is glo - ri - ous, for he is glo - ri - ous, never shall his mer - cies fail;

he.... is glo-rious,

SOLO.

He hath made his

TUTTI.

Hath made his saints vic - to - ri - ous, vic - to - ri - ous, Hath made his saints vic - to - ri - ous, vic - to - ri - ous,

Hath made his saints vic - to - ri - ous, vic - to - ri - ous, Hath made his saints vic - to - ri - ous, vic - to - ri - ous,

saints vic - to - rious.

Sin and death shall ne'er pre - vail, Sin and death shall ne'er pre-vail. Praise the Lord for he is glo - ri - ous,

Sin and death shall ne'er pre - vail, Sin and death shall ne'er pre-vail. Praise the Lord for he is glo - ri - ous.

for he is glo - ri - ous,

Never shall his pro - mise fail, Never shall his pro - mise fail, Never shall his pro - mise fail.

Nev - er shall his pro - - - - - - - - - - - - mise fail.

Never shall his pro - mise fail, Never shall his pro - mise fail, Never shall his pro - mise fail.

Praise the Lord for he is glo - ri - ous, Never shall his promise fail, Never shall his promise fail, Never shall his pro - mise fail.

Praise the Lord for he is glo - ri - ous, Never shall his promise fail, Never shall his promise fail, Never shall his pro - mise fail.

for he is glo - ri - ous.

QUARTETTE. "Go to thy rest in peace." A FUNERAL DIRGE.

T. F. S. XXX -

p With Delicacy. *Cres.*

Go to thy rest in peace, And soft be thy re - pose; Thy tolls..... are o'er, my

Go to thy peace - ful rest, For thee..... we need not weep; Since thou art now, a -

p *Dim.*

trou - bles cease, From earth - ly cares, in sweet re - lease, Thine eye - lids gent - ly close, Thine eye - lids gent - ly

- mong the blest, No more by sin and sor - row press'd, But hush'd in qui - et sleep, But hush'd in qui - et

pp

close, Go to thy rest in peace,..... Go to thy rest in peace.....

sleep, Go to thy rest in peace,..... *Rit.* Go to thy rest in peace.....

3.

Go to thy rest, and while
Thy absence we deplore,
One thought our sorrow shall beguile,
For soon with a celestial smile,
We meet to part no more.

ANTHEM. "The Lord is my Light."

G. F. ROOT.

From the Diapason. By permission.

The Lord is my light, is my light and my sal - va-tion, Whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength, is the strength of my life; Of

The Lord is my light, is my light and my sal - va-tion, Whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength, is the strength of my life; Of

whom shall I be a - fraid? Tho' a host should encamp a - gainst..... me. My heart shall not fear, Tho' war should rise a -

Tho' a host should encamp a-gainst me, My heart shall not fear, Tho'

whom shall I be a - fraid? Tho' a host should encamp a - gainst..... me, My heart shall not fear, Tho' war should rise a -

Tho' a host should encamp a-gainst me, My heart shall not fear, Tho'

CALBRA. 9s & 6s.

DR. L. MASON.

1. O show me not my Sa - viour dy-ing, As on the cross he bled; Nor in the tomb a cap - tive ly - ing, For he has left the dead.
2. Weep not for him at Calvary's sta-tion, Weep on - ly for thy sins; View where he lay with ex - ul - ta - tion; 'Tis there our hope be - gins.

"The Lord is my Light." Continued.

- - gainst..... ..... me, in this I will be con - fi - dent, One thing have I de-sired of the Lord, That will I seek af - ter, That
war should rise against me,

- - gainst..... me, in this I will be con - fi - dent, One thing have I de-sired of the Lord, That will I seek af - ter, That
war should rise a-gainst me,

I may dwell in the house of the Lord, That I may dwell in the house of the Lord, That I may dwell in the house of the Lord, That
That I may dwell in the house of the Lord, That
I may dwell in the house of the Lord, That I may dwell in the house of the Lord, That I may dwell in the house of the Lord, That

CALBRA. 9s & 6s. Concluded.

Then bid me not that form ex-tend-ed For my Re-deem - er own, Who, to the high - est heaven as-cend-ed, In glo - ry fills the throne.
Yet stay not there, thy sor - rows feeding, A - mid the scenes he trod; Look up and see him in - ter-ced-ing, At the right hand of God.

I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, all the days of my life, all the days, all the days of my life, life. A - men.

I may dwell in the house of the Lord, all the days, all the days of my life, life. A - men.

I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, all the days of my life, all the days, all the days of my life, life. A - men.

RESPONSE. "The Law of the Lord is perfect." XXX

J. M. PELTON.

The law of the Lord is perfect, con - - - - verting the soul. Thy testimony, Lord, is..... sure mak-ing wise the simple. Thy statutes, Lord, are right, re - - - joicing the heart.

Thy commandment, Lord, is..... pure, en - light-ening the eyes, Thy commandment, Lord, is pure, En - light-ening the eyes. A - men, A - - men.

SENTENCE. "I love the Lord." Ps. cxvi. 1, 2.

T. F. S.

Moderato.

Be - cause he hath heard my voice and my sup - pli - ca - tion, Be - cause he hath in -

I love the Lord, be - cause he hath heard my voice, and my sup - pli - ca - tion,

I love the Lord, be - cause he hath heard my voice, and my sup - pli - ca - tion,

Be - cause he hath heard my voice and my sup - pli - ca - tion, Be - cause he hath in -

clin - ed his ear un - to me, Be - cause he hath in - clin - ed his ear un - to me,

hath in - clin - ed his ear un - to me, Be - cause he hath in - clin - ed his ear un - to me, There-fore will I

hath in - clin - ed his ear un - to me, Be - cause he hath in - clin - ed his ear un - to me, There-fore will I

clin - ed his ear un - to me, Be - cause he hath in - clin - ed his ear un - to me, There-fore will I

SENTENCE. "I have set the Lord."

Rev. L. W. BACON.

I have set the Lord al - ways be - fore.... me, Al - ways be - fore me, be - fore me, Be - cause he is at my

Therefore will I call up-on him as long as I live, Therefore will I call ..... up-on him as long as I

call..... up-on him as long as I live, Therefore will I call up-on him as long as I

call..... up-on him as long as I live, Therefore will I call ..... up-on him as long as I

call..... up-on him as long as I live, Therefore will I call..... up-on him as long as I

live, Therefore will I call, Therefore will I call, will I call up-on him as long as I live. A-men.

live, Therefore will I call, Therefore will I call, will I call up-on him as long as I live. A-men.

live, Therefore will I call..... Therefore will I call ..... Therefore will I call up-on him as long as I live. A-men.

live, Therefore will I call, Therefore will I call, will I call up-on him as long as I live. A-men.

"I have set the Lord." Concluded.

ad lib.

right hand, Because He is at my right hand, Because He is at my right hand, I shall not be mov-ed. A-men.

330 **SENTENCE. "Wait on the Lord."** X X X — J. H. TENNEY.

With precision

Wait on the Lord; Wait on the Lord; Be of good cour-age; Be of good cour-age; Wait on the Lord; Wait on the

Wait on the Lord; Wait on the Lord; Be of good cour-age; Be of good cour-age; Wait on the Lord; Wait on the

Lord, And he shall strengthen, shall strength-en thy heart.

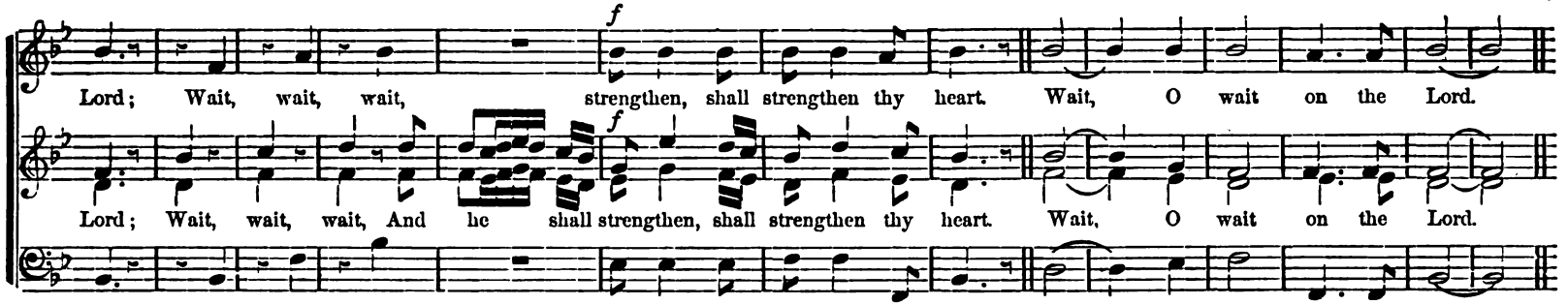
Lord, And he shall strengthen, shall strength-en thy heart. SOLI.* Wait, O wait on the Lord; Wait, O wait on the Lord, And

TUTTI.

Wait on the Lord; wait on the

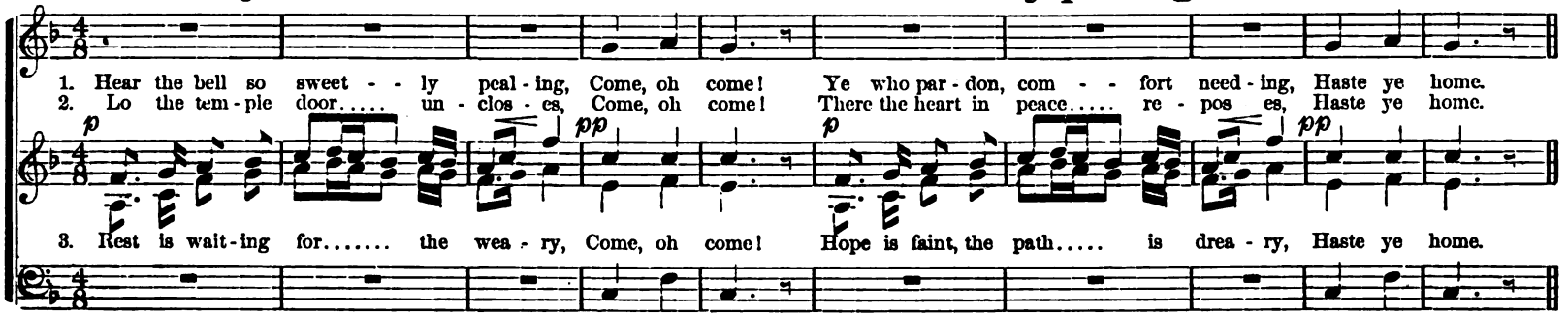
he shall strengthen, And he shall strengthen, And he shall strengthen, shall strengthen thy heart. Wait on the Lord; wait on the

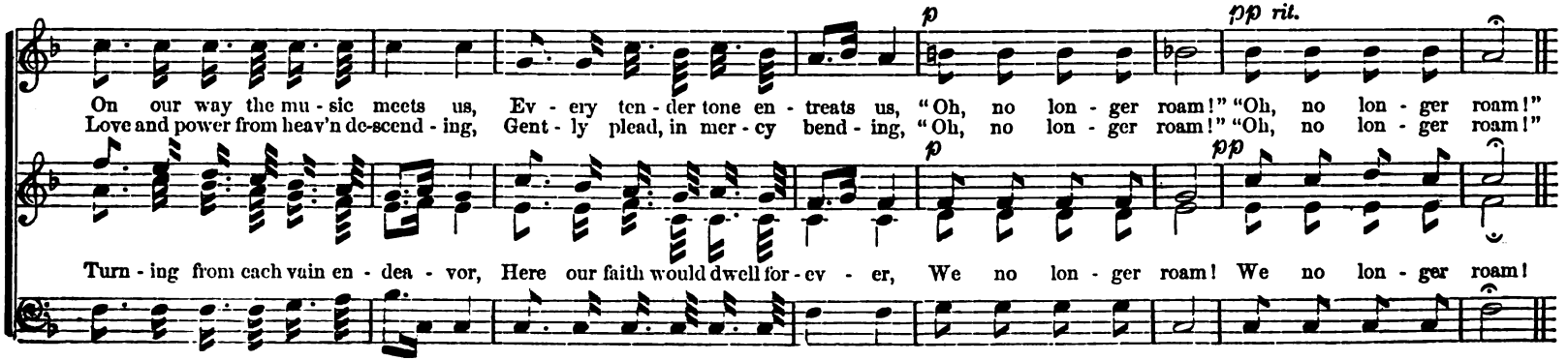
* May be sung a little slower.



QUARTETTE. Hear the Bell so sweetly pealing.

DR. LOWELL MASON.





THE LORD REIGNETH. Anthem.

Moderato.

Ps. XCIX. 1, 2, 3, & 9.

The Lord reigneth! Let the peo-ple tremble; He sit-teth between the cher-u-bim; Let the earth be mov-ed, Let the earth be

ff *p* *f*

The Lord reigneth! Let the peo-ple tremble; He sit-teth between the cher-u-bim; Let the earth be mov-ed, Let the earth be

moved. The Lord is great in Zi-on, And he is high a-bove all peo-ple, Let them praise his glorious name, for it is ho-ly.

moved. The Lord is great in Zi-on, And he is high a-bove all peo-ple, Let them praise his glorious name, for it is ho-ly.

f *Crescendo.....*

Ex-alt the Lord, our God! Ex-alt the Lord, our God! Ex-alt the Lord, our

Faster.

Inst.

Ex-alt the Lord, our God! Ex-alt the Lord, our God! Ex-alt the Lord, our

THE LORD REIGNETH. Concluded.

Dim. *Rit.*

God, and worship at his ho - ly hill, For the Lord, our God, is ho - ly. A - men, A - men.

Inst.

God, and worship at his ho - ly hill, For the Lord, our God, is ho - ly. A - men, A - men.

"THE LORD HATH GIVEN." For Funerals.

The Lord hath given, And the Lord hath tak - en a - way, A - way! Yet blessed blessed be the name of the Lord, For though he cause

The Lord hath given, And the Lord hath tak-en a - way, A - way! Yet blessed blessed be the name of the Lord, For though he cause

grief, Yet will he have compassion, Ac - cording to the mul-ti - tude of his mer-cies. Blessed is his name for ev - er - more.

grief, Yet will he have compassion, Ac - cording to the mul-ti - tude of his mer-cies. Blessed is his name for ev - er - more.

WHY ART THOU CAST DOWN?

T. F. SEWARD.

Affectuoso.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul! Why art thou cast down, O my soul! And why art thou dis - qui - et - ed, And why art thou dis - qui - et - ed with - in me, with - in me, with - in me.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul! Why art thou cast down, O my soul! And why art thou dis - qui - et - ed, And why art thou dis - qui - et - ed, dis - qui - et - ed with - in me, with - in me, with - in me.

Faster.

Hope thou in God, who is the light of thy coun - te - nance; Hope thou in God who is the light of thy coun - te - nance;

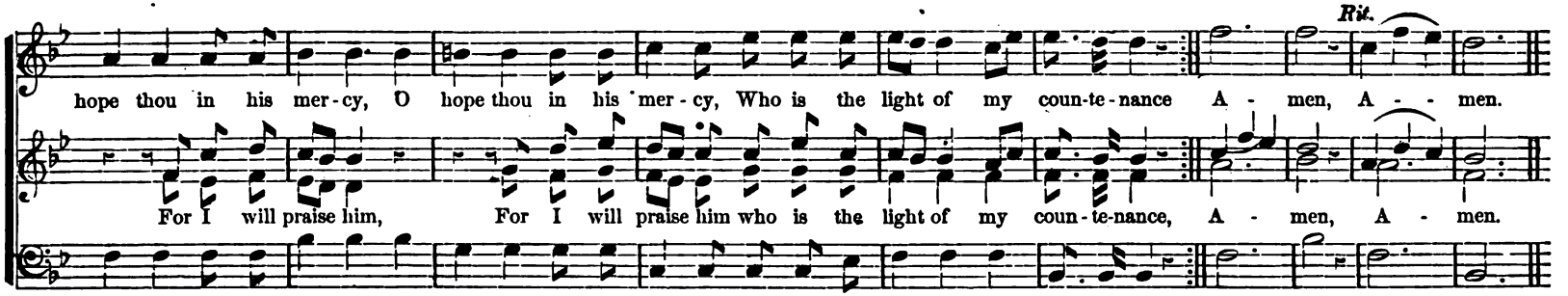
Hope thou in God, who is the light of thy coun - te - nance; Hope thou in God who is the light of thy coun - te - nance;

Marcato.

Hope thou in his mer - cy, O

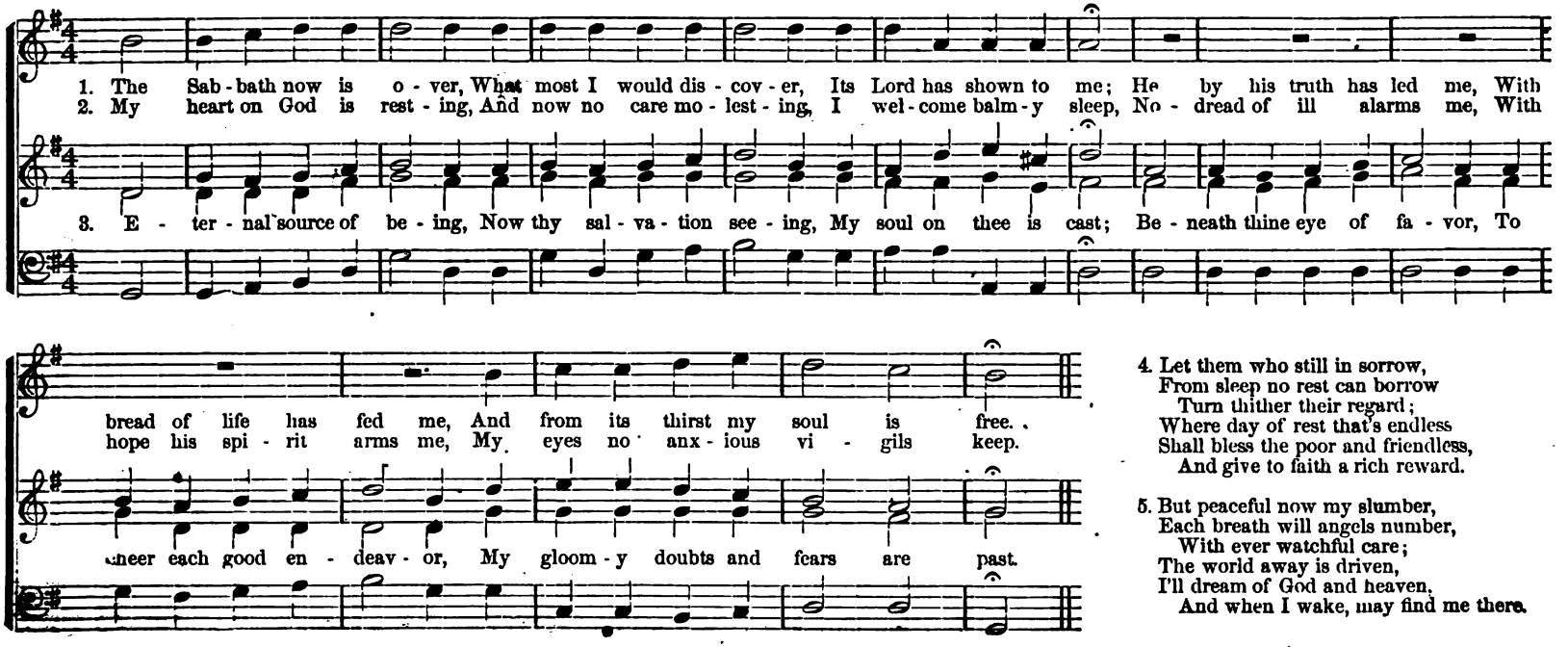
For I will praise him,

Hope thou in his mer - cy, O



SABBATH EVENING HYMN.

Words translated from the German. J. M. PELTON.



4. Let them who still in sorrow,
From sleep no rest can borrow
Turn thither their regard;
Where day of rest that's endless
Shall bless the poor and friendless,
And give to faith a rich reward.

5. But peaceful now my slumber,
Each breath will angels number,
With ever watchful care;
The world away is driven,
I'll dream of God and heaven,
And when I wake, may find me there.

ANTHEM. "Blessing and glory."

J. H. TENNEY.

Allegretto.

Blessing, and glo - ry and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and hon - or, and peace, and might, be un - to our God, be un - to our God, be un - to our

Blessing, and glo - ry, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and hon - or, and peace, and might, be un - to our God, be un - to our God, be un - to our

God for - ev - er and ev - er, Be un - to our God for - ev - er and ev - er. Blessing, and honor, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and

God for - ev - er and ev - er, Be un - to our God for - ev - er and ev - - er. Blessing, and honor, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and

hon - or, and power, and might, be un - to our God, be un - to our God for - ev - er and ev - er, A - - men.

hon - or, and power, and might, be un - to our God, be un - to our God for - ev - er and ev - er, A - - men.

SENTENCE. "Glory to God in the highest."

GEO. M. MONROE.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to God in the high-est, And on earth peace, and on earth peace, good will, good will towards men.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to God in the high-est, And on earth peace, and on earth peace, Good will, good will towards men. Glo - ry to

Glo - ry to

in the high - est, Glo - ry to God,..... And on earth peace, good will towards men for - ev - er - more. A - men.

God,..... in the high - est, And on earth peace, good will towards men, for - ev - er - more. A - men.

God,..... Glo - ry to God,.....

HYMN CHANT. The Guiding Hand.

By permission. S. J. VAIL.

SOLO. CHORUS.

1. "Is this the way, my Father?" "'Tis, my child. Thou must pass through this tangled, drea - ry wild, If thou wouldst reach the city un - de - filed, Thy peace - ful home a - bove."
2. "But enemies are around." "Yes, child, I know, Where least expected, there thou'lt find a foe; But victor thou shalt prove o'er all be low, On - ly seek strength a - bove."

3. "My Father, it is dark," | "Child, take my | hand,
Cling close to me, I'll lead thee | through the | land;
Trust my all seeing care; so | shalt thou | stand
'Midst | glory | bright a- | bove."

4. "My footsteps seem to slide." | "Child, only | raise
Thine eyes to me, then, in these | slippery | ways,
I will uphold thy goings; | thou shalt | praise
Me | for each | step, a- | bove."

5. "Oh, Father, I'm weary." | "Child, lean thy | head
Upon my breast. It was my | love that | spread
Thy rugged path; hope on till | I have | said,
Rest, | rest, for | aye a- | bove."

HAIL THE NEW BORN YEAR.

1. Hail the new born year with greet - ing! Sing in hon - or of its birth! Will it be a year of bless - ing?
2. Let the past be past for - ev - er, Press we for - ward to the end! Ties of mem' - ry we must sev - er,
3. Let us then be up and do - ing, Bear - ing noth - ing time can bring, High - est du - ty still pur - su - ing,

Shall its close find us on earth? Trust we him who rules a - bove; All his deeds are done in kind - ness,
On - ward now our lives must tend, Faith - ful He who is our guide; With His chil - dren who are press - ing,
While our hearts and voic - es sing, Prais - ing Him who reigns a - bove; Crown - ing all the year with good - ness,

We for - get him in our blind - ness, But un - chang - ing is His love. But un - chang - ing is His love.
Brave - ly on to claim the bless - ing, He will ev - er more a - bide, He will ev - er more a - bide.
Ev - er send - ing rich - est full - ness, Gifts a - bund - ant as His love. Gifts a - bund - ant as his love.

MOTETTE. Teach me thy way, O Lord.

Teach me thy way, O Lord, Teach me thy way, O Lord, I will walk in thy truth, I will walk in thy truth, will

Teach me thy way, O Lord, Teach me thy way, O Lord, I will walk in thy truth, I will walk in thy truth, will

walk in thy truth, Unite my heart to fear thy name, Unite my heart to fear thy name,

walk in thy truth, U - nite my heart to fear thy name, U - nite my heart to fear thy name,

Largo.

And I will praise thee, O Lord, for ev - er, will praise thy name for ev - er - more, A - - men.

And I will praise thee, O Lord, for ev - er, will praise thy name for ev - er - more, A - - men.

ANTHEM. "Wake now the song of gladness."

T. F. S.

ff

1. Wake, now the song of glad - ness, O ye na - tions re-joice, re-joice! Send forth the strains ex - ul - ting, Sing now with heart and voice.

2. Wake now the song of glad - ness, O ye na - tions re - joice, re-joice! Send forth the strains ex - ult - ing, Sing now with heart and voice.

Inst.

ff

Praise ye the Lord who reigns for - ev - er,

While the min - gled tones a - rise, An - gels waft them to the skies, Praise ye the Lord who reigns for - ev - er,

1st time. *2d time.*

Sing all ye heavens while earth re - plies. Sing a - loud, ye choirs a-bove, while earth re - plies.

Inst.

p

Sing all ye heavens while earth re - plies. Sing a - loud, ye choirs a-bove, while earth re - plies. Harp and lute are blending,

Sweet - est mu - sic wak - ing, To the earth de - scend-ing, Now the ech - o fall.

ff

Wake now the song of glad - ness, O ye na - tions now re - joice, Send forth the strains ex - ult - ing,

Wake now the song of glad - ness, O ye na - tions now re - joice, Send forth the strains ex - ult - - ing,

cres.

Sing with heart and voice, Sing a-loud · And re - joice, Sing a-loud, Sing a - loud and re-joice, Sing a - loud, ye na - tions, and re - joice.

Sing with heart and voice, And re - joice, Sing a - loud and re-joice, Sing a - loud, ye na - tions, and re - joice.

"IN THEE, O LORD."

J. E. BALL.

In - cline thine ear un - to

In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust, do I put my trust.

In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust, In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust, do I put my trust.

In - cline thine ear un - to

me and save me, For thou art my rock, my rock and my for - tress, Thou art my rock, my rock and my for - tress;

For thou art my rock, my rock, and my for - tress, Thou art my rock, my rock and my for - tress;

For thou art my rock, my rock, and my for - tress, Thou art my rock, my rock and my for - tress;

me and save me, For thou art, &c.

"O THOU WHO DWELL'ST."

E. H. BAILEY.

A dante.

O Thou who dwell'st in Heaven above, Thou God of grace and boundless love, To thee our offerings now we bring, Help us, O Lord thy praise to sing.

"IN THEE O LORD." Concluded.

And thou art my hope, my hope, O Lord, God, Thou art my trust, my trust from my youth, Thou art my

And thou art my hope, my hope, O Lord, God, Thou art my trust my trust from my youth,

And thou art my hope, my hope, O Lord, God, Thou art my trust my trust from my youth,

hope,..... thou art my trust,..... ..... thou art my hope, my hope, O Lord, God.

my hope, O Lord God, my trust from my youth, thou art my hope, my hope, O Lord, God.

my hope, O Lord God, my trust from my youth, thou art my hope, my hope, O Lord, God.

"O THOU WHO DWELL'ST." Concluded.

Rit.

Help us O Lord to hear thy word, And to us all thy peace af - ford, Help us O Lord to hear thy word, And to us all thy peace af - ford.

ANTHEM. Bless the Lord, O my soul. XX

Allegretto.

Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, O my soul, And all that is with - in me bless his great and ho - ly name; Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord,

Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, O my soul, And all that is with - in me bless his great and ho - ly name; Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord,

O my soul, O bless the Lord, O bless the Lord, And for - get not all his ben - e - fits. Who for-

And for - get not all his ben - e - fits, for - get not all his ben - e - fits, for - get not all his ben - e - fits.

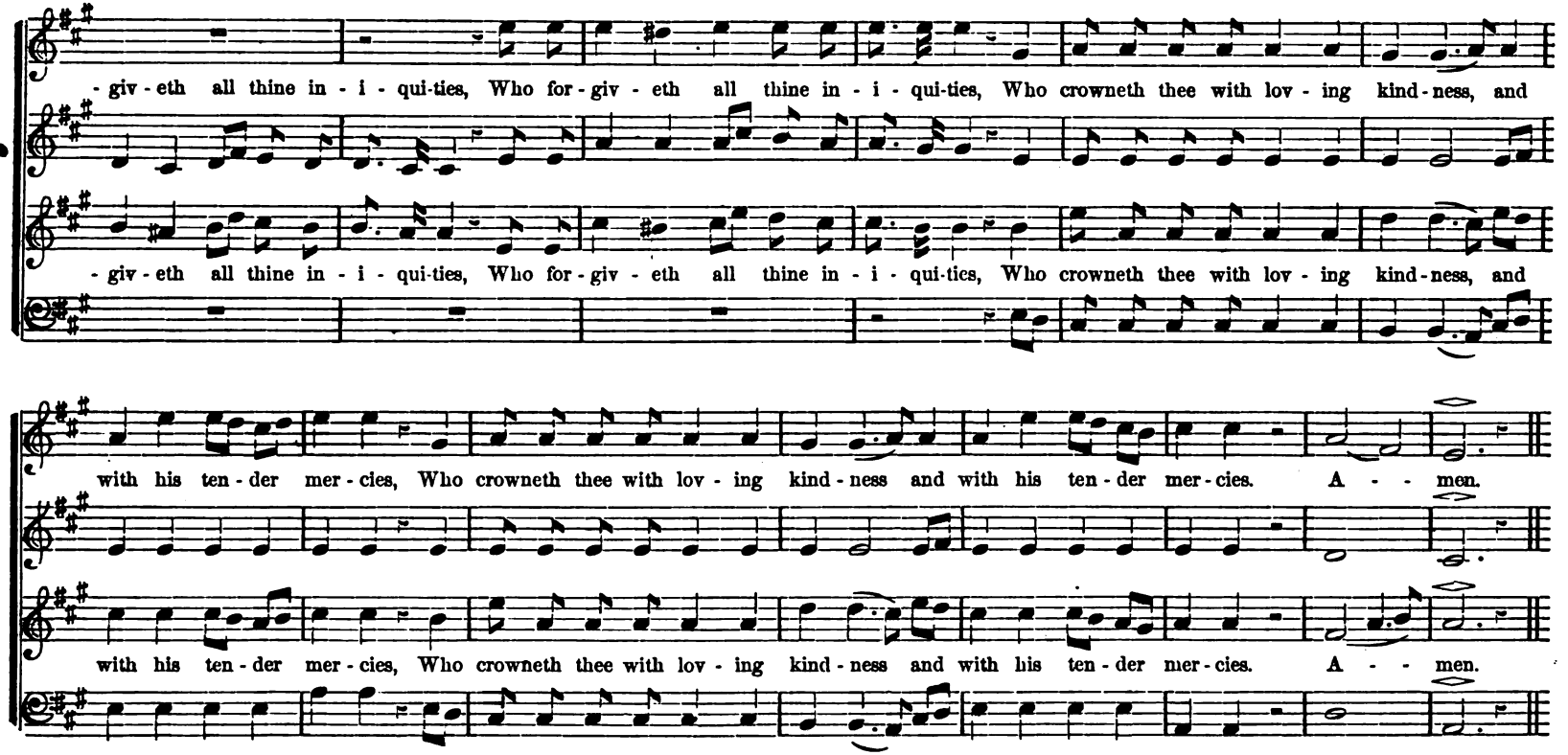
O my soul, O bless the Lord, O bless the Lord, And for - get not all his ben - e - fits. Who for-

SENTENCE. Cast me not off. Minor in Part Good

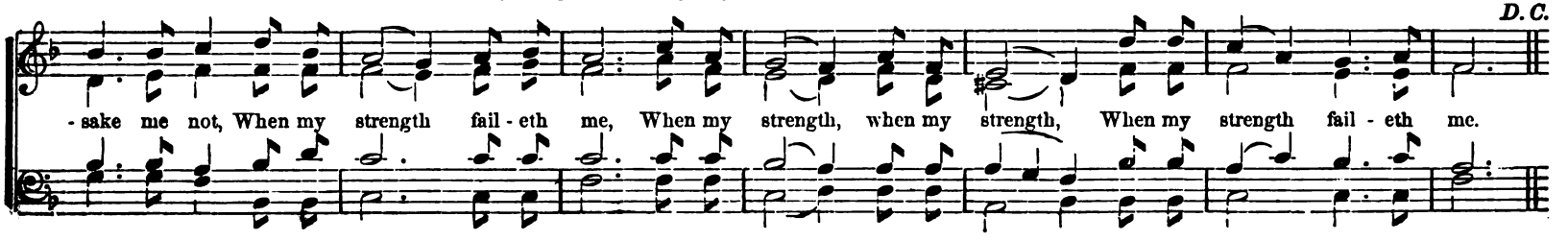
CHAS. P. HOFFMAN

Affetuoso. *Fine.*

Cast me not off in the time of old age, Cast me not off in the time of old age. For - sake me not, for-



Cast me not off. Concluded.



MOTETTE. "Glorious things of Thee are spoken." MOZART.

Allegro. *mf* *f*

Glo - rious things of thee are spok - en, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God; He whose word can ne'er be bro - ken, Chose thee

Glo - rious things of thee are spok - en, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God; He whose word can ne'er be bro - ken, Chose thee

for his own a - bode. Lord, thy church is still thy dwell - ing, Still is pre - cious, Still is pre - - cious in thy

Still is pre - cious in thy

QUARTETTE.

for his own a - bode. Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling, Still is pre - cious, Still is pre - cious, Still is pre - cious in thy

Still is pre - cious in thy

SENTENCE. "Grant, we beseech thee." J. H. TENNEY.

Moderate. *m* *FOR FAST DAY.* *p*

Grant, we be - seech thee, mer - ci - ful Lord, Grant to thy faithful people, Grant to thy faithful people, Par-don and peace, sweet peace.

"Glorious things of Thee are spoken." Concluded.

TUTTI *f*

sight, Still is pre - cious in thy sight; Ju - dah's tem - ple far ex - cell - ing, Beam - ing with the gos - pel's light, Ju - dah's

sight, Still is pre - cious in thy sight; Ju - dah's tem - ple far ex - cell - ing, Beam - ing with the gos - pel's light, Ju - dah's

tem - ple far ex - cell - ing, Beaming with the gos - pel's light, Beaming with the gos - pel's light, Beaming with the gos - pel's light.

tem - ple far ex - cell - ing, Beaming with the gos - pel's light, Beaming with the gos - pel's light, Beaming with the gos - pel's light.

"Grant, we beseech Thee." Concluded.

mf *dim.* *p* *m* *mp* *p* *pp*

Grant to thy faithful people, Grant to thy faithful people, Pardon and peace, Sweet pardon and peace, Sweet peace, sweet peace, sweet peace, sweet peace.

mf *dim.* *p* *m* *mp* *p* *pp*

ANTHEM. "Thou wilt show me the Path of Peace."

REV. L. W. BACON.

Allegretto.

Thou wilt show me the path of peace, Thou wilt show me the path of peace. In thy pres-ence,

Thou wilt show me the path of peace, Thou wilt show me the path of peace. In thy pres-ence,

In thy pres-ence, In thy pres-ence is ful-ness of joy! ful-ness, ful-ness, ful-ness of joy;

In thy pres-ence, In thy pres-ence is ful-ness of joy! ful-ness, ful-ness, ful-ness of joy;

At thy right hand, At thy right hand, At thy right hand are

Inst. At thy right hand, At thy right hand, At thy right hand are

pleas - ures, are pleas - ures for ev - er - more, At thy right hand, At thy right hand, at

At thy right hand,..... At thy right hand,.....

pleas - ures, are pleas - ures for ev - er - more, At thy right hand, At thy right hand, at

Ritard.

thy right hand are pleas - ures, pleas - ures for ev - er - more, At thy right hand are pleas - ures, pleasures for ev - er - more.

thy right hand are pleasures, pleasures for ev - er - more, At thy right hand are pleasures, pleasures for ev - er - more.

HEART BE STILL. 3s & 7s. XXX

WORDS FROM THE GERMAN.

With expression.

rit.

1. Heart be still! In the darkness of thy woe, Bow thee si - lent - ly and low; Comes to thee whate'er God will, Be thou still! Be thou still

2. Be thou still! Vainly all thy words are spoken, Till the word of God hath broken; All the mysteries of His will, Be thou still! Be thou still.

SING YE JEHOVAH'S PRAISES! (Thanksgiving Anthem.)

From the "PSALM KING," by permission. T. F. S.

Allegretto.

Sing ye Je - ho - vah's prais - es, Praise ye his name for - ev - er, Earth now to heav - en rais - es Her voice in grate - ful lays.

Sing ye Je - ho - vah's prais - es, Praise ye his name for - ev - er, Earth now to heav - en rais - es Her voice in grate - ful lays.

Sing his praise, Sing his praise, Sing his great sal - va - tion, Sing his praise, Sing his praise,
Glo - - - ri - fy him, Glo - - - ri - fy him, Let his great salva - tion now ap - pear, Glo - - - ri - fy him, Glo - - - ri - fy him,

Sing his praise, Sing his praise, Sing his great sal - va - tion, Sing his praise, Sing his praise,

1st time 2d time.

Send the joy - ful news, news. Sing ye Je - ho - vah's prais - es, Praise ye his name for - ev - er, Earth now to heav - en
Send the joyful tid - ings far and near, near.

Send the joy - ful news, news. Sing ye Je - ho - vah's prais - es, Praise ye his name for - ev - er, Earth now to heav - en

p *f*

rais - - es Her voice in grate-ful lays. Far, far a - way, Far, far a - way, All, all have strayed, Yet, yet his love,

rais - - es Her voice in grate-ful lays. Far a way from him his peo-ple all have strayed, Yet his

Far, far a - way, Far, far a - way, All, all have strayed, Yet, yet his love,

yet, yet his love, kind-ness nev - er is de - layed. Sing ye Je - ho - vah's prais - es, Praise ye his name for - ev - er,

lov - - - - ing kind-ness nev - er is de - layed. Sing ye Je - ho - vah's prais - es, Praise ye his name for - ev - er,

yet, yet his love,

Ritard.

Earth now to heav - en rais - es Her voice in grate-ful lays, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - - men.

Earth now to heav - en rais - es Her voice in grate-ful lays, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu jah, A - - men.

ANTHEM. Blessed are they that do his Commandments.*

L. O. EMERSON.

Bless - ed are they that do his commandments; Bless - ed are they that do his commandments, That they may have right to the

Bless - ed are they that do his commandments; Bless - ed are they that do his commandments, That they may have right to the

tree of life, And may en - ter in, And may en - ter in thro' the gates in - to the ci - ty, And may en - ter in thro' the

Cres.

tree of life, And may en - ter in, And may en - ter in thro' the gates in - to the ci - ty, And may en - ter in thro' the

gates in - to the ci - ty. *pp* And the Spi - rit, and the Bride, say come! And let him that hear - eth say come, And let

gates in - to the ci - ty. And the Spi - rit, and the Bride, say come! And let him that hear - eth say come, And let

* From the "Jubilate," by permission.

him that is a - thirst come, and who - so - ev - er will, and who - so - ev - er will let him take of the wa - ter of life

him that is a - thirst come, and who - so - ev - er will, and who - so - ev - er will let him take of the wa - ter of life

Dim.

He which tes - ti - fi - eth, He which tes - ti - fi - eth these things saith,

free - ly, He which tes - ti - fi - eth these things saith,

free - ly, He which tes - ti - fi - eth, tes - ti - fi - eth these things saith, He which tes - ti - fi - eth these things saith,

He which tes - ti - fi - eth,

p *Dim.*

Sure - ly I come quick-ly, Sure - ly I come quick-ly, A - men, Ev - en so come, Ev - en so come, Lord Je - sus.

Sure - ly I come quick-ly, Sure - ly I come quick-ly, A - men, Ev - en so come, Ev - en so come, Lord Je - sus.

354 **ANTHEM. "Holy Lord God of Sabaoth."** ×××

NAOMI.

Maestoso.

Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Sa - ba - oth, Ho - ly! Ho - ly Lord God of Sa - ba - oth. Lord God of Sa - ba - oth.

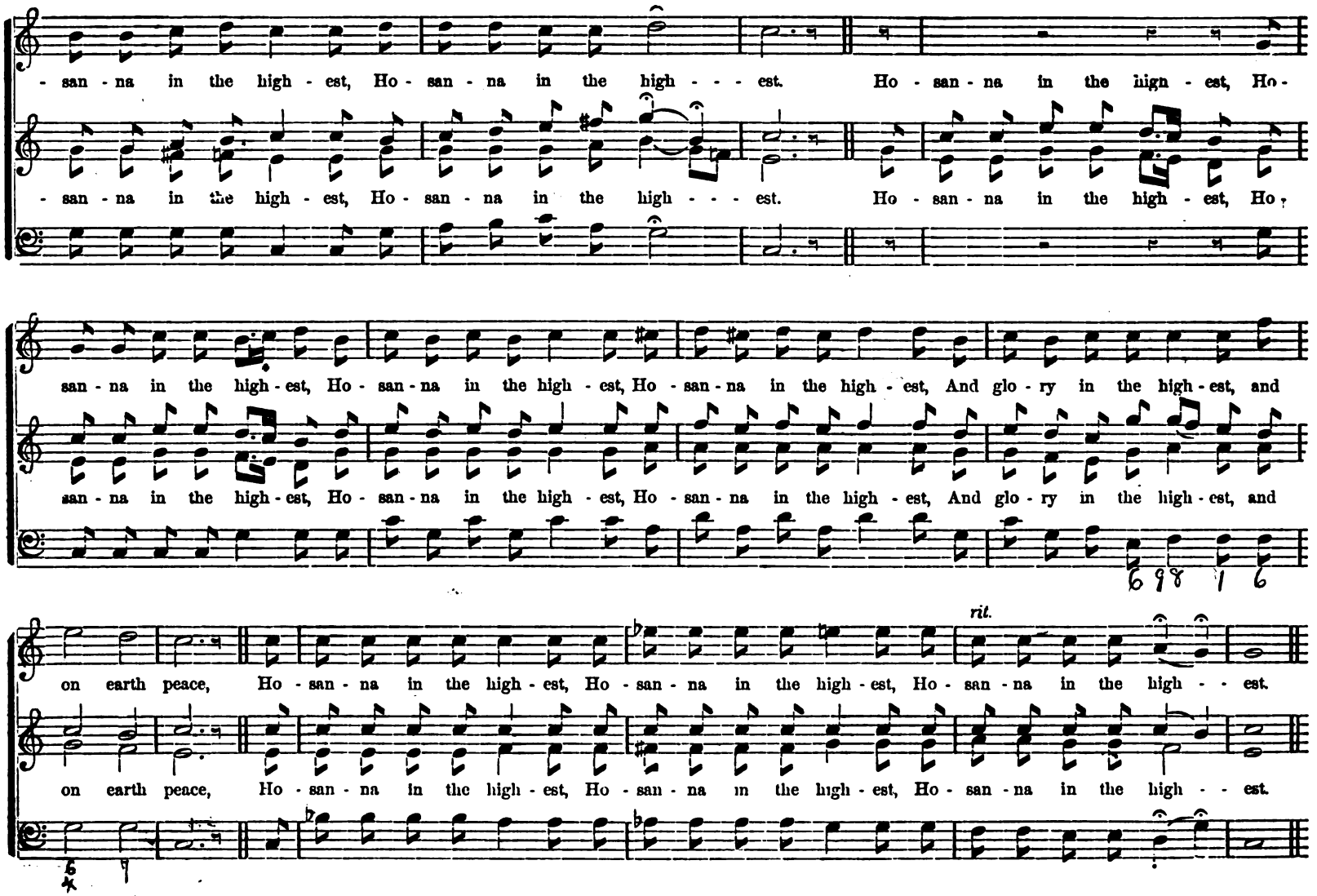
Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Sa - ba - oth, Ho - ly! Ho - ly Lord God of Sa - ba - oth, Lord God of Sa - ba oth.

Heav'n and earth are full, Heav'n and earth are full of thy glo - ry, of thy glo - - - ry, Ho - san - na in the high-est, Ho-

Heav'n and earth are full, Heav'n and earth are full of thy glo - ry, of thy glo - - - ry, Ho - san - na in the high-est, Ho-

- san - na in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the high - est, the high - - - est. Ho - san - na in the high - est, Ho-

- san - na in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the high - est, the high - - - est. Ho - san - na in the high - est, Ho-


- san - na in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the high - - - est. Ho - san - na in the high - est, Ho-
- san - na in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the high - - - est. Ho - san - na in the high - est, Ho-
san - na in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the high - est, And glo - ry in the high - est, and
san - na in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the high - est, And glo - ry in the high - est, and
rit.
on earth peace, Ho - san - na in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the high - - est.
on earth peace, Ho - san - na in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the high - - est.

ANTHEM. Sing, O heavens, and be joyful, O earth.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Allegro moderato.

Sing, O heavens, and be joy - ful, O earth, Break forth with sing-ing, O moun - tains, Break forth with sing-ing, O moun - tains, Break

Sing, O heavens, and be joy - ful, O earth, Break forth with sing-ing, O moun - tains, Break forth with sing-ing, O moun - tains, Break

f

Break forth,..... break forth, break forth, break forth with sing - ing, Break forth, break forth, break forth, break forth with sing - ing.

f

forth, Break forth, break forth, break forth with sing - ing, Break forth,..... break forth, break forth, break forth with sing - ing.

f

Break forth,..... break forth,

Moderato. *p*

The Lord hath com - fort - ed his peo - ple, He will have mer - cy on his af - flict - ed, He will have

p

For the Lord hath com-fort - ed his peo - ple, He will have mer - cy on his af - flict - ed, He will have

The Lord hath com - fort - ed his peo - ple,

Tempo.

mer - cy on his af - flict - ed. The Lord shall com - fort Zi - on, The Lord shall com - fort Zi - on, He will

mer - cy on his af - flict - ed. The Lord shall com - fort Zi - on, The Lord shall com - fort Zi - on,

He will com - fort all her waste pla - ces, waste pla - ces.

com - fort all her waste pla - ces, all her waste pla - ces. He will make her wil - der - ness like E - den, and her

He will com - fort all her waste pla - ces. He will make her wil - der - ness like E - den, and her

He will com - fort all her waste pla - ces, waste pla - ces.

de - sert like the gar - den of the Lord, He will make her wil - der-ness like E - den, and her de - sert like the gar - den of the Lord.

de - sert like the gar - den of the Lord, He will make her wil - der-ness like E - den, and her de - sert like the gar - den of the Lord.

Sing, O heavens, and be joyful, O earth. Continued.

Presto con spirito.

Joy and glad - ness, joy and glad - ness, joy and glad - ness shall be found there - in, Joy and glad - ness, joy and glad - ness, joy and glad - ness shall be found there - in. Thanksgiv - ing and the voice of mel - o - dy, Thanksgiv - ing and the voice of mel - o - dy; Joy and glad - ness Joy and glad - ness, joy and glad - ness mel - o - dy; Joy and glad - ness, joy and glad - ness Joy and glad - ness

Joy and glad - ness, joy and glad - ness, joy and glad - ness shall be found there - in, Joy and glad - ness, joy and glad - ness, joy and glad - ness shall be found there - in. Thanksgiv - ing and the voice of

shall be found there - in,..... Joy and glad - ness, joy and glad - ness shall be found there - in; Thanks-

Joy and glad - - ness

shall be found there - in,..... Joy and glad - - ness shall be found there - in; Thanks-

Joy and glad - ness, joy and glad - ness

- giv - ing and the voice of mel - o - dy, Thanks - giv - ing and the voice of mel - o - dy,

- giv - ing and the voice of mel - o - dy, Thanks - giv ing and the voice of mel - o - dy,

p *f*

A - men, A - men, A - - - - - - - - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

p *f*

A - men, A - men, A - - - - - - - - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

p *f*

MOTETTE. "Praise the Lord."

Largo. *Allegro.*

Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise him, Praise him, Praise his ho - ly name; O sing to him, all ye peo - ple, Praise him ev - er -

Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise him, Praise him, Praise his ho - ly name; O sing to him, all ye peo - ple, Praise him ev - er -

more, For it is a good - ly thing, a good - ly thing to tell of all his ways. Be joy - ful all ye lands, sing and be

more, For it is a good - ly thing, a good - ly thing to tell of all his ways. Be joy - ful all ye lands,

Sing and be joy - ful, Be joy-ful,

joy - ful, all ye lands, For he is great, his love for - ev - er shall en - dure, His love for - ev - er shall en - dure.

f

be joy - ful in the Lord, For he is great, His love for - ev - er shall en - dure, His love for - ev - er shall en - dure.

Be joy - ful, all ye lands.

THANKSGIVING ANTHEM.

T. J. COOK

By permission of F. J. HUNTINGTON & Co.

Moderato con spirito.

Swell the An - them, raise the song, Prais - es to our God be - long; Crowned with blessings are our days, Praise the Lord in grate - ful lays;

Swell the An - them, raise the song, Prais - es to our God be - long; Crowned with blessings are our days, Praise the Lord in grate - ful lays;

For his goodness we a - dore him, He doth all our wants sup - ply; Let us now re - joice be - fore him, Raise our songs and voices high.

For his goodness we a - dore him, He doth all our wants sup - ply; Let us now re - joice be - fore him, Raise our songs and voices high.

FINE.

Swell the an - them, raise the song, Prais-es to our God be - long, Crowned with blessings are our days, Praise the Lord in grateful lays.

Swell the an - them, raise the song, Prais-es to our God be - long, Crowned with blessings are our days, Praise the Lord in grateful lays.

Andantino. Soprano Solo

When in..... the bo - som of the earth,..... The sow - er's hand did hide the grain,.....

Inst.

..... Thy good - - ness marked its se - cret birth,..... And sent..... the late ..... and

ear - - - - ly rain.....

Duett. Soprano and Alto.

Sym.

The flower - - y

spring a - dorns the land..... The sum - - mer rays..... with vig - - - or shine ..... To

cheer ..... the corn, at thy com - mand,..... And raise..... with life..... the

grow - - - ing vine.....

SYM.

D. C.

GIVE UNTO THE LORD. Anthem.

Ps. xcvi. 6. 7. 8. XXX

Composed for the dedication of the First Presbyterian Church of Middletown, N. Y. 1867, and inscribed to the Pastor, AUGUSTUS SEWARD, D. D. *by* THEO. F. SEWARD.

Allegretto.

Give un-to the Lord, all ye kindreds of his people, Give un-to the Lord, all ye kindreds of his people, Give un-to the Lord,.....

Give un-to the Lord, all ye kindreds of his people, Give un-to the Lord, all ye kindreds of his people, Give un-to the Lord,.....

m *Cres.*

Give un-to the Lord,.... Give un-to the Lord glo-ry and strength. O, give un-to the Lord the glo-ry due his name, O,

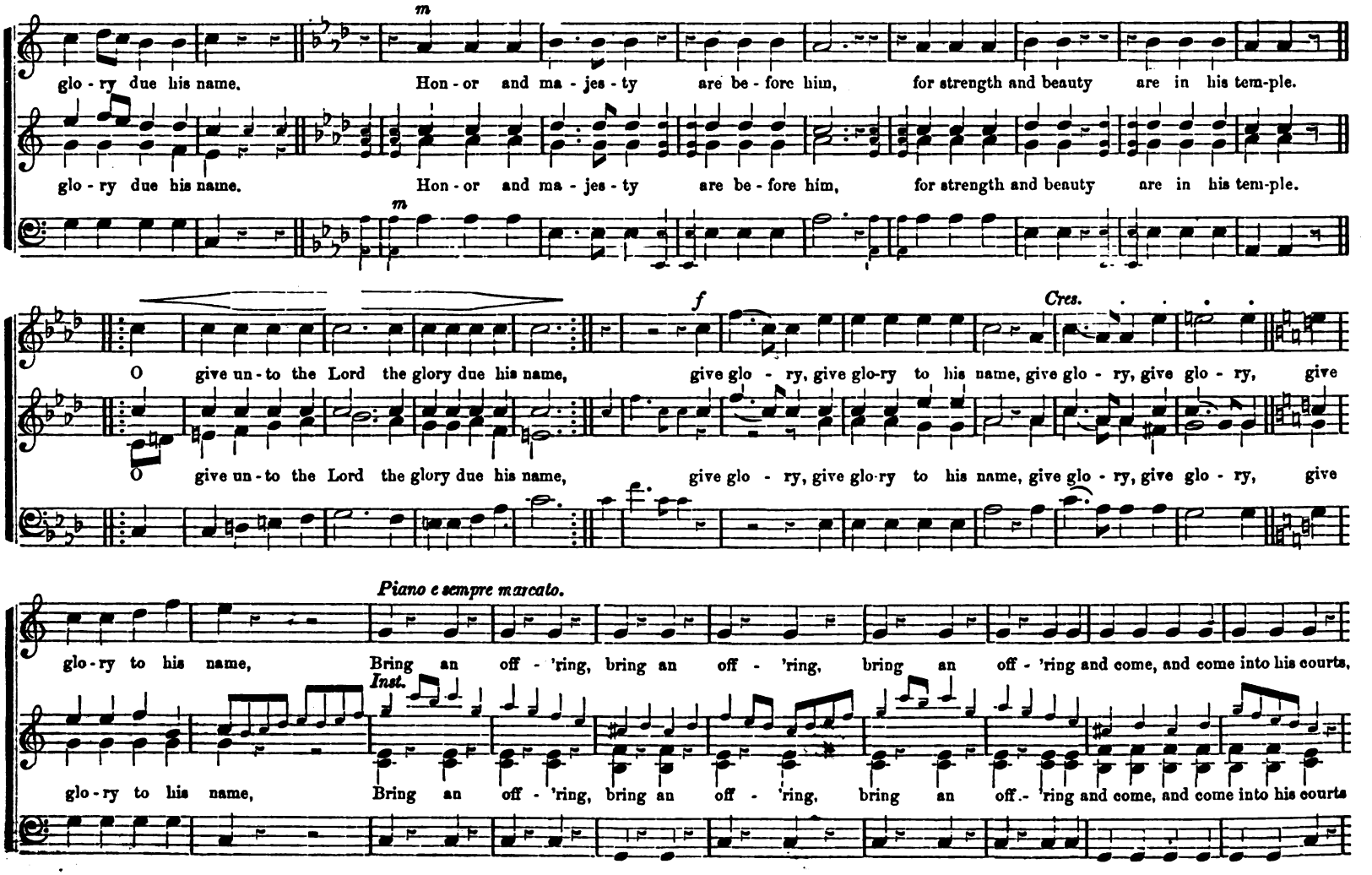
Give un-to the Lord,.... Give un-to the Lord glo-ry and strength. O, give un-to the Lord the glo-ry due his name, O,

m *Cres.*

f *ff*

give un-to the Lord the glo-ry due his name, Give un-to him, give glo-ry, the glo-ry due his name, Give un-to him, give glory, the

give un-to the Lord the glo-ry due his name, Give un-to him, give glo-ry, the glo-ry due his name, Give un-to him, give glory, the


m
glo - ry due his name. Hon - or and ma - jes - ty are be - fore him, for strength and beauty are in his tem-ple.
glo - ry due his name. Hon - or and ma - jes - ty are be - fore him, for strength and beauty are in his tem-ple.
m
f
Cres.
O give un - to the Lord the glory due his name, give glo - ry, give glo-ry to his name, give glo - ry, give glo - ry, give
O give un - to the Lord the glory due his name, give glo - ry, give glo-ry to his name, give glo - ry, give glo - ry, give
Piano e sempre marcato.
glo - ry to his name, Bring an off - 'ring, bring an off - 'ring, bring an off - 'ring and come, and come into his courts,
Inst.
glo - ry to his name, Bring an off - 'ring, bring an off - 'ring, bring an off - 'ring and come, and come into his courts

GIVE UNTO THE LORD. Continued.

Bring an off - 'ring, bring an off - 'ring, bring an off - 'ring, and come in - to his courts, Bring an

Bring an off - 'ring, bring an off - 'ring, bring an off - 'ring, and come in - to his courts, Bring an

f *ff*

off - 'ring, bring an off - 'ring, bring an off - 'ring, and come in - to his courts, O give un - to the Lord,

off - 'ring, bring an off - 'ring, bring an off - 'ring, and come in - to his courts, O give un - to the Lord,

Cres.

ye kindreds of the peo-ple, give un - to the Lord, give un - to the Lord. give un - to the Lord.

ye kindreds of the peo-ple, give un - to the Lord, give un - to the Lord, give un - to the Lord.

GIVE UNTO THE LORD. Concluded.

marcato. *f*

glo - ry and strength, O give un - to the Lord, the glo - ry due his name, O give un - to the Lord, the glo - ry due his name, give

glo - ry and strength, O give un - to the Lord, the glo - ry due his name, O give un - to the Lord, the glo - ry due his name, give

f *ff*

un - to him, give glo - ry, the glo - ry due his name, give un - to him, give glo - ry, the glo - ry due his name, Give un - to the

un - to him, give glo - ry, the glo - ry due his name, give un - to him, give glo - ry, the glo - ry due his name, Give un - to the

1st time. 2d time. *ff*

Lord, glo - ry and strength, A - men! A - men! men! Sing Hal-le - lu - jahs to his name for - ev - er - more.

Lord glo - ry and strength, A - men! A - men! men! Sing Hal-le - lu - jahs to his name for - ev - er - more.

GREAT AND MARVELOUS.

From HENRY FARMER'S celebrated Mass in B Flat,
By permission of S. T. Gordon.

Allegro Maestoso.

Great and marvelous are Thy works, O Lord, Great and marvelous are Thy works, O Lord, Great and marvelous, Great and marvelous are Thy works,

Great and marvelous, Great and marvelous, Great and marvelous, Great and marvelous are Thy works,

Great and marvelous are Thy works, O Lord, Great and marvelous are Thy works, O Lord,

Inst. ff

O.... Lord, Great and marvelous are Thy works, Great and marvelous are Thy works, are Thy works, O Lord,

O... Lord, Great and marvelous are Thy works, Great and marvelous are Thy works, are Thy works, O Lord,

Great.... and

SOLI. *p*

Lord God Al - migh - ty, Lord God Al - migh - ty,

SOLI. *pp*

Thou art Ho - ly, Thou art Ho - ly,

SOLI. *p*

mar - velous are Thy works, Lord God Al - migh - ty, Lord God Al - migh - ty,

p

We, O Lord, a - dore Thee, and we mag - ni - fy Thee, We

we, O Lord, a - dore Thee, We, O Lord, a - dore Thee, And we mag-ni - fy Thee, and we mag-ni - fy Thee, We

p

TUTTI

praise Thy name, O Lord, most High, We praise, O Lord, praise Thy name, O Lord, most High, we praise Thy

praise Thy name, O Lord, most High, We praise, O Lord, praise Thy name, O Lord, most High, we praise Thy

SOLO. *p* TUTTI.

name, O Lord, We praise Thy name, we praise Thy name, we praise, O Lord, praise Thy

SOLO. *p* TUTTI.

name, O Lord, We praise Thy name, we praise Thy name, we praise, O Lord, praise Thy

name, O Lord, most High.

name, O Lord, most High.

Keep Thou my

SOLO.

slower.

p

SOLO.

Keep Thou my soul, O Lord, Keep Thou my soul, O Lord, and grant me Thy sal - va - tion.

TUTTI. f a tempo.

Judge me, Lord, and

soul, O Lord, Keep Thou my soul, O Lord, and grant me Thy sal - va - tion.

Judge me, Lord, and

accellerando.

ff

GREAT AND MARVELOUS. Continued.

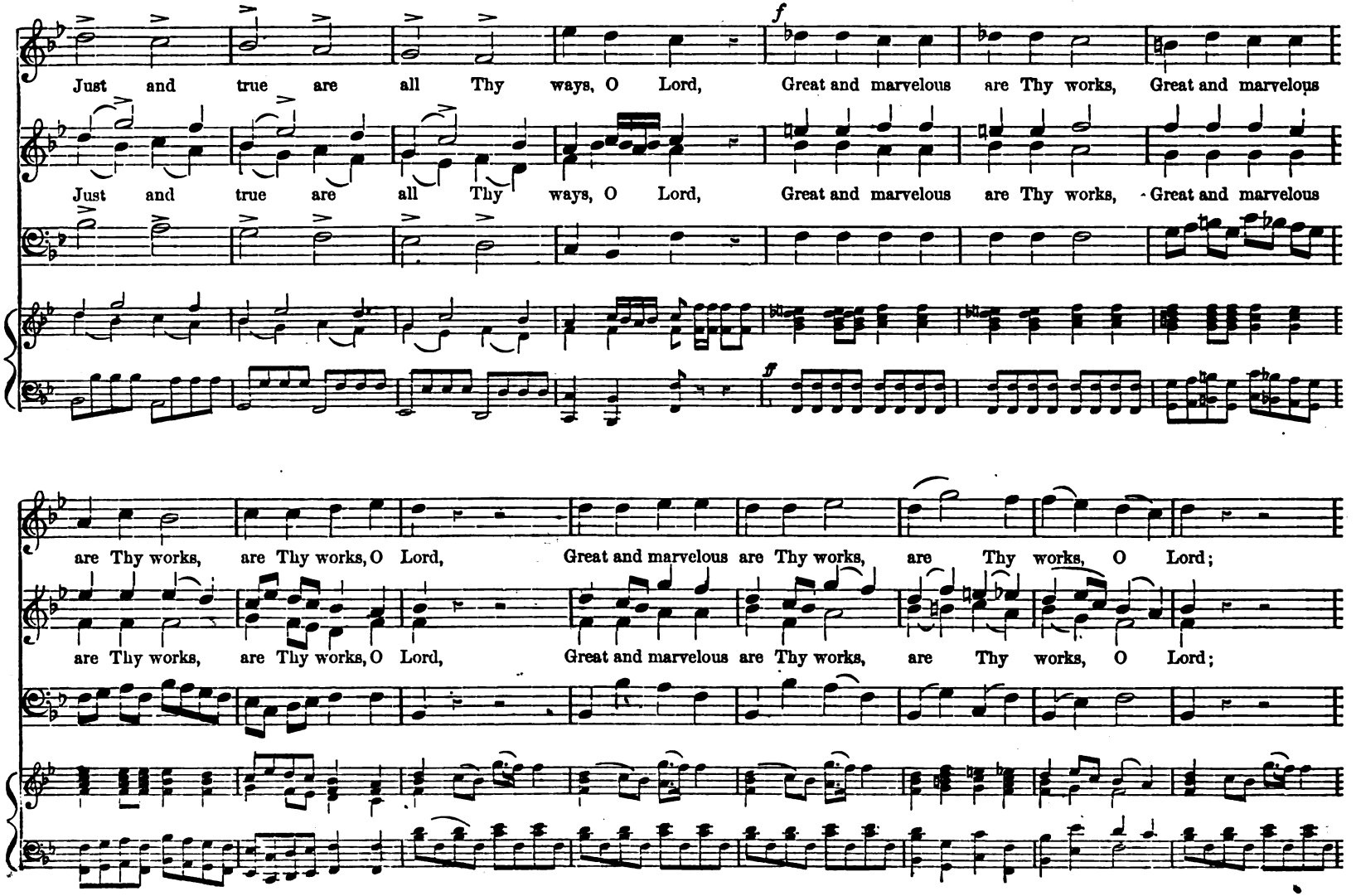
plead my cause, for Thou art the God of my sal - va - tion, Judge me, O Fa - ther, and plead my cause, O de - liv - er and save, O

plead my cause, for Thou art the God of my sal - va - tion, Judge me, O Fa - ther, and plead my cause, O de - liv - er and save, O

Lord. Great and marvelous are Thy works, O Lord, Great and marvelous are Thy works, O Lord.

Lord. Great and marvelous, Great and marvelous,

Great and marvelous are Thy works, O Lord, Great and marvelous are Thy works, O Lord.


f
Just and true are all Thy ways, O Lord, Great and marvelous are Thy works, Great and marvelous
Just and true are all Thy ways, O Lord, Great and marvelous are Thy works, Great and marvelous
ff
are Thy works, are Thy works, O Lord, Great and marvelous are Thy works, are Thy works, O Lord;
are Thy works, are Thy works, O Lord, Great and marvelous are Thy works, are Thy works, O Lord;

GREAT AND MARVELOUS. Concluded.

Great and marvelous are Thy works, are Thy works, O Lord, Great, O Lord, are Thy works, Great, O

Great and marvelous are Thy works, are Thy works, O Lord, Great, O Lord, are Thy works, Great, O

Lord, are Thy works. A - - men, A - - men.

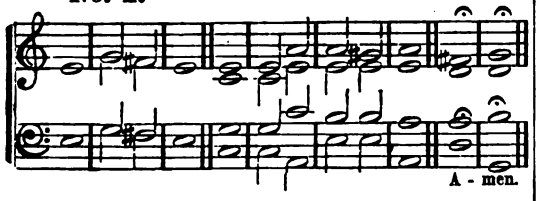
Lord, are Thy works. A - - men, A - - men.

SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

RULES AND SUGGESTIONS.—Chanting is a form of utterance intermediate between speaking and singing. It differs from the former in being fixed upon a musical tone; from the latter, in *not* being measured by a regular rhythm. For lack of a full appreciation of these distinctions, two sorts of faults in chanting prevail: I. A tendency to vary from the exact pitch in the recitative. Most choirs will need training to keep them, in a long recitative, from beginning each clause by gliding up from a fourth below the pitch. II. A tendency to regard the notes of the chant as indicating rhythmical proportion, and, accordingly, 1. to rattle swiftly through a long recitative; 2. to drawl the syllables of a brief one; 3. to fall into a slow sing-song movement on reaching the cadence; 4. to dwell on the concluding syllable, as if it were necessary to give its complement of time to the whole note with which the strain terminates; 5. to accent or emphasize the first syllable of a recitative, as, "*A-ā-nd* knĕĕl before," "*A-ā-nd* th'str'ngth'the hills." The rule can not be too strongly enforced that *time, and accent, and emphasis, in chanting, are to be determined by the words to be uttered*, according to the principles of good reading, and not at all by the musical notation. The *notes* of a chant *give no indication of time, but only of pitch.* Even in the cadence, where two equal notes are written, it may often be better to sing one long and the other short. Inasmuch, then, as the study of chanting is rather a study of elocution than of music, the pastor of a church, or some other person who has studied the principles of elocution, may often be invited, to advantage, to aid the choir in this part of their rehearsal.

These rules and suggestions have been written with special reference to Choir-chanting. When the object is *Congregational* chanting, the words must be pointed for very short recitatives, and nothing more attempted by the choir than such a steady and distinct reading of the words as the people will be most apt to fall in with.

No. 1.



SELECTION 1.—Ps. 51: 1–4, 10–13.

1. Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy | loving- | kindness;

2. According to the multitude of thy tender mercies | blot out | my trans- | gressions.

3. Wash me thoroughly from my iniquity, and cleanse me | from my | sin.

4. For I acknowledge my transgressions; and my | sin is | ever·be- | fore me.

5. Against thee, thee only have I sinned, and done this evil | in thy | sight.

6. That thou mayest be justified when thou speakest, and be | clear when | thou — | judgest.

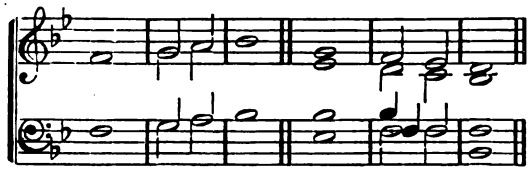
7. Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right | spirit·with- | in me.

8. Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not y | Ho-ly | Spirit | from me.

9. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me with | thy free | Spirit:

10. Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be con- | verted | unto | thee.

No. 2.



SELECTION 2.—Ps. 121.

1. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence | cometh·my | help.

2. My help cometh from the Lord, which made | heaven ·and | earth.

3. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee | will not | slumber.

4. Behold, he that keepeth Israel, shall not | slumber ·nor | sleep.

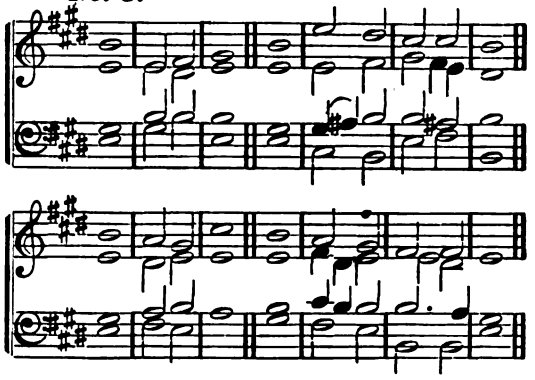
5. The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy | right — | hand.

6. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the | moon by | night.

7. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall pre- | serve thy | soul.

8. The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even forevermore; | A- — | men.

No. 3.



SELECTION 3.—Ps. 92.

1. It is a good thing to give thanks | unto·the | Lord; | and to sing praises unto thy | name — | O most | Highest.

2. To tell of thy loving kindness | early·in the—morning; | and of thy | truth·in the | night — | season.

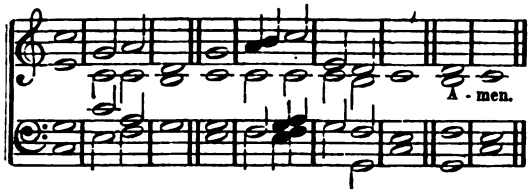
3. Upon an instrument of ten strings and up- | on the | lute; | upon a loud instrument, | and up- | on the | harp.

4. For thou, Lord, hast made me glad | through thy | works; | and I will rejoice in giving praise for the ope- | ration | of thy | hands.

5. Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, | and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

6. As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever·shall | be, | world without | end. A- | men. A- | men.

No. 4.



SELECTION 4.

1. Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it | cannot | save; | neither his ear heavy, | that it | cannot | hear:

2. But your iniquities have separated between | you and · your | God, | and your sins have hid his face from you, | that he | will not | hear.

3. Let the wicked for- | sake his | way, | and the un- | righteous | man his | thoughts:

4. And let him return unto the Lord, and he will have | mercy · up- | on him; | and to our God, for | he · will a- | bundant-ly | pardon.

5. As I live, (saith the Lord God,) I have no pleasure in the | death · of the | wicked; | but that the wicked | turn · from his | way and | live:

6. Turn ye, turn ye, from your | evil | ways; | for why will ye | die, O | house of | Israel.

SELECTION 5.

1. Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all ye | lands.

2. Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his | presence | with a | song.

3. Know ye that the Lord, | he is | God:

4. It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the | sheep of | his — | pasture.

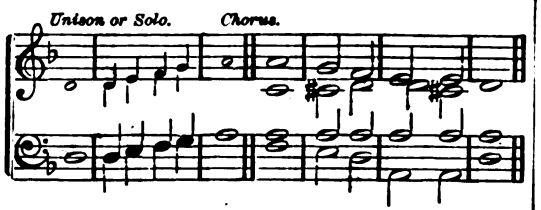
5. Enter into his gate with thanksgiving, and into his | courts with | praise.

6. Be thankful unto him, and | bless — | — his | name.

7. For the Lord is good, his mercy is | ever- | lasting.

8. *And his truth endureth to* | *all* — | — gene- | rations.

No. 5.



SELECTION 6.—Ps. 90. 1–12.

1. Lord thou hast been our dwelling-place in | all gene- | rations.

2. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to ever- | lasting | Thou art | God.

3. Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest Return, ye | chil-dren of | men.

4. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and | as a | watch · in the | night.

5. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which | groweth | up.

6. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut | down, cut | down, and | withereth.

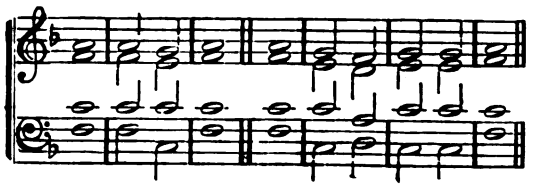
7. For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy | wrath · are we | troubled.

8. Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the | light of | thy — | countenance.

9. Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, | so is · thy | wrath.

10. So teach us to number our days, that we may ap- | ply our | hearts · unto | wisdom.

No. 6.



SELECTION 7.—Ps. 67.

1. God be merciful unto | us, and | bless us; | and cause his | face to | shine · upon | us.

2. That thy way may be | known up-on | earth, | thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.

3. Let the people praise | thee, O | God; | let | all the | people | praise thee.

4. Oh let the nations be glad and | sing for | joy; | for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the | nations | upon | earth.

5. Let the people praise | thee, O | God; | let | all the | people | praise thee.

6. Then shall the earth | yield her | increase; | and God, even | our own | God, shall | bless us.

7. God | shall — | bless us; | and all the ends of the | earth shall | fear — | him

8. Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, | and | to the | Holy | Ghost:

9. As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever · shall | be, | world | without | end. A | men.

SELECTION 8.—The Lord's Prayer.

1. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name;

2. Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on | earth, · as it | is in | heaven.

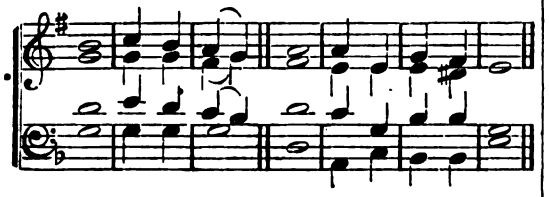
3. Give us this day our | daily | bread;

4. And forgive us our debts, as | we for- | give our | debtors.

5. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil;

6. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory, · for- | ever. A- | men.

No. 7. *Tonus Peregrinus.*



SELECTION 9.—Ps. 46.

1. God is our refuge and strength, a very present | help in | trouble.

2. Therefore we will not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the | midst — | of the | sea.

3. Though the waters thereof | roar and be | troubled.

4. Though the mountains | shake with the | swelling there- | of.

5. There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the | city of | God;

6. The holy place of the tabernacle | of the | Most — | High.

7. God is in the midst of her; she shall | not be | moved.

8. God shall help her, and | that — | right — | early.

9. The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved; he uttered his voice, the | earth — | melted.

10. The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of | Jacob | is our | refuge.

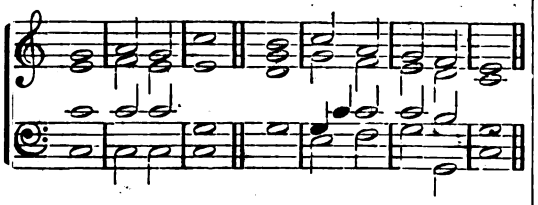
11. Come behold the work of the Lord, what desolations he hath | made in the | earth.

12. He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the | chariot | in the | fire.

13. Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, | and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

14. As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, | world without | end. A- | men. A- | men.

No. 8.



SELECTION 10.

Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.—Matt. 11: 28.

1

With tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and | stormy | sea;
Yet, midst the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly | whisper, | "Come to | me."

2

It tells me of a place of rest—
It tell me where my | soul may | flee;
O! to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the | bidding, | "Come to | me."

3

When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, en- | joy, and | see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice | utters, | "Come to | me."

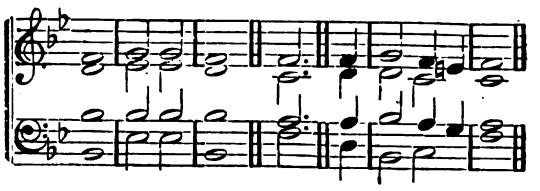
4

Come, for all else must fail and die,
Earth is no resting | place for | thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy | portion, | "Come to | me."

5

O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and | ago- | ny,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently | whisper, | "Come to | me."

No. 9. Dr. L. Mason.



SELECTION 11.—Humble Devotion.

1

From the recesses of a lowly spirit,
My humble prayer ascends—O | Father, | hear it!
Borne on the trembling wings of fear and meekness;
For- | give its | weakness.

2

I know—I feel how mean, and how unworthy
The lowly sacrifice I | pour be- | fore thee:
What can I offer thee, O thou most holy!
But | sin and | folly.

3

Lord, in thy sight, who every bosom viewest,
Cold in our warmest vows, and | vain our | truest;
Thoughts of a hurrying hour—our lips repeat them—
Our | hearts for- | get them.

4

We see thy hand—it leads us—it supports us:
We hear thy voice—it | counsels and it | courts us;
And then we turn away; and still thy kindness
For- | gives our | blindness.

5

Who can resist thy gentle call, appealing
To every generous thought and | grateful | feeling!
O! who can hear the accents of thy mercy,
And | never | love thee.

6

Kind Benefactor! plant within this bosom
The | seeds of | holiness, | and let them blossom
In fragrance, and in beauty bright and vernal,
And | spring e- | ternal.

7

Then place them in those everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk, and seraphs | are the | wardens;
Where every flower, brought safe through death's dark portal.
Be- | comes im- | mortal.

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